THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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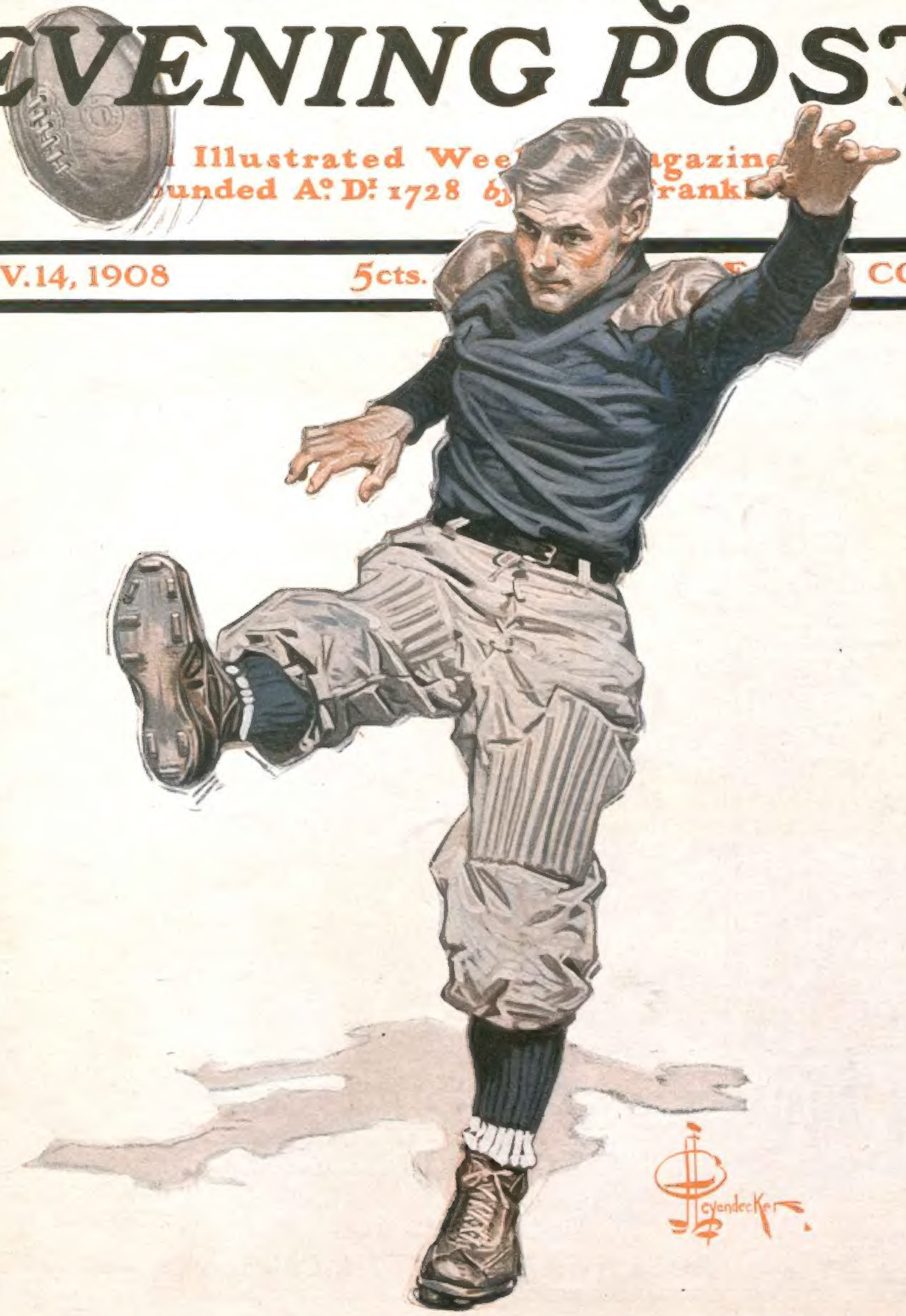
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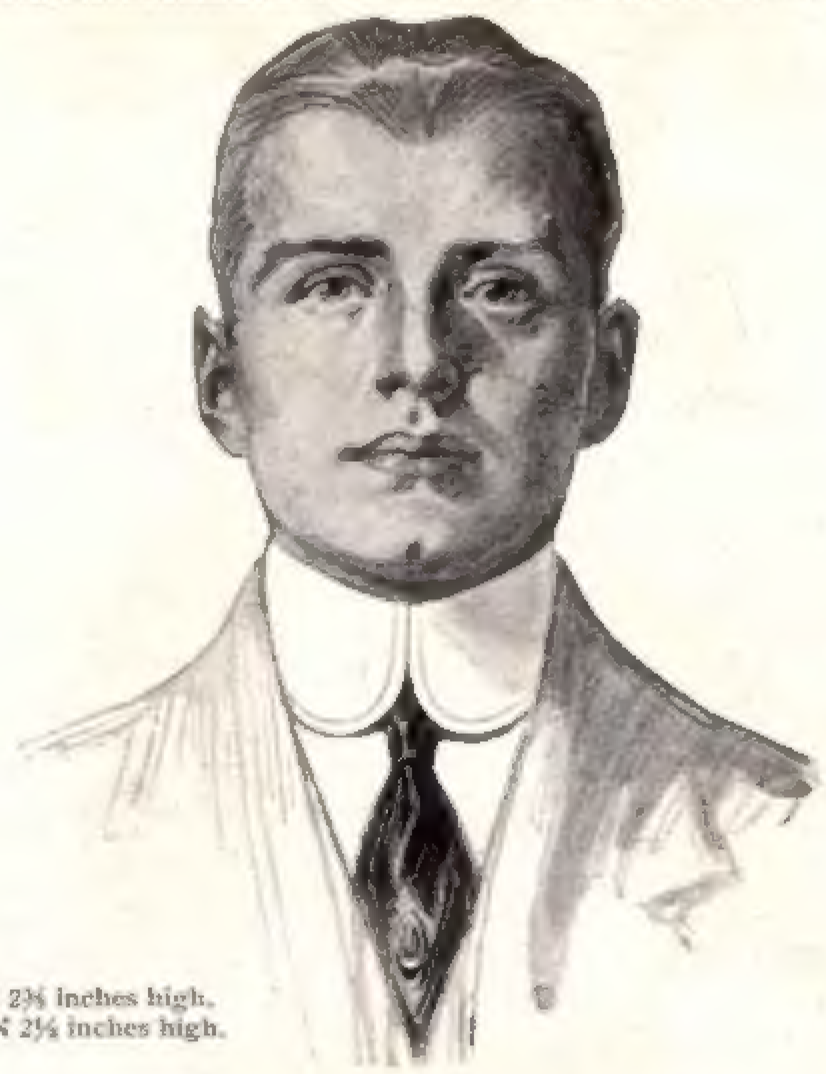

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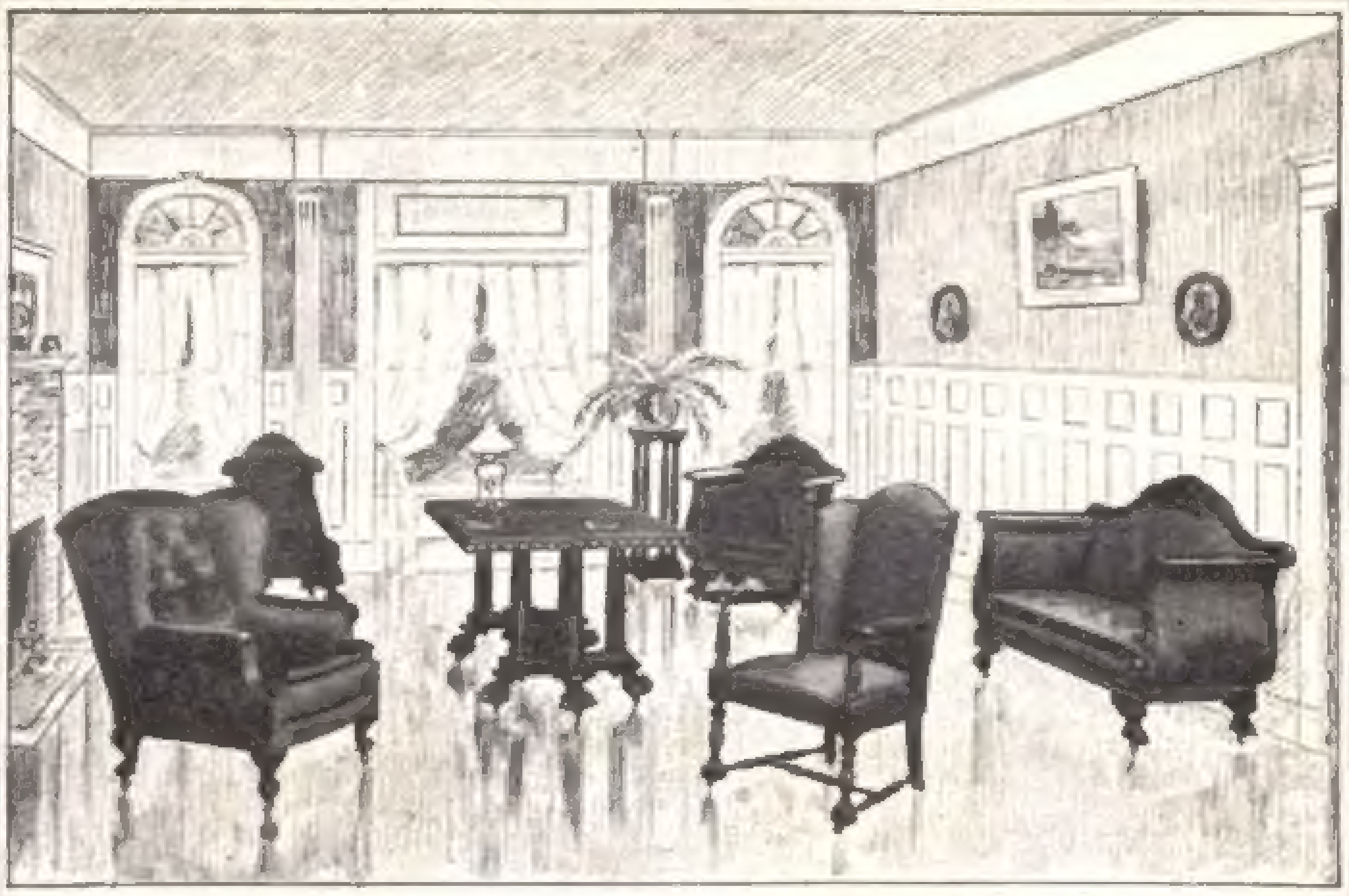

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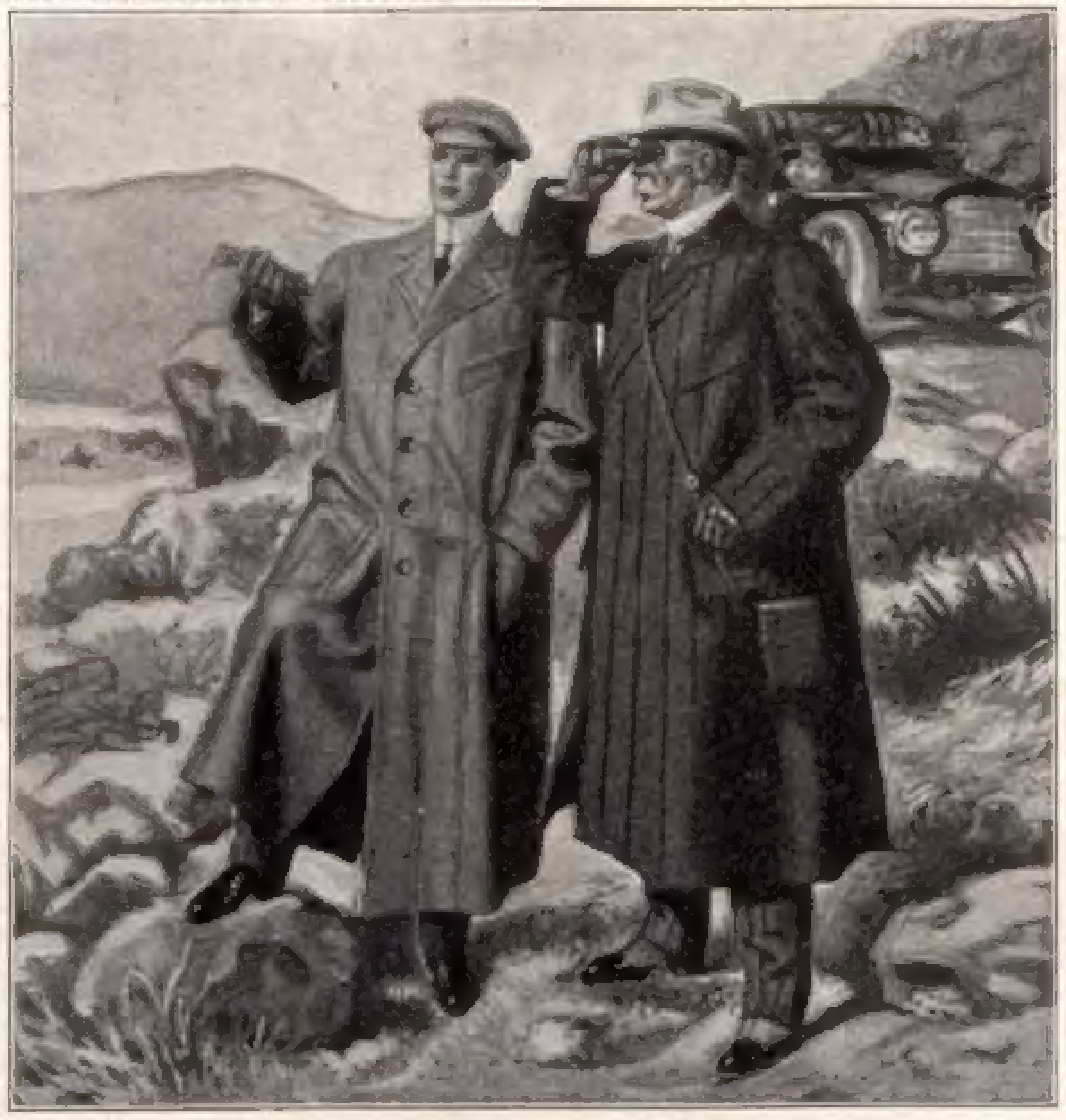

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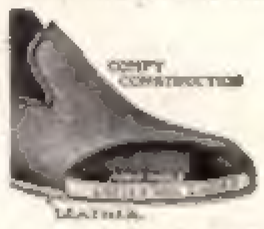

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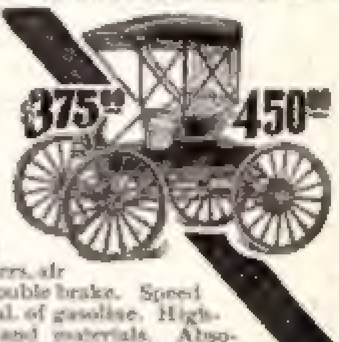

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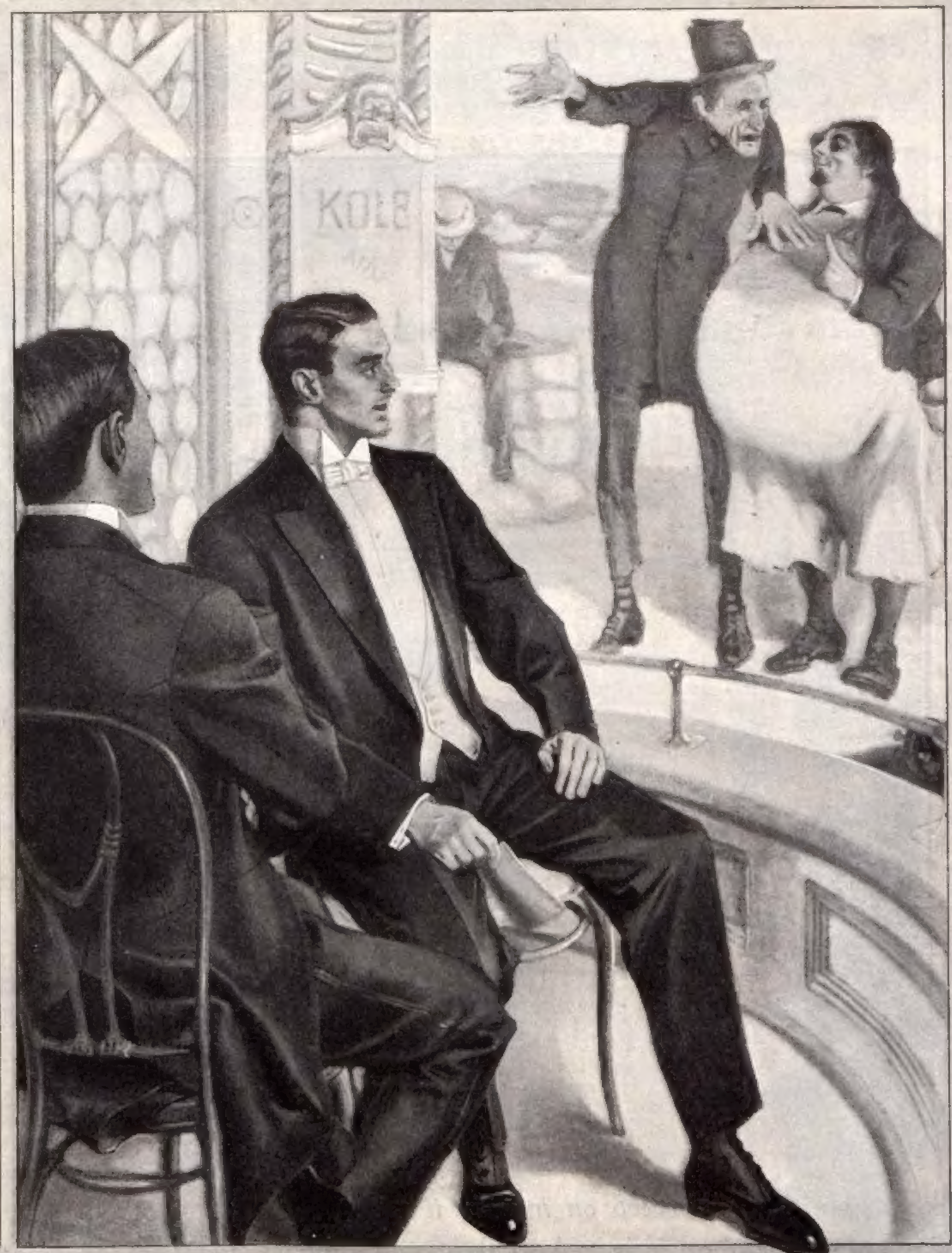

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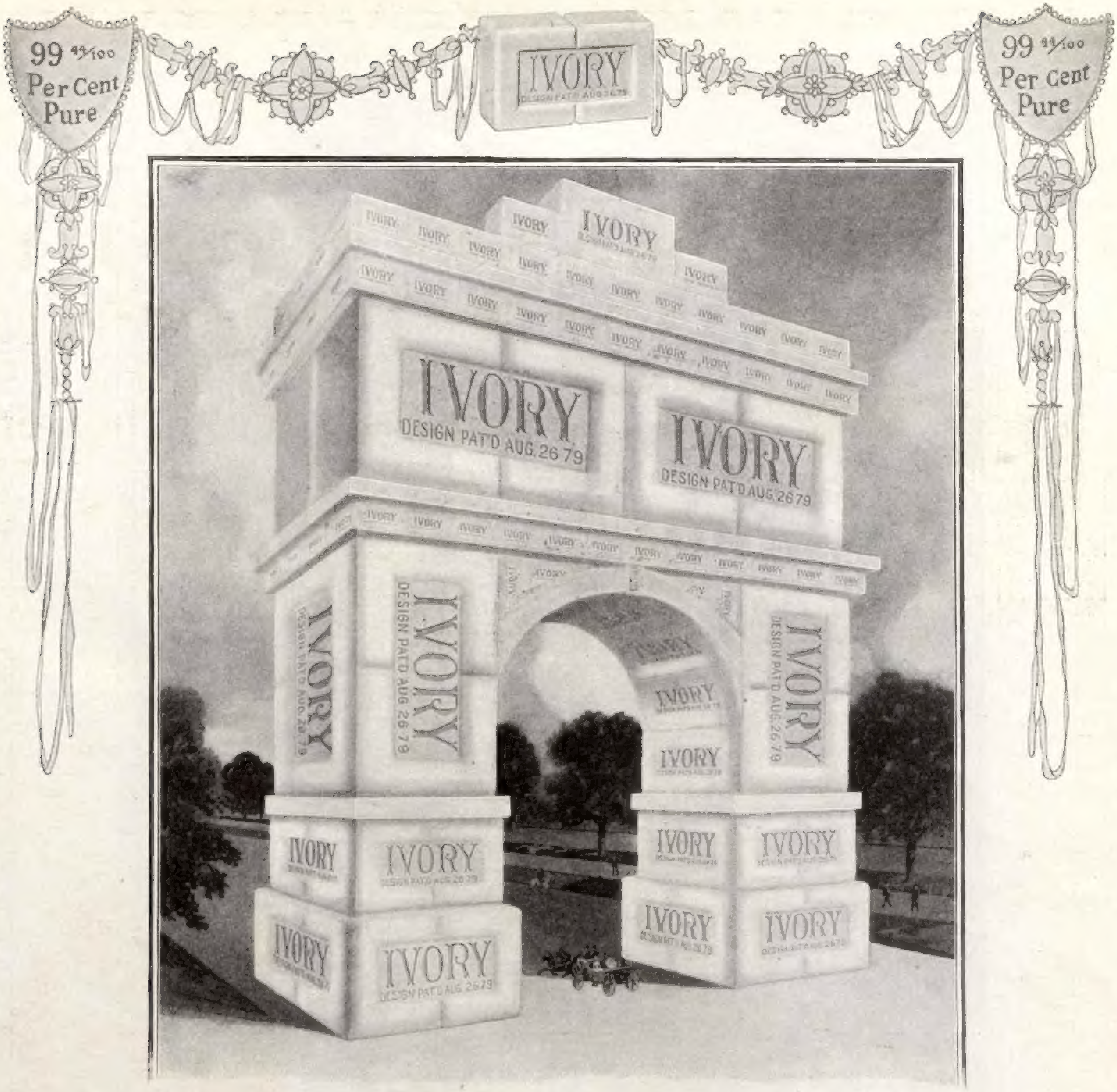
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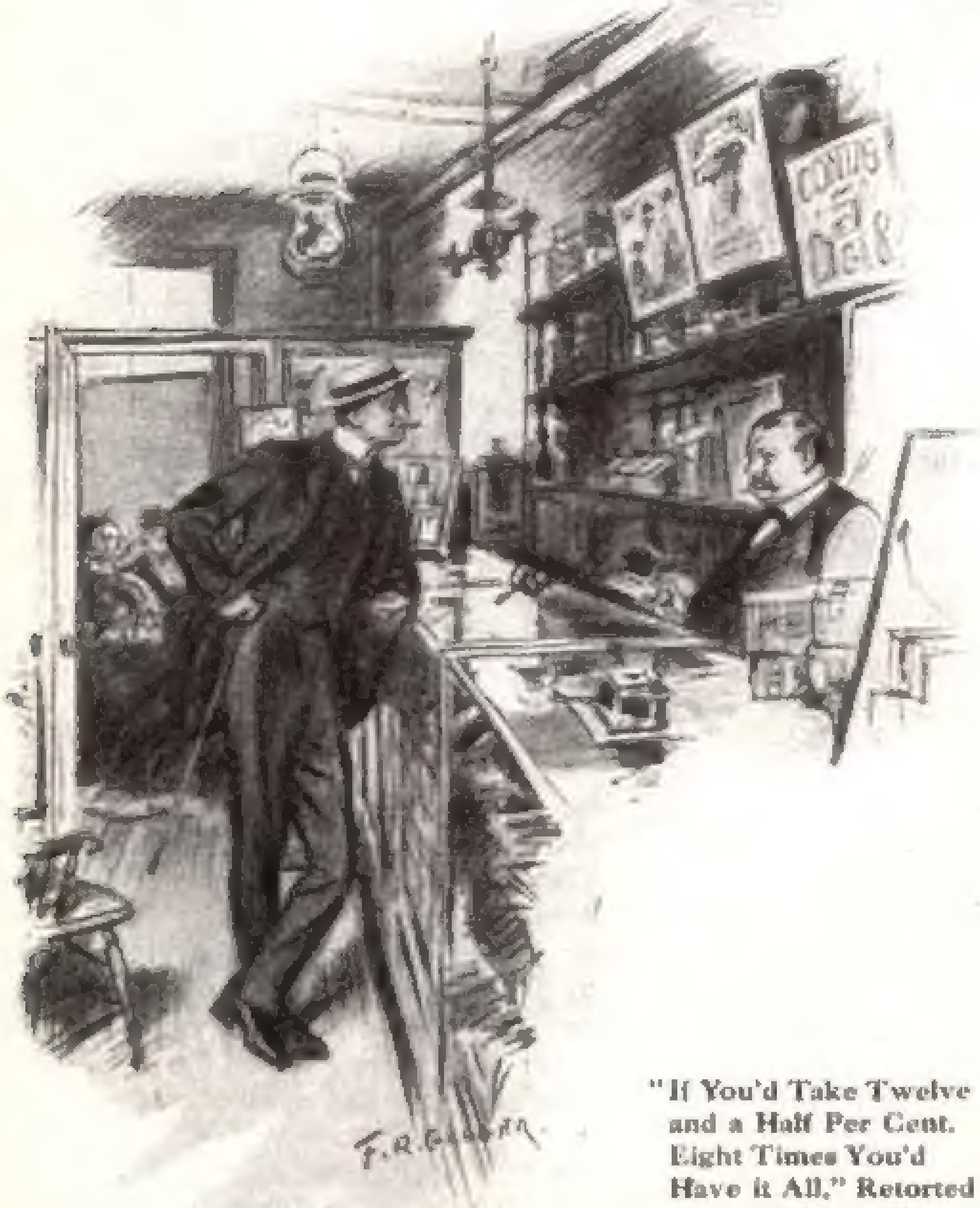


"If You'd Take Twelve and a Half Per Cent. Eight Times You'd Have it All," Retorted Sam. "That's Why I Quit"

EASY MONEY

Young Wix Discovers a Great Natural Talent

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I

A NATURAL again!" exulted Jonathan Reuben Wix, as the dice bounded from his plump hand and came to rest upon the billiard-table in Leiniger's Select Café, with a five and a deuce showing. "Somebody ring the bell for me, because I'm a-going to get off."

He was a large young man in every dimension, broad of chest and big and pink of face and jovial of eye, and he chuckled as he passed the dice to his left-hand neighbor. There was a hundred dollars on the table and he gathered it up in a wad.

"Good-by, boys, and many merry thanks for these kind contributions," he bantered as he stuffed the money into his pocket. "It's me for Bunkville-amidst-the-ferry-boats, on the next Limited."

He was back in less than three days, having spent just twenty-four hours in New York. The impulsively-decided journey was nothing unusual for him, but it had an intimate bearing upon his future in that it forced upon him the confidence of secretive Clifford Gilman, who lived next door.

"Home so soon?" inquired Gilman in surprise. "They must have robbed you!"

"Robbed!" laughed Wix. "I should say not. I didn't waste a cent. Railroad ticket, sleepers, meals and extra fare on the Limited cost twenty-five each way. That left fifty. My room at the hotel cost five dollars. Breakfast was two dollars; morning drive through Central Park, four; lunch, three-fifty; matinée ticket, with cab each way, five; dinner, eight; with the ordinary champagne of commerce, theatre and cab hire, five-fifty; supper, twelve, including a bottle of real champagne at eight dollars, and the balance in tips."

Clifford gasped as he hungrily reviewed these luscious items.

Young Gilman was not one of those who had been in the game by which Wix had won a hundred. He never played dice, did young Gilman, nor poker, nor bet on a horse race, nor drank, nor even smoked; but wore curly, silken sideburns, and walked up the same side of Main Street every morning to the bank, with his lunch in a little, imitation-leather box. He walked back down the same side of Main Street every evening. If he had happened to take the other side on any morning, before noon there would have been half a dozen conservative depositors to ask old Smalley, who owned the bank, why Clifford had crossed over.

Young Gilman was popularly regarded as a "sissy," but that he had organs, dimensions and senses, and would bleed if pricked, was presently evidenced to Mr. Wix in a startling proposition.

"Look here, Wix," said Gilman, lowering his voice to a mystery-fraught undertone, "I'm going to take a little trip and I want you to come along."

"Behave!" admonished Wix. "It would be awful reckless in me to go with a regular little devil like you; and besides, sarsaparilla and peanuts tear up my system so."

"I've got three hundred dollars," stated Gilman calmly. "Does that sound like sarsaparilla and peanuts?"

"I'm listening," said Wix with sudden interest. "Where did you get it, mister?"

Gilman looked around them nervously, then spoke in an eager whisper, clutching Wix by the arm.

"Saved it up, but, like you do, I saw the wisdom of your way long ago. Old Smalley makes me put half my salary in the bank, but I pinch out a little more than that, and every time I get twenty dollars on the side I invest it in margin wheat, by mail. Most often I lose, but when I do win I keep on until it amounts to something. Of course, I'm laying myself open to you in this. If old Smalley found it out he'd discharge me on the spot."

Wix chuckled.

"I know," he agreed. "My mother once wanted me to apply for that job. I went to see old Smalley, and the first thing he did was to examine my fingers for cigarette stains. 'You won't find any,' I told him, 'for I use a holder,' and I showed him the holder. Of course, that settled my case with Smalley; but do you know that he smokes after-dinner cigarettes away from home, and has beer and whisky and three kinds of wine in his cellar? I've got his number, all right, but I didn't have little Clifford's. Where do you hide it?"

"In the bank and here at home," returned Gilman with a snarl; "and I've been at it so long I'm beginning to curdle. You've worked in every mercantile establishment, factory and professional office in town, and never cared to hold a job. Yet everybody likes you. You drink, smoke, gamble and raise the dickens generally. You don't save a cent and yet you always manage to have money. You dress well and don't amount to a tinker's cuss, yet you're happy all day long. Come along to the Putnam County Fair and show me how."

"The Putnam County Fair!" repeated Wix. "Two hundred miles to get a drink?"

"I can't take one any closer, can I?" demanded Gilman savagely. "But the real reason is that Uncle Thomas lives there. I can go to visit Uncle Thomas when I wouldn't be allowed to 'go on the cars alone' anywhere else. But Uncle is a good fellow and his wife don't write to my mother. He tells me to go ahead; and I don't need go near him unless I'm in trouble."

"Some time I'll borrow your Uncle Tom," laughed Wix. "He sounds good to me."

Mrs. Gilman came to the door. She was a thin, nervous, little woman, with a long chin and a narrow forehead.

"Come in, Cliffy," she urged in a shrill, wheedling voice. "You must have a good, long night's rest for your trip in the morning." In reality she was worried to have her Clifford talking with the graceless Wix—though secretly she admired him.

"I must go in now," said Gilman hastily. "Go down to the train in the morning and get in on the other side, so Mother won't see you. And don't tell your mother where you've gone."

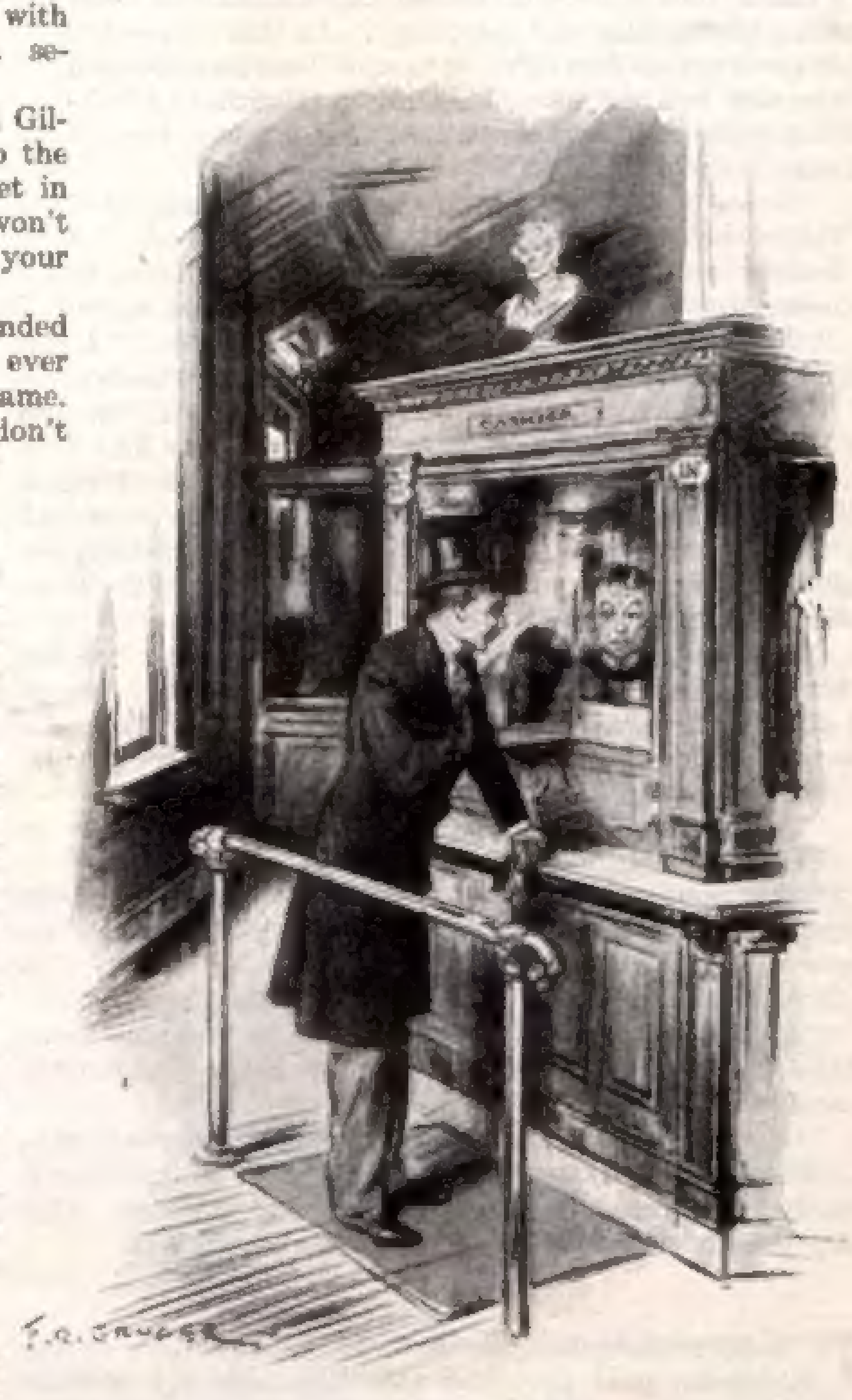
"She won't ask," responded Wix, laughing. "Nothing ever worries Mother except our name. I don't like it myself, but I don't worry over it. It isn't my fault, and it was hers."

If Wix felt any trace of bitterness over his mother's indifference he never confessed it, even to himself. Mrs. Wix, left a sufficient income by the late unloved, lived entirely by routine, with a separate, complacent function for every afternoon of the week. She was very comfortable, and plump, and placid, was Mrs. Wix, and Jonathan Reuben was merely an excrescence upon her scheme of life.

Jonathan Reuben, however, had no lack of feminine sympathy. Quite a little clique of dashing young matrons, with old or dryly preoccupied husbands, vied with the girls to make him happy.

II

BACK of the Streets of Cairo, on the closing day of the fair, Wix and Gilman, hunting a drink, found a neat



"My Name is Horace G. Daw, and I Had the Pleasure of Doing a Little Business With You at the Putnam County Fair" young man with piercing black eyes and black hair, who upon the previous days had been making a surreptitious handbook on the races. Just now he was advising an interested group of men that money would not grow in their pockets.

"If your eye is quicker than my hand you get my dollars," he singsonged as he deftly shifted three English walnut shells about on a flimsy folding stand; "if my hand is quicker than your eye I get your dollars. Here they go, three in a row. They're all set, and here's a double sawbuck for some gentleman with a like amount of wealth and a keen eye and a little courage. Where, oh, where, is the little pea?"

The location of the little pea was so obvious that it seemed a shame to take the black-eyed young man's money, for just as he had stopped moving the shells, Wix and Gilman, pressing up, saw that the edge of the left-hand shell had rested upon the rubber "pea" and had immediately closed over it. Notwithstanding this slip on the part of the operator, there seemed some reluctance on the part of the audience to invest; instead, with what might have seemed almost suspicious eagerness, they turned toward the newcomers. Gilman, flushed of face and muddy of eye, and hiccoughing slightly—though Wix, who had drunk with him drink for drink, was clean and normal and his usual jovial, clear-eyed self—hastily pressed in before any one else should take advantage of the golden chance.

"Don't, Gilman," cautioned Wix, and grabbed him by the arm, but Gilman, still eager, jerked his arm away; and it was strange how all those who had been packed around the board made room for him.

"Here's the boy with the nerve and the money," commented the black-eyed one as he took Mr. Gilman's twenty and flaunted it in the air with his own. "Now lift up the little shell. If the little pea is under it you get the twin twenties. Lovely twins!" He laughed and kissed them lightly. "It's only a question," he shouted loudly, as Gilman prepared to make his choice, "of whether your eye is quicker than my hand."

Confidently Mr. Gilman picked up the left-hand shell, and a ludicrously bewildered look came over his face as he saw that the pellet was not under it. There was a laugh from the crowd. They had been waiting for another victim. Gilman looked hastily down at the trampled mass of straw and grass and muddy, black earth.

"The elusive little pea is not on the ground," suavely explained the brisk young man. "The elusive little pea is right here on the board, in plain sight."

To prove it he lifted up the centre shell and displayed the pellet! There was another laugh. Not one person in that crowd had seen the dexterous movement of his little finger, so quick and certain that it was scarcely more than a quiver; but, to make sure that his "quickness of hand" had not been detected, he scanned every face about him swiftly and piercingly. In this inspection his eye happened to light on that of Jonathan Reuben Wix, and met a wink so knowing, and withal so bubbling with gleeful appreciation, that he was himself forced to grin.

"How you've wasted your young life," commented Wix as he led away his still dazed companion. "I thought everybody knew that trick by this time, but I guess postmasters and bank clerks are always exempt."

"But how did he do it?" protested Gilman. "I saw that little ball under the left-hand shell as plain as day."

"That's what he meant you to see," returned Wix with a grin. "He let that one stop under the edge as if he were awkward, then he flipped it off behind on the ground. When he lifted the middle shell he shoved the other ball under it from the crook of his little finger. At the time you picked yours up there wasn't a ball under any of the three shells. There never is."

"I guess it's too late for me to get an education," sighed the other plaintively. "Smalley won't give me a chance. I don't even dare buy a new suit of clothes too often. I'd never see a bit of life if it wasn't for this wheat speculation."

Wix turned to him slowly.

"You want to let that game alone," he cautioned.

"Oh, I'm cautious enough," returned Gilman.

"You're almost in full charge at the bank now, aren't you?" observed Wix carelessly. "Smalley's over at his new bank in Milton a good deal."

"About half the time," admitted Gilman uneasily.

"He keeps a big cash reserve, don't he? Done up in bales, I suppose, and never looks at it except to count the mere bundles."

"Of course." Gilman was extremely nonchalant about it.

Wix let him change the subject, but he found himself studying Clifford speculatively every now and then. This day was another deciding step in the future of Wix.

III

IT WAS to Jonathan Reuben that the waiters in the dining-car paid profound attention, although Gilman had the money. There was something about young Wix's breadth of chest and pinkness of countenance and clearness of smiling eye which marked him as one with whom good food agreed, whom good liquor cheered, and whom good service thawed to the point of gratitude and gratuities: whereas Clifford Gilman, take him any place, was only background.

"Say, General Jackson," observed Wix pleasantly to the waiter, "put a quart of bubbles in the freezer while we study over this form sheet. Then bring us a dry Martini, *not* out of a bottle."

"I reckon you're going to have about what you want, boss," said the negro with a grin, and darted away.

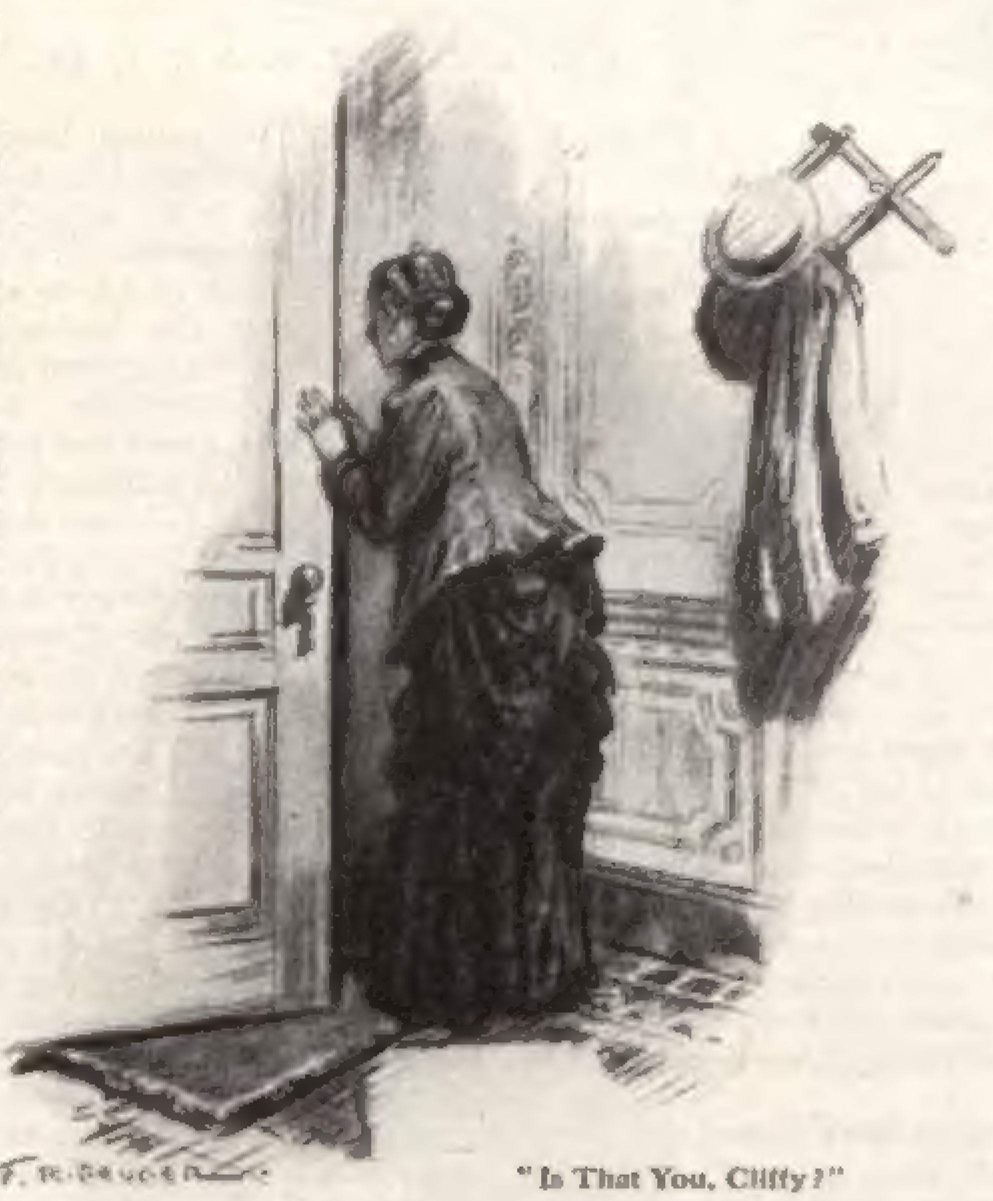
He talked with the steward, who first frowned, then smiled, as he looked back and saw the particular guest. A moment later he was mixing, and Clifford Gilman gazed upon his friend with most worshipful eyes. Here, indeed, was a comrade of whom to be proud, and by whom to pattern!

They had swallowed their oysters, had finished their soup and were nibbling at caviar, with the quart of champagne in the frosty silver bucket beside them and the entrée on the way, when the steward was compelled to seat a third passenger at their table. It was the black-eyed young man of the walnut shells.

At first, as with his quick sweep he recognized in Mr. Gilman one of his victims, he hesitated, but a glance at the jovial Mr. Wix reassured him.

"We're just going to open a bottle of joy," invited Wix. "Shall I send for another glass?"

"Surest thing you know," replied the other. "I'm some partial to headache water."



"Is That You, Cliffy?"

"This is on the victim," observed Wix with a laugh, as the cork was pulled. "You see he has some left, even after attending your little party."

"Pity I didn't know he was so well padded," grinned the black-eyed one, whereat all three laughed, Gilman more loudly than any of them. Gilman ceased laughing, however, to struggle with his increasing tendency toward cross-eyes.

Wix turned to him with something of contempt.

"He don't mind the loss of twenty or so," he dryly observed. "He's in a business where he sees nothing but money all day long. He's a highly-trusted bank clerk."

Instead of glancing with interest at Mr. Gilman, the black-eyed young man sharply scrutinized Mr. Wix. Then he smiled.

"And what line are you in?" he finally asked of Wix.

"I've been in everything," confessed that jovial young gentleman with a chuckle, "and stayed in nothing. Just now I'm studying law."

"Doing nothing on the side?"

"Not a thing."

"He can't save any money to go into anything else," laughed Gilman, momentarily awakened into a surprising semblance of life. "Every time he gets fifty dollars he goes out of town to buy a fancy meal."

"You were born for easy money," the black-eyed one advised Wix. "It's that sort of a lip that drives us all into the shearing business."

Wix shook his head.

"Not me," said he. "The lawbooks prove that easy money costs too much."

The black-eyed one shrugged his shoulders.

"In certain lines it does," he admitted. "I'm going to get out of my line right away, for that very reason. Besides," he added with a sigh, "these educated town constables are putting the business on the bump-the-bumps. They've got so they want from half to two-thirds, and put a bookkeeper on the job."

Mr. Gilman presently created a diversion by emitting a faint whoop, and immediately afterward went to sleep in the bread-platter. Wix sent for the porter of their sleeping-car, and between the two they put Mr. Gilman to bed. Before Wix returned to the shell expert he carefully extracted the money from his friend Clifford's pocket.

"He won't need it, anyhow," he lightly explained, "and we will. I'll tell him about it in the morning."

"I guess you can do that and make him like it, all right," agreed the other. "He's a born sucker. He can get to the fat money, can't he?"

Wix shook his head.

"No," he declared; "parents poor, and I don't think he has enough ginger in him to ever make a pile of his own."

The other was thoughtful and smiling for a time.

"He'll get hold of it some way or other, mark what I tell you, and you might just as well have it as anybody. Somebody's going to cop it. I think you said you lived in Filmore? Suppose I drop through there with a quick-turn proposition that would need two or three thousand, and would show that much profit in a couple of months? If you help me pull it through I'll give you a slice out of it."

Wix was deeply thoughtful, but he made no reply.

"You don't live this way all the time, and you'd like to," urged the other. "There's no reason you shouldn't. Why, man, the bulk of this country is composed of suckers that are able to lay hands on from one to ten thousand apiece. They'll spend ten years to get it and can be separated from it in ten minutes. You're one of the born separators. You were cut out for nothing but easy money."

IV

EASY money! The phrase sank into the very soul of Jonathan Reuben Wix. Every professional, commercial and manufacturing man who knew him had predicted for him a brilliant future; but they had given him false credit for his father's patience to plod for years. Heredity had only given him, upon his father's side, selfishness and ingenuity; upon his mother's side, selfishness and a passion for luxurious comfort, and now, at twenty-six, he was still a young man without any prospect whatsoever.

Easy money! He was still dreaming of it; looking lazily for chance to throw it his way, and reading law, commercial law principally, in a desultory fashion, though absorbing more than he knew, when one day, about six months afterward, the black-haired young man landed in Filmore. He was growing a sparse, jet-black mustache now, and wore a solemn, black frock coat which fitted his slender frame like a glove. He walked first into the Filmore Bank, and by his mere appearance there nearly scared Clifford Gilman into fits.

"I guess you don't remember me," said the stranger with a smile. "My name is Horace G. Daw, and I had the pleasure of doing a little business with you at the Putnam County Fair."

"Yes, I—I—remember," admitted Gilman, thankful that there were no depositors in, and looking apprehensively out of the door. "What can I do for you?"

"I have a little business opportunity that I think would about suit you," said Mr. Daw, reaching toward his inside coat-pocket.

"Not here; not here," Gilman nervously interrupted him. "Somebody might come in at any minute, even Mr. Smalley himself. He's started for the train, but he might come back."

"When, then, can I see you?" demanded Daw, with an instant change to cold insistence, since he saw that Gilman was afraid of him. He had intended to meet the young man upon terms of jovial cordiality, but this was better.

"Any time you say, out of hours," said Gilman.

"Then suppose you come down to the Grand Hotel at from seven-thirty to eight o'clock."

"All right," gulped Gilman. "I'll be there."

Under the circumstances Mr. Daw changed his plans immediately. He had meant to hunt up Mr. Wix also, upon his arrival, but now he most emphatically did not wish to do so, and kept very closely to his hotel. Mr. Gilman, on the contrary, did wish to find Mr. Wix, and hunted frantically for him; but Wix, that day, obeying a sudden craving for squab, had gone fifty miles to dine!

Alone, then, Gilman went in fear and trembling to the Grand Hotel, and was very glad indeed to be sheltered from sight in Mr. Daw's room.

What would Mr. Gilman have to drink? Nothing, thank you. No, no wine. A highball? No, not a highball. Some beer? Not any beer, thank you. Nevertheless, Mr. Daw ordered a pitcher of draft beer with two glasses, and Mr. Gilman found himself sipping eagerly at it almost before he knew it: for after an enforced abstinence of months that beer tasted like honey. Also, it was warming to the heart and exhilarating to the brain, and it enabled him to listen better to the wonderful opportunity Mr. Daw had to offer him.

It seemed that Mr. Daw had obtained exclusive inside information about the Red Mud Gold Mine. Three genuine miners—presumably top-booted, broad-hatted and red neck-kerchiefed—had incorporated that company, and, keeping sixty per cent. of the stock for themselves, had placed forty per cent. of it in the East for sale. As paying ore had not been found in it, after weary months of prospecting, one of the three partners brought his twenty per cent. of the stock East, and Mr. Daw had bought it for a song. A song, mind you, a mere nothing. Mr. Daw, moreover, knew where the other forty per cent. had been sold, and it, too, could be bought for a song. But now here came the point. After the departure of the disgruntled third partner the others had found gold! The two fortunate miners were, however, carefully concealing their good luck, because they were making most strenuous endeavors to raise enough money to buy in the outstanding stock, before the holders realized its value.

Mr. Gilman, pouring another amber glassful for himself, nodded his head in vast appreciation. Smart men, those miners.

Mr. Daw had been fortunate enough to glean these facts from a returned miner whom he had befriended in early years, and to secure samples of the ore, all of which had happened within the past week. Here was one of the samples. *Look at those flecks!* Those were gold, virgin *gold!*

Mr. Gilman feasted his eyes on those flecks, their precious color richly enhanced when seen through four glasses of golden beer. That was actually gold, in the raw state. He strove to comprehend it.

Here was the certified report of the assay, on the letterhead of the chemist who had examined the ore. It ran *a hundred and sixty-three dollars to the ton!* Marvelous: perfectly marvelous! Mr. Daw himself, even as he showed the assay, admired it over and over. As for Mr. Gilman, words could not explain how he was impressed. A real, genuine assay!

Now, here is what Mr. Daw had done. Immediately upon receiving the report upon this assay he had scraped together all the money he could, and had bought up an additional ten per cent. of the stock of that company, which left him holding thirty per cent. Also, he had secured an option upon the thirty per cent. still outstanding. That additional thirty per cent. could be secured, if it were purchased at once, for three thousand dollars. Now if Mr. Gilman could invest that much money, or knew any one who could, by pooling their stock Mr. Gilman and Mr. Daw would hold sixty per cent. of the total incorporated stock of the company, and would thus hold control. Mr. Gilman certainly knew what that meant.

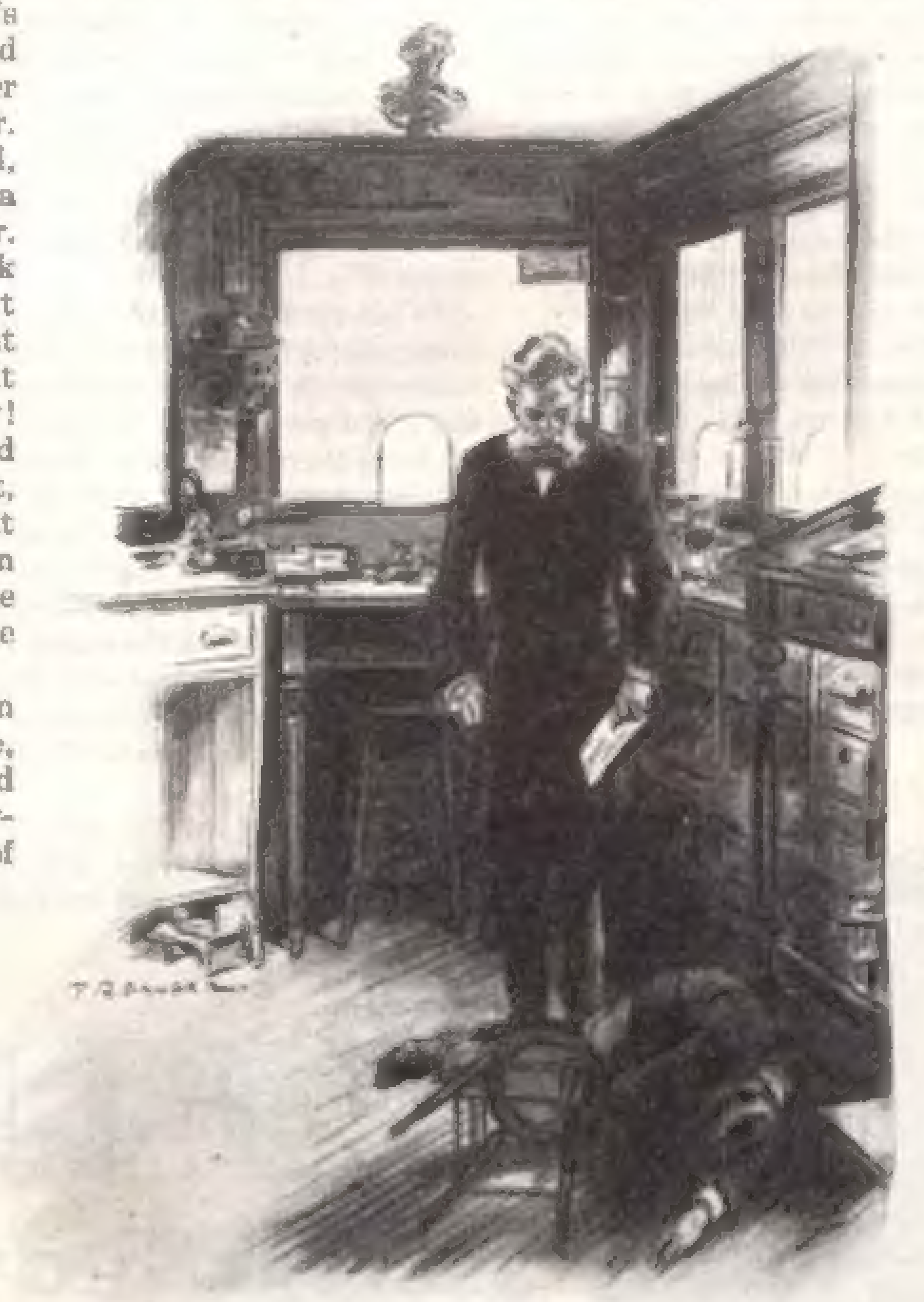
Mr. Gilman did, for Mr. Smalley's Filmore Bank had been started as a stock company, with Mr. Smalley holding control, and by means of that control Mr. Smalley had been able to vote himself sufficient salary to be able to buy up the balance of the stock, so that now it was all his; but Mr. Gilman could not see where it was possible for him to secure three thousand dollars for an investment of this nature.

An investment? Mr. Daw objected. This was not an investment at all. It was merely the laying down of three thousand dollars and immediately picking it up again fourfold. Why, having secured this stock, all they had to do was to let the secret of the finding of the hundred-and-sixty-three-dollar-a-ton gold be known, and, having control to offer, they could immediately sell it, anywhere, for four times what they had paid for it. The entire transaction need not take a week: it need not take four days.

Now, here is what Mr. Daw would do—that is, after he had ordered another pitcher of beer. He had the thirty per cent. of stock with him. He spread it out before Mr. Gilman. It was most beautifully printed stock, on the finest of bond paper, with goldleaf letters, a crimson border and green embellishments, and was carefully numbered in metallic blue. It was also duly made out in the name of Horace G. Daw. Mr. Daw would do this: In order that Mr. Gilman might be protected from the start, Mr. Daw would, upon taking Mr. Gilman's three thousand, make over to Mr. Gilman this very stock. He would then take Mr. Gilman's three thousand dollars and purchase the other thirty per cent. of stock in his, Mr. Daw's, own name, and would, in the mean time, sign a binding agreement with Mr. Gilman that their stock should be pooled—that neither should sell without the consent of the other. It was a glorious opportunity! Mr. Daw was sorry he could not swing it all himself, but, being unable to do so, it immediately occurred to him that Mr. Gilman was the very man to benefit by the opportunity.

Mr. Gilman looked upon that glittering sample of ore, that unimpeachable certified assay, those beautifully-printed stock certificates of the Red Mud Gold Mining Company, and he saw yellow. Nothing but gold, rich, Red Mud gold, was in all his safe, sane and conservative vision. Here, indeed, was no risk, for here were proofs enough and to spare. Besides, the entire transaction was so plausible and natural.

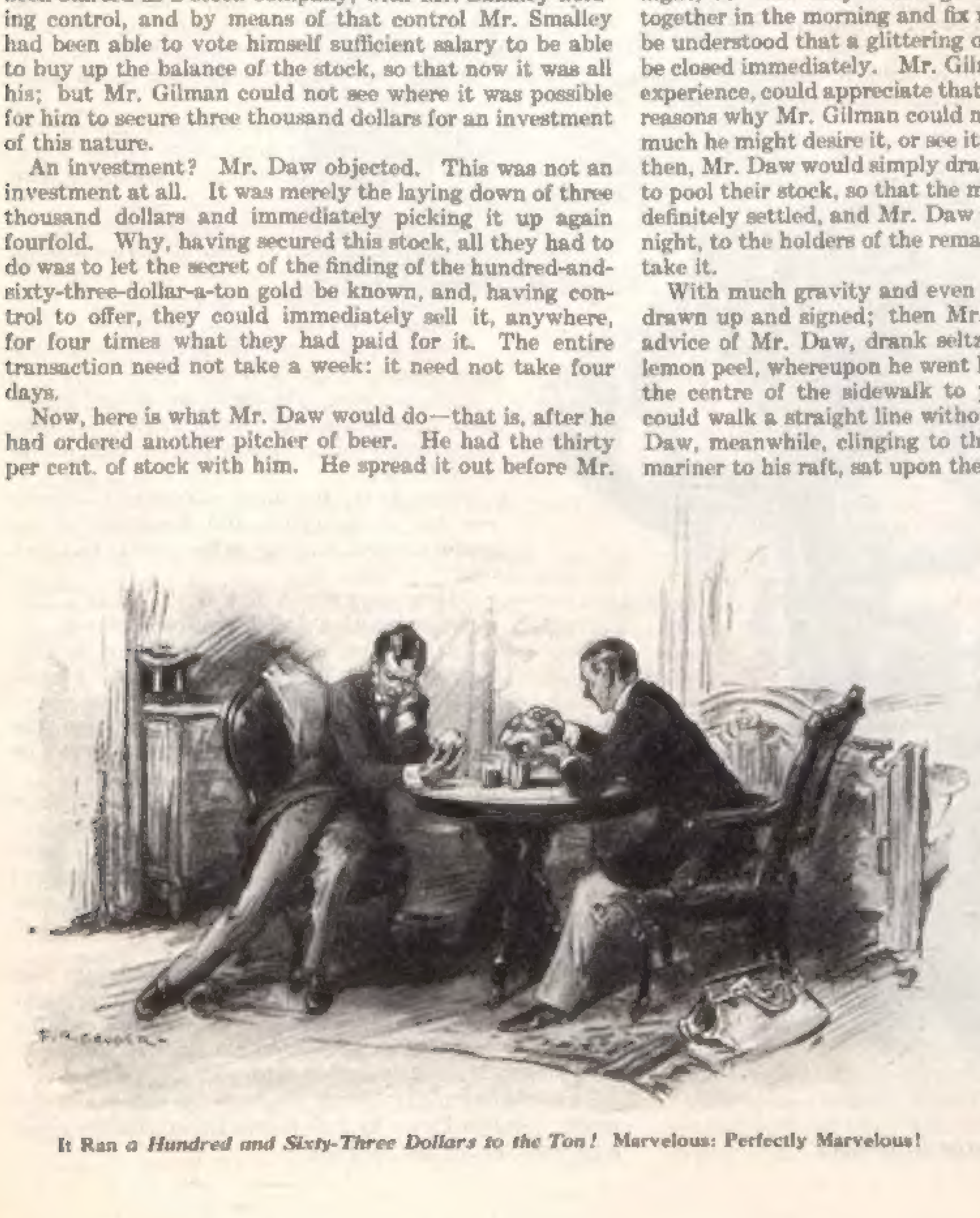
"By George, I'll do it!" said Mr. Gilman, having already, in those few brief moments, planned what he would do with nine thousand dollars of profits.



Suddenly the Fish-White Face and Staring Eyes of Gilman Were Not in the Line of Mr. Smalley's Astonished Vision

Mr. Daw was very loth to let Mr. Gilman go home after this announcement. He tried to get him to stay all night, so that they could go right down to the bank together in the morning and fix up the matter; for it must be understood that a glittering opportunity like this must be closed immediately. Mr. Gilman, as a business man of experience, could appreciate that. But there were weighty reasons why Mr. Gilman could not do this, no matter how much he might desire it, or see its advisability. Very well, then, Mr. Daw would simply draw up that little agreement to pool their stock, so that the matter could be considered definitely settled, and Mr. Daw would then wire, yet that night, to the holders of the remaining stock that he would take it.

With much gravity and even pomp the agreement was drawn up and signed; then Mr. Gilman, taking the sage advice of Mr. Daw, drank seltzer and ammonia and ate lemon peel, whereupon he went home, keeping squarely in the centre of the sidewalk to prove to himself that he could walk a straight line without wavering. Young Mr. Daw, meanwhile, clinging to that signed agreement as a mariner to his raft, sat upon the edge of his bed to rejoice and to admire himself; for this was Mr. Daw's first adventure into the higher and finer degrees of "wise work," and he was quite naturally elated over his own neatness and dispatch.



It Ran *a Hundred and Sixty-Three Dollars to the Ton!* Marvelous: Perfectly Marvelous!

V

THE glowing end of a cigar upon the porch of the adjoining house told Gilman that young Wix was at home, and, full of his important enterprise, he stopped in front of the Wix gate to gloat.

"Hello, Gilman," said Wix, sauntering down. "Out pretty late for a mere infant of twenty-four?"

"Little matter of business," protested Mr. Gilman pompously, glancing apprehensively at the second-story window, where a shade was already drawn aside.

"Business!" repeated Wix. "They put midnight business in jail at daylight."

"Hush!" warned Gilman, with another glance at the window. "This is different. This is one of those lucky strokes that I have read about but never hoped would come my way," and enthusiastically, in an undertone that Wix had to strain to hear, he recited all the details of the golden opportunity.

It was not so much experience as a natural trend of mind paralleling Mr. Daw's which made Mr. Wix smile to himself all through this recital. He seemed to foresee each step in the plan before it was told him, and, when Mr. Gilman was through, the only point about which his friend was at all surprised, or even eager, was the matter of the three thousand.

"Do you mean to say you can swing that amount?" he demanded.

"I—I think I can," faltered Mr. Gilman. "In fact, I—I'm very sure of it. Although, of course, that's a secret," he hastily added.

"Where would you get it?" asked Wix incredulously.

"Well, for a sure thing like this, if you must know," said Gilman, gulping, but speaking with desperately businesslike decision, "I am sure Mr. Smalley would loan it to me. Although he wouldn't want it known," he again added quickly. "If you'd speak to him about it he'd deny it, and might even make me trouble for being so loose-tongued; so, of course, nobody must know."

"I see," said Wix slowly. "Well, Cliff, you just pass up this tidy little fortune."

"Pass it up!"

"Yes, let it slide on by. Look on it with scorn. Wriggle your fingers at it. Let somebody else have that nine thousand dollars clean profit from the investment of three, all in a couple of days. I'm afraid it would give you the short-haired paleness to make so much money so suddenly. Ever hear of that disease? The short-haired paleness comes from wearing horizontal stripes in a cement room."

Young Gilman pondered this ambiguous reply in silence, then out of his secret distress he blurted:

"But, Wix, I've *got* to do something that will bring me in some money! I've run behind on my wheat trades. I've—I've *got* to do something!"

Wix, in the darkness, made a little startled movement, the involuntary placing of his fingertips behind his ear; then he answered quietly:

"I told you to keep away from that game. I tried it myself and know all about it."

"I know, but I did it just the same," answered Gilman.

Wix chuckled.

"Of course you did. You're the woolly breed that keeps bucket-shops going. I'd like no better lazy life than just to run a bucket-shop and fill all my buckets with the fleeces of about a dozen of your bleating kind. It would be easy money."

The front door of the Gilman house opened a little way, and the voice of a worried woman came out into the night:

"Is that you, Cliffy?"

"Yes, Mother," answered Clifford. "Good-night, old man. I want to be sure to see you before I go to the bank in the morning. I want to talk this thing over with you," and young Gilman hurried into the house.

Wix looked after him as he went in, and stood staring at the glowing second-story window. Then he suddenly went back up to his own porch and got his hat. Fifteen minutes later he was at the desk of the Grand Hotel.

"Mr. Daw," he said to the clerk.

"I think Mr. Daw's probably gone to bed by this time, Wix," the clerk protested.

"We'll wake him up then. What's the number of his room? I'll do it myself."

The clerk grinned.

"If he kicks, you know, Wix, I can't blame you for it. I'll have to stand it myself."

"He won't kick. What's his room?"

"Number one," and again the clerk grinned. Nobody ever pointblank refused young Wix a favor. There was that in his bigness, and in the very jollity with which he defied life and its pretended gravity, which opened all doors to him. His breadth of chest had much to do with it.

"The bridal chamber, eh?" he chuckled. "In that case send up a bottle of champagne and charge it to Mr. Daw's account. Yes, I know the bar's closed, but you have a key. Go dig it out yourself, Joe, and do it in style."

Unattended, Mr. Wix made his way to room one and pounded on the door. Mr. Daw, encased in blue pajamas and just on the point of retiring, opened a little way, and was quite crestfallen when he recognized the visitor. Nevertheless, he thawed into instant amiability.

"Glad to see you, old scout," he cried, and shaking hands with Wix pulled him into the room. "I felt as if the old homestead was no longer home when I didn't find you here to-day. Sit down. What'll you have to drink?"

"Wine, thanks," replied Wix. "They're getting it ready now. I gave them your order before I came up."

Mr. Daw gasped and batted his eyes, but swallowed quickly and had it over with.

"Well," explained Wix, as they seated themselves comfortably, "I thought, since we wouldn't have time for many drinks, that we might just as well make it a good one. I brought up this time-table. There's a train leaves for the East at 5:37 this morning and one leaves for the West at 6:10. Which are you going to take?"

"Why, neither one," said Daw in some surprise. "I have some business here."

"Yes," admitted Wix dryly; "I just saw Gilman. Which train are you taking?"

"Neither, I said," snapped Daw, frowning. "I don't intend to leave here until I finish my work."

"Oh, yes, you do," Wix informed him. "You're going about the time Gilman is washing his face for breakfast; and you won't leave any word for him."

"How do you know so well?" retorted Daw. "Look here, Mr. Wix, this proposition I'm offering Gilman is a fair and square ——"

"You say that again and I'll bite you," interrupted Wix pleasantly.

"I've got a pretty good left-handed punch of my own," flared Daw, advancing a threatening step.

Wix, though much the larger man, betrayed his touch of physical cowardice by a fleeting shade of pallor, and moved over next the door. The Grand Hotel had not installed a room telephone service, still relying upon the convenient push button. To this, Wix, affecting to treat the entire incident as a joke, called attention.

"One ring, ice-water," he read from the printed card above it; "two rings, bell-boy; three rings, maid. I think about six rings will bring the clerk, the porter and the fire department," he observed; "but I don't see where we need them in a quiet little business talk like ours."

"Oh, I see!" said Daw in the sudden flood of a great white light, and he smiled most amiably. "I promised you a rake-off when I spoke about this on the train, didn't I? And, of course, I'm willing to stick with it. If I pull this across there's a thousand in it for you."

"No. It won't do," said Wix, shaking his head.

"Say fifteen hundred, then."

Once more Wix shook his head. He, also, smiled most amiably.

"I guess you want it all?" charged Daw with a sneer.

"Possibly," admitted Wix, then, suddenly, he chuckled so that his big shoulders heaved. "To tell you the truth," he stated, "I didn't know Gilman could put up so big a prize as all that nice money, or he wouldn't have had it loose to offer you by now. As soon as I get over the shock I'll know what to do about it. Just now, all I know is that he's not going into this real silky little joke of yours. I don't want to see the money go out of town."

"I saw it first," Daw reminded him. "I don't care where he gets it, you know, just so I get it."

"Wherever he gets it," said Wix impressively, "it will be secured in a perfectly legitimate manner. I want you to understand that much."

"Oh, yes, I understood that, anyhow," acknowledged Daw, and the two men looked quite steadily into each other's eyes, each knowing what the other thought but refusing to admit it.

It was Daw who first broke the ensuing silence.

"Suppose I can't decide to wing my onward way?" he suggested.

"Then I'll have you looking out on court-house square through the big grill."

"On what charge?"

"General principles," chuckled Wix.

"I suppose there's a heavy stretch for that if they prove it on me," returned Daw thoughtfully. There was no levity whatever in the reply. He had read the eyes of Wix correctly. Wix would have him arrested as sure as breakfast, dinner and supper.

"Just general principles," repeated Wix; "to be followed by a general investigation. Can you stand it?"

"I should say I can," asserted Daw. "What time did you say that train leaves? The one going East, I mean."

"Five-thirty-seven."

(Continued on Page 28)

THE CUTTING OF HAM

By Harry Snowden Stabler

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

ALTHOUGH by no means rich, even well off, in this world's goods, Miss Byrd was envied by all who knew her, for she had never been, and probably never would be, troubled by that bane of modern life—the servant problem. The last of an old, slave-holding family, she had moved many years before to the big city, accompanied by two negro servants, a year or two older than herself.

They, man and wife, had scorned huge wages from all sorts of "po' white trash," and continued in her service as though they still belonged to her. Therefore it was with some apprehension that Miss Byrd looked up as the huge figure of Judy appeared in the door, head handkerchief awry, and a deep frown on her unusually good-humored face.

"Miss Sally, I can't do nuthin' wid Sawney. He say de mustud plarster you made fer 'im done bu'nt 'im up, an' de pain gits wuss an' wuss."

"Well, Judy, what do you think is the matter with him?"

"De Lawd knows, but he's sick dis time, sho 'nuff—all doubled up like er nut-cracker," she added with a picturesque touch. "An' he ain' bin foolin' roun' wid dem onery downtown niggers, nuther, 'cause I ain' smelt licker on 'im fer I dunno how long."

"Where is the pain—all over the stomach or just in one spot?"

"He says he feel like 'er red-hot poker done punched 'im in de right side, down hyar."

Miss Sally spoke anxiously. "You had better go for Doctor Paxton at once, and tell him I say come as soon as he can." Then she sat down to consider the probable difficulties in managing a negro with a possible case of appendicitis.

Doctor Paxton came in with his usual breezy laugh, and motioned Judy on as Miss Byrd detained him, saying: "From what Judy tells me, Sawney may have appendicitis. Now, please don't frighten him ——"

The doctor's face instantly became grave. "If he really has a badly-diseased appendix he will probably die, for you know the unutterable horror with which a negro regards the hospital and the knife. He would never go to the one or submit to the other."

"Oh, if it were only Judy instead," Miss Byrd exclaimed miserably. "She is so sensible, so level-headed about most things, and strong as a horse."

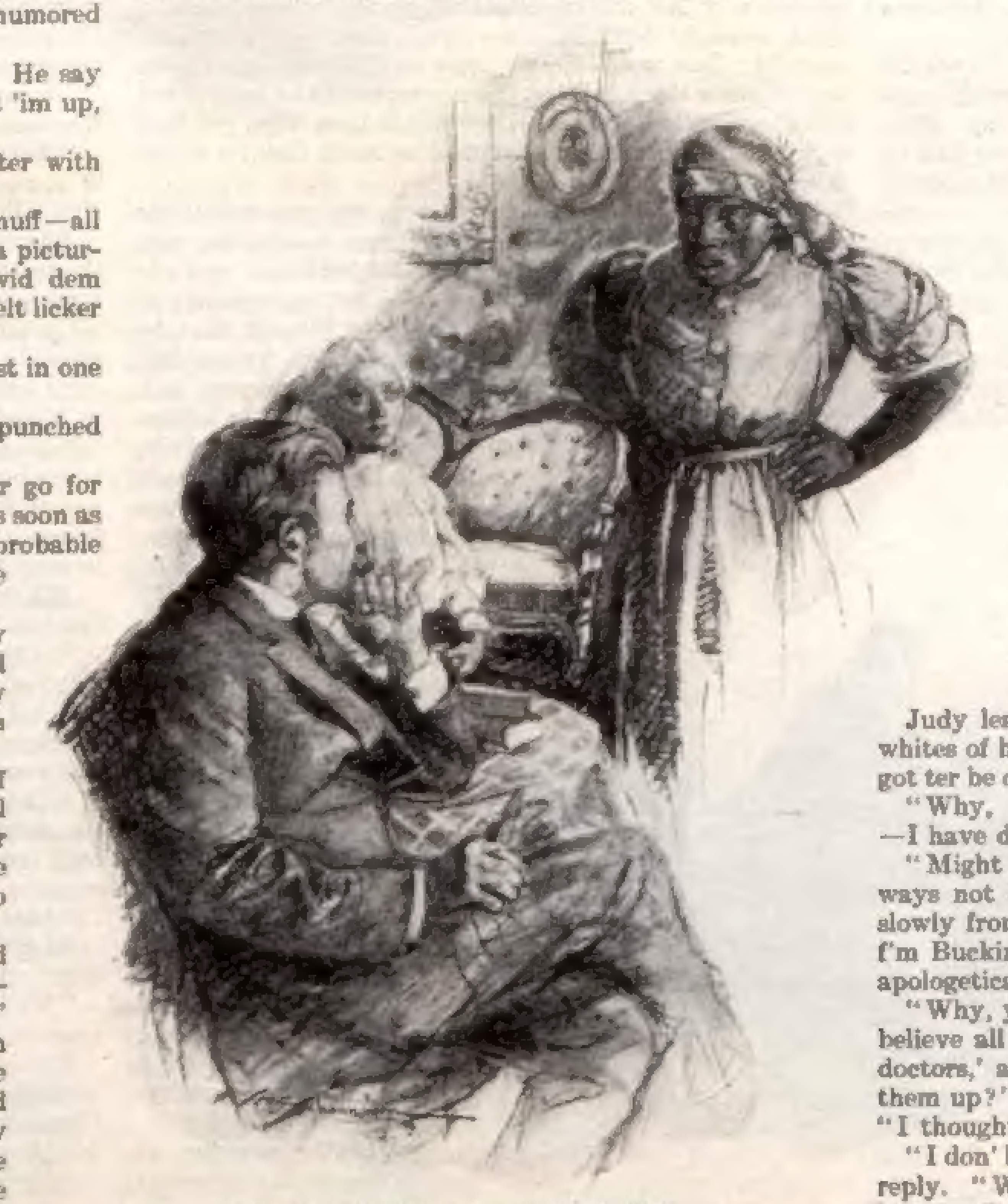
The doctor shook his head. "The best of them will balk at the hospital. Some of them have actually died before consenting to go there. And I have never succeeded in getting a satisfactory reason for it from a single one of them. But," he added cheerfully, "are we not crossing the bridge before we come to it? I'll go and see."

"I needn't ask you, then, not to scare him more than you can help—I won't have it," Miss Sally replied firmly, smiling.

"It's the appendix," said the doctor, presently returning, "and a bad case, too. He should be operated upon at once."

"What on earth is to be done?" Miss Byrd questioned, grief-stricken.

"You and Judy will have to nerve him up to it, that's all, but I doubt if you can do it," was the doctor's candid reply. "Isn't it a strange thing," he continued earnestly, "that in this enlightened age there are thousands of our fellow-beings who carry this terrible, nameless fear in their hearts? It is laughable, until we realize how pathetic it all is."



"Does You Mean He Got ter be *Cut*?"

"I hadn't an idea it was as bad as that," she admitted thoughtfully; "I do not remember ever talking to either of them about it."

Judy came in response to Miss Sally's call, and stood nervously twisting her apron in both hands, her head held at a listening angle to the open door behind her.

"Sit down there," said the doctor with a cheerful smile; "I want to talk to you."

"Thanky, suh, I'd ruther stan'," she replied, folding her brawny arms, bare to the elbow, over her ample bosom, and regarding him steadily.

"Sawney is a sick man; did you know it?"

"Yassuh, I knows it, now. Whut's de motter wid 'im?"

"He has appendicitis, but ——"

"Name o' Gawd! whut's dat?"

"It is a disease of what is called the *vermiform appendix*, which ——"

"Oh, go long, Mr. Ned, dat nigger jes' de same ez other niggers. I ain' know'd 'im forty years fer nuthin'; he ain' nuvver had one o' dem things."

"But, Judy, you don't understand. Every one has an appendix, and sometimes it becomes diseased and has to be—er—to be taken out."

"How you gwine take it out? Whar is it?" she asked, with a startled, suspicious look.

"Well," the doctor replied slowly, seeking to avoid words that would shock her, "a small incision has to be made just over the place ——"

Judy leaned forward, the powerful arms akimbo, the whites of her eyes beginning to roll. "Does you mean he got ter be *cut*?" she questioned in an awed whisper.

"Why, yes"—with a reassuring smile—"it is done—I have done it many times. It is not dangerous."

"Might do fer white folks, but not fer de nigger—leas'-ways not fer dat nigger." The turbaned head wagged slowly from side to side in positive negation. "He cum f'm Buckin'ham an' he's jes' dat foolish," she explained apologetically.

"Why, you old idiot, are you one of those niggers that believe all that stuff about the hospitals and the 'night doctors,' as you call them, catching people and cutting them up?" said Doctor Paxton with a show of irritation. "I thought Miss Sally had taught you some sense."

"I don' know nuthin' 'bout 'em," was the non-committal reply. "When I goes by dem places I don' slack my gait long 'nuff ter fin' out, nuther."

"Look here, Judy," said Miss Byrd severely, "Sawney will die if he will not do as the doctor says. You must persuade him to go to the hospital and—get well. You surely believe in me, in what I tell you. Besides," she went on, noting the dawning panic in the woman's face, "where is all your boast of being 'born to see evil'?"

The white-haired little woman stood up as Judy took a step forward, gazing at her long and intently. "I b'lieves you same ez I would Lawd A'mighty, ef I heered Him speak out'n de clouds an' de lightnin'," she said solemnly.

"Then go up and tell Sawney ——"

"My Lawd, Miss Sally, de dev'l an' Brown's mules couldn't pull dat nigger out'n de baid ef I wuz ter say 'hosspittel' ter 'im. You is de only one kin do dat, ef ennybody kin."

The three filed up into the small back room where Sawney lay, his back bent in a bow of agony. His wits were too dulled by suffering to comprehend the careful explanation about the appendix, but at the word "operation" his groans ceased; he lay quite still, his frightened glance shifting rapidly between Judy and Miss Byrd.

"I can get you there without more pain than you are suffering now, and you——" went on the doctor kindly.

"Git me *whar?*" The question was almost inaudible.

"Oh! just over to the hospital; I'll go ——"

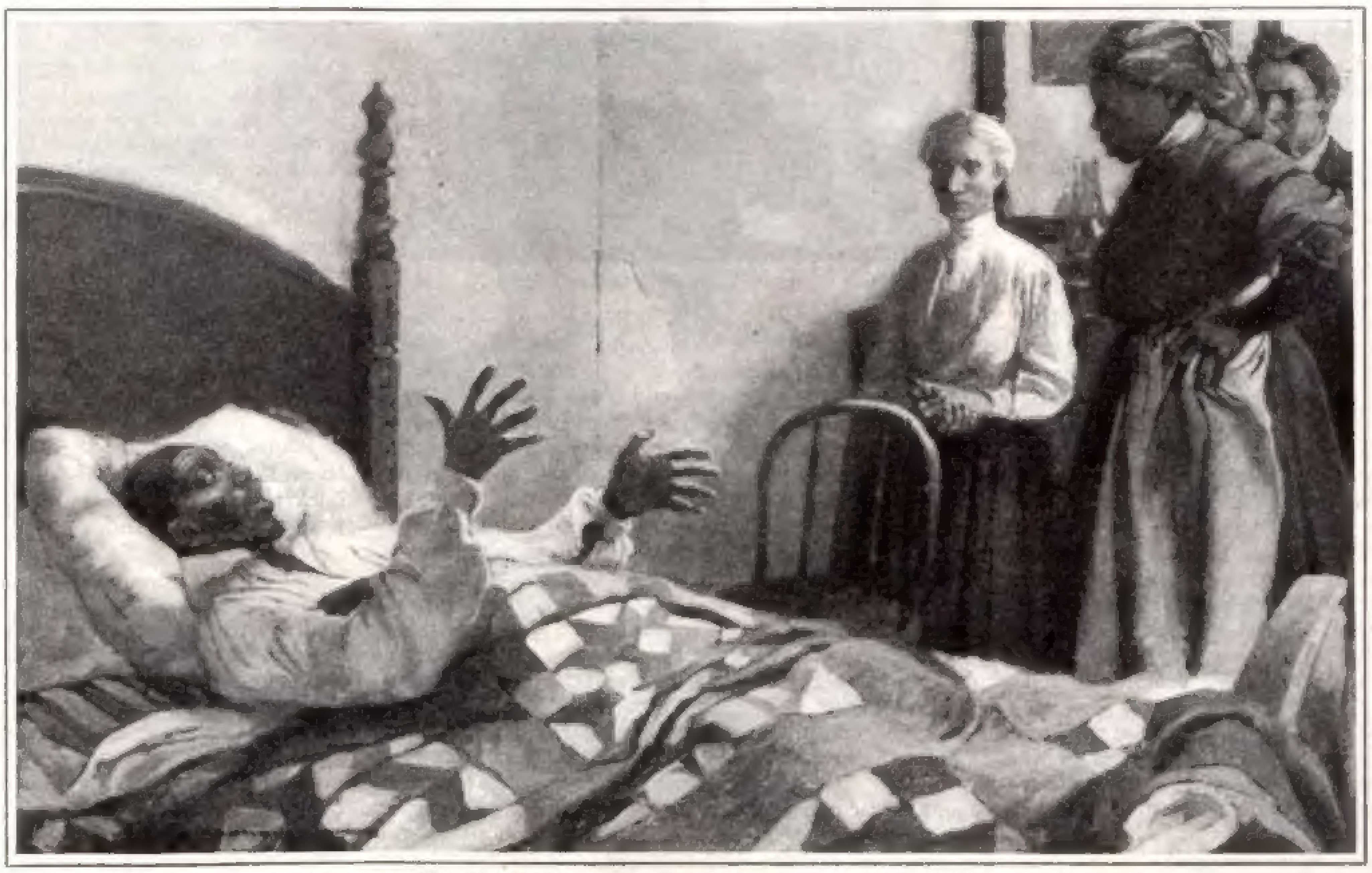
"De hosspittel?" he gasped, straightening out under the covers. The black, wrinkled skin became ashy, dead in hue, as he flung out both arms toward the slender figure. "Oh! Miss Sally, fer Gawd's sake," he pleaded, "'tain't nuthin' de motter wid me; jes' sump'n I done et. I'll git all right by sundown."

"Look hyar, nigger, you gwine ter be daid by sundown ef you don' lis'en ter white folks," said Judy.

Sawney thought he detected a certain lack of sincerity in his wife's voice. "Whut you got ter do wid it, you big, black dev'l?" he bawled. "Oh! you is all 'ginst me!" moaning as the fierce pain began to prod him again.

"Sawney, are you ready to die?" asked Miss Sally softly.

The restless head stopped its sidewise motion. "I'd ruther die right now widout dem—dem 'night doctors' gittin' holt o' me."



"'Tain't Nuthin' de Motter Wid Me; Jes' Sump'n I Done Et. I'll Git All Right by Sundown"

"There is no such thing as a 'night doctor,' I tell you. They are all good, kind men like Doctor Paxton here, whom you have known for twenty years. Can't you take my word for it and his? Why, I have been over to the hospital many times."

"I'll fix you up myself, Sawney; nobody shall touch you but me," said the doctor heartily.

Ignoring the latter entirely, Sawney studied the beloved features as Judy had done. "I reckon you ain' nuvver tol' er lie in yo' life," he said haltingly, between gasps. "An' I'se know'd you sence you wuz so high"—a wrinkled, shaking hand was held out over the floor—"sence yo' Pappy sont me ter you dat day wid de little red shoes. Does you 'member dat time?" The tightening in the slender throat held his old mistress speechless, but the brimming eyes gave eloquent token of a good memory. "I ain' fergot it," he went on, "'*cause I went wid de shoes.* An' I bin follerin' yo' feet uvver sence." Pausing for breath, he continued slowly: "You done bin over dar, is you? Would you go wid me? 'Cause ain' nobody gwine ter git me out'n dis room less'n you says you will. My time done cum, I reckon, but you got ter promise ter git me 'way f'm dat place when dey git done wid me."

"You foolish old thing, of course I will go, Judy and I, and stay with you as long as—as I can," she replied.

"Fine!" exclaimed Doctor Paxton. "I'll go and 'phone for an ambulance."

"Good Gawd!" Sawney shuddered, his mind on the black "hurry-up wag'n" and its clanging bell. "Miss Sally done said she'd go wid me, an' *she* ain't gwine ter ride in no 'death wag'n.' Whut you talkin' 'bout, man?"

"Of course you will meet us at the hospital," said Doctor Paxton in an undertone. "A carriage would exhaust him; these infernal cobblestones, you know?"

"No, I'll go with him, as I promised—in the ambulance, if necessary," was the firm reply. "He is liable to go wild with fright, even now."

"But that is totally unnecessary. You will appear ridiculous."

"What do I care," the little woman exclaimed, with a passionate stamp of her foot. "The man is more than my servant; he is my friend. Fidelity is a poor word for him and Judy, and you know it. Can I be less to them in their time of trouble? Oh, hurry!"

And the surgeon bowed his head in obedience and homage to the spirit of this woman as unconquerable as it was beautiful.

Ignoring alike the doctor's warning and the men with the stretcher, Judy picked up her light-weight spouse, and carried him downstairs as though he had been a quarter-sack of flour. "Shet yo' eyes an' keep 'em shet," she commanded. "Miss Sally's goin' wid you," as the latter, dressed for the street, opened the door for them.

The amazed stare of the young doctor in charge of the ambulance, as Miss Byrd climbed in behind her two servants, was met by the curt intimation that they were ready, if he was. "And don't you ring that bell, young man, not once," she ordered, as the driver, with a broad grin, clucked to his horses. Doctor Paxton followed in his buggy.

As the pain in a tooth ceases when the dentist's door-bell is actually rung, Sawney's single glance at the dreaded "hosspittel" held him numb and speechless.

Passing into the big hallway, Judy leaned over the stretcher and whispered: "Look, Sawney, dis can't be no death place." And Sawney beheld the beautiful statue of Christ, the Healer, with hand outstretched above him.

"Oh! Lam' o' Gawd," he prayed pitifully.

When they reached the patient's room Doctor Paxton spoke in a low tone to the assistant: "You will have to etherize him down here. He would balk at the operating-room to a certainty. I will hurry up and get ready." Then Miss Byrd and Judy backed out, followed by Sawney's imploring gaze.

The two women had been seated but a few minutes in a small waiting-room at the end of the corridor when the assistant surgeon appeared, swearing under his breath. "Madam, that darky absolutely refuses to be etherized, and it is against the rules of this institution to force any one. What shall I do? He is almost beside himself, yelling for you and for her, I suppose," indicating Judy with a jerk of his thumb.

"Sit still, Judy," Miss Byrd commanded. "I will go with you, sir, and see if ——"

"But—er—you cannot—that is—er—it is against ——"

"Tut, tut, young man, don't talk to me. I knew the founder of this hospital, and, besides, my servant's life is in question." And Miss Byrd stalked down the corridor, five feet two inches of clean grit and determination.

Two nurses and an orderly stood aside as she beheld Sawney, covered from neck to heels with a sheet, his eyes bulging with terror, his face streaming with perspiration.

"Oh, my Gawd, dey gwine ter take de senses 'way f'm me!" he stammered, thrusting out an appealing hand to Miss Sally.

"You old idiot!" she exclaimed scornfully. "How can they—they—er—stop your pain if they don't? Do you want to die right off?"

"Git me 'way f'm hyar!" he bellowed. "Whar's Judy?"

Miss Sally stood over the terrified man and simply berated him, pouring upon him every sarcastic, scornful invective in her very limited vocabulary. She invoked the open derision, anger and authority of those about her in vain.

Sawney just stared, apparently in open-mouthed wonder at the suddenly developed powers of his old mistress along lines hitherto unheard of.

"Come, Sawney," she appealed, taking another tack, "do you think I would allow them to do you any harm? See here," she added desperately, as the sufferer began to writhe, "I'll hold your hand."

A chair was pushed under her; she took the crooking fingers in her own.

"Now," said the interne, lifting the saturated, cone-shaped towel, "just take a couple of long breaths into this; it won't hurt you. Tha-a-at's good."

"Oh, Lam' o' Gawd, I cum-m-m-m."

Strong hands seized him—a few choking coughs, and the black fingers released their crushing grasp. Miss Sally, pale and faint from the sweetish, sickening odor, was escorted out on the rear porch to get a breath of fresh air.

She glanced about for Judy, but the latter was wandering restlessly about the lower bend of the corridor.

Presently the big woman paused before the open door of a small room, to stiffen like a pointer in the stubble as she gazed on the long, keen blades, saws, pincers and other paraphernalia of the surgeon—their shining, horrible shapes enough to send a chill down any one's spine.

"Good Lawd!"

Cool, quiet and capable, the young nurse, laying down a roll of iodoform gauze, looked up at the horror-struck countenance and laughed outright.

"Whut you gwine ter do wid—dem?" asked Judy, backing off, as the girl paused in front of the elevator with a tray of instruments.

"They are for one of the doctors to operate with." She laughed again and disappeared up the shaft.

Having been "sort o' balky" from the beginning, now, with her mind's eye on the tray of instruments and their possible victim, Judy was fast losing her nerve, hitherto braced by the moral support of Miss Sally. Starting up to seek her mistress, the big woman turned the corner of the corridor and beheld, coming straight for the elevator, the young doctor, the nurse and the orderly, who pushed a rubber-tired truck, on which lay *something* covered with a long, white cloth.

Judy knew instinctively what lay beneath that "windin' sheet." She took a couple of halting steps forward, barring its progress, every nerve in her huge body strung to breaking. All the latent superstition, the unnamed horror of the place and its evil reputation shone in her thick features.

The young doctor, hastily coming forward to remove her, brushed against the cloth, and Judy—saw.

"*You sha-n-t——!*" The voice trailed off into nothing, the jaw dropped, the eyes glazed, and she crumpled up on the floor in a dead faint.

"Take that woman out on the back porch and throw a bucket of water on her," said the house surgeon, coming up. "First time I ever saw a negro faint." He laughed.

Judy came to, looking straight into the anxious face of Miss Sally.

"Judy Mason, I am ashamed of you, and you 'born to see evil,' too."

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How They Do Business in Japan

SOME PITFALLS FOR THE UNWARY FOREIGNER

By I. K. Friedman

THE mountains stood like sentinels around the superb gardens of the Hotel Fujiya at Miyanoshita to keep out the care, the fret and the clamor of the world; and seated on a bench near a companionable waterfall I was enjoying the solace and restfulness of it all when there approached a rotund little guide who carried a bald head that was seemingly larger and squarer than the shoulders on which it rested. He slipped his right hand in the opening of his light-colored kimono, sucked in his breath—a mark of respect second to none in a land inhabited by the most respectful people on earth—and, bowing very low, said in good English:

"Sir, you are an eminent man. You are an erudite man. You are an ornament to journalism, that noblest of all professions, in which you are engaged. Your fame, it pleases me to say, has reached Miyanoshita ahead of you and I am delighted to pay you honor." He paused, as if searching in his mind for the something, whatever it was, that this flourishing prologue was meant to introduce, bowed low again, and sucked in his breath.

Being human, the flattery would have been grateful to me if the flatterer only would have been a little more adroit in the concealment of the trowel with which he was laying it on. Its very obvious intrusion had a tendency to ruin the illusion that otherwise might have gone down, tool, plaster and all. I sat wondering whither it was all drifting when he again salaamed profoundly and continued:

"Since, highly respected sir, your powers of expression are so great and writing comes so natural to you, I thought I might make myself bold enough to ask you to write a letter to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of your honorable country, recommending my services as a guide."

"And why particularly to Mr. Carnegie?"

He put his hand up to his mouth mysteriously and, looking around the garden cautiously, half-whispered, half-said: "At last I have found just such another golden pagoda as Mr. Harriman bought when he visited our honorable country."

The Episode of the Golden Pagoda

I WAS going to inquire into the nature of that evidently so remarkable pagoda when a chance acquaintance sauntered along and suggested that we climb Sengenyama hill, just back of the hotel, and get a glimpse of silvery Fuji, disclosing itself with fanlike symmetry to the clear air of the superb morning. Before I had the opportunity to accept or reject the invitation, the fat guide withdrew discreetly, waddling down the graveled walk in his noiseless sandals.

Early that afternoon I left for Tokyo; it was the last time that I ever beheld the unctuous, obsequious guide, and I might have forgotten him forever if I had not learned when I traveled on to Nikko—Nikko that permits not the use of the word magnificent until one's eyes have rested on its glories of scenery, temple and grove—that the story of Mr. Harriman and the golden pagoda had become a sort of sacred legend of the place. The facts around which the legend had crystallized were commonplace and unromantic enough. Mr. Harriman had come to Nikko, visited one of its famous curio shops, and fallen in love at first sight with a gold pagoda that reared its fantastic head aloft in a prominent corner. The price demanded for the entire structure, foundation and topmost roof included, was fifty thousand yen, which is equal to just half that many American dollars. The prospective purchaser offered thirty thousand yen.

The pagoda-owner, knowing a lovesick man when he saw him, stood firm at fifty thousand. Mr. Harriman left the shop carrying the pagoda off in his heart if not in his hands, and the shrewd Japanese let him go, well aware of the dramatic pretenses of lovers. Enter Mr. Harriman the second day, as the curio dealer knew he would, looks at everything else in the shop save his heart's desire, which the king of the curios knew he would do, having insight into the ways of those lovers who assume indifference to the fair one they want by courting those whom they don't. Finally the smitten one walks over to the pagoda—I am telling the story as it was told to me—and, yawning, offers to take it away for thirty thousand yen. He has plenty of other pagodas at home; he doesn't care particularly for this one, but, then, being in Nikko, and the pagoda happening to be there, too, he might just as well as not take it—if the price were made commensurate with its value.

The vendor admired the yawn of the American captain of industry. He had seen others yawn before that selfsame pagoda and come back to yawn again under the shadow of its nine slanting, belled roofs. A French shopkeeper, if the ornament and the customer had been his, might have torn his hair, might have squeezed out a salt tear or two, and exclaimed at the top of a voice broken with melancholy: "My dear sir, how can you offer me such a price? Is it possible that you have the heart? Would you have me deprive my invalid wife of her bed in the hospital? Would you have me turn my needy children into the street? No, no; it is not possible. I cannot sell that glorious and magnificent pagoda for any less. Look at it! Admire its lofty and fine proportions; examine carefully its detail, its artistic workmanship. There is not another one like it in all the world. I am ashamed to sell it for such a price. I dare not face my invalid wife and starving children and tell them I have snatched the bread out of their mouths by my folly. If the pagoda is not worth ten times what I ask come back and call me a villain, a liar, a scoundrel, a thief, what you will! Thirty thousand francs, did you say? Well, seeing it's you and that you have such an exceptional appreciation of the artistic, I will compromise on forty thousand. But you must promise to keep the price secret and tell nobody; otherwise, I should lose my reputation."

The Curio Dealer's Fancy Profit

BUT in Japan they do things differently. The curio dealer said simply, quietly and firmly: "Fifty thousand yen for that pagoda; not one sen more and not one sen less." Then he turned on his heel carelessly to chase an adventuresome fly off an ivory box priced at twenty yen.

"Very well," assented the American, believing by this time that he was up against a dealer who was to curios what Roosevelt was to railroad policies. And so, that momentous transaction being concluded, Mr. Harriman left for parts unknown, and the shopkeeper, not reflecting or caring whether the captain of industry might return to gobble up all the enterprises of Japan out of vengeance, calmly pocketed a clean gain of thirty-five thousand yen. Who shall blame the good people of Nikko if they rejoice in telling, even unto this very day, how one of their simple townsfolk matched wits with the greatest of American financiers and came off first best in the encounter? Or who is there that will blame the humble guides of Japan if they lie awake o' nights dreaming of the time when they may lead another American multi-millionaire to the shambles or the pagodas of another curio shop, thereby reaping fit percentages for acting as accessories before the crime?

But one thing is certain, whether you be disposed to condone or to blame, namely, that honor and honesty are qualities to which the Japanese mere men of business, on the whole and in the long run, are more apt to pay obeisance in the breach than in the observance thereof. That it should be so, if you are willing to go back to origins, is no more than natural; indeed, no more than inevitable. And why?

The Conditions and Their Causes

IN THE first place, trade was despised for centuries on centuries in the history of the land of the rising sun, and the trader was relegated to the lowest place among the four classes into which its feudal régime was divided. He ranked lower even than the tiller of the soil and the humble artisan who supported himself by the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow. What more logical, commerce being despised, than that those who gained their bread by it should not be overnice in their practices, knowing full well that, no matter how praiseworthy their conduct, they would still be treated with scorn and looked at askance. What more unfair than to expect that, in the forty years marking the nation's advance from the feudal to the modern system, she should rid herself, over night, as it were, of the taint acquired in the slow course of sluggish time, and that she should free herself of the habits shoved securely into place by leisurely custom and long-reverenced precedent? In fact, the prejudice against trade still exists in Japan to a certain degree; the brains of the country, contending for the honors that rank highest in the eyes of the people, are not in business, but in the service of the Government, in the offices, in the army and the navy. An American professor on the Faculty of the Tokyo University told his students but a short while ago that they could best serve the interests of their country, not by seeking petty preferment that paid starvation wages, but by going into trade, elevating its normal standards, and so forcing a greater respect for it.

And—I continue my argument—when the ports of Japan were first opened by treaty to commerce from across seas, what a class of foreigners had swept thither, scenting booty from afar, to teach honor by the absence of example! Freebooters, gentlemen unafraid, adventurers, sharpers, all casting the last die for fortune, and not above loading the dice to win the game. And to meet them were Japanese from the lowest stratum of society, men willing to venture anything but their reputations, which had been lost long before their arrival, and who, coming at a time when intercourse with the foreigner was considered degrading, and when contact with him passed for defilement, looked on the stranger as one to be plucked, with no more mercy than the stranger was ready to pluck him. Since this hated foreigner—and where has not the foreigner been hated and considered in the light of an easy and proper victim from the days of the clan, when fair dealing was insisted upon for its own members only?—amassed fortunes, and since he lived in a style strikingly extravagant when compared with the simple manner of the Japanese, it was inevitable that the natives should come to think big profits had been extracted from their pockets, and equally inevitable that they should leave no questionable stone unturned to induce those same profits to flow back whence they had come.

Moreover, finally, is not modern sociology there to tell us that honesty has been acquired by the long and bitter experience of the race, and to demonstrate that dishonesty was tried by the primitive peoples of the earth until they had learned that honesty was the better policy? What our rude forebears learned was the wiser and more expedient method of procedure has been handed down to succeeding generations as a sentiment and a moral duty, to be pursued for their own sake.

Curio Selling a Fine Art

CURIO dealers, too, it is no more than fair to say, are not distinguished anywhere in the world by the fine distinctions they choose to draw between what constitutes honor and dishonor—and one of the main industries of Japan is curios. Japanese pride may not be disposed to admit that fact, but take out of the Island Empire the globe-trotter and the curios with which he trots off and, undoubtedly, you cut away a large slice from the revenue of its people. Japanese sellers of curios may go their European brethren one better, but then there are more of them. They have factories in Osaka and Tokyo for turning out old things, and they turn them out far older and far quicker than the original makers of the genuine articles. It used to be said that they couldn't duplicate the prints of the master artists, that they couldn't get the peculiar softness of the paper and the color, but that bit of disparagement is unjustified. For, nowadays, they put the copies through an aging process that reproduces the original, down to the very moth and worm holes. Once it was boldly claimed that you could always tell, by the application of a match, the difference between tortoise shell and the celluloid facsimile they make of it; but recently they have acquired the trick of mixing acid with the celluloid so that this substance will now resist fire, and the only difference is that your reputed tortoise shell is celluloid that won't burn. Should not a progressive nation take advantage of modern discovery and invention?

But there are, none the less, in Japan curio dealers who have the artistic sense deeply ingrained, who dearly love old things and who will not consent to palm off spurious copies of them, no matter what the lure of illegitimate profits. And it is this same artistic feeling of the nation that makes the larger shops of Japan the most attractive of any on earth. There are times when, stepping into one of them, you experience the sensation of visiting an art gallery rather than a place where things are sold. A certain amount of awe attaches itself to any institution when custom requires that you remove your shoes and put on sandals, provided in their stead, before you step on its cool, clean matting, and the illusion of the non-commercial is furthered when the proprietor and all his clerks gather on the doorstep, bow low and bid you welcome. And with what taste and with what rare sense of fitness are the admirable objects of virtu displayed! Each thing stands in its place, apart and by itself. Nothing is cluttered and huddled together, as with us, among a thousand and one articles of its kind. In the midst of your purchasing and before your bargaining is concluded tea may be served, with an outlook over a garden that is in itself a gem, a triumph of art and a perpetual wellspring of pleasure. And there, amid the rockeries and the flowering azaleas, beside miniature cascades and purling streams, stand the larger statues of stone and bronze, shown amid the setting that their sculptors intended they should adorn. When you leave, there again on the doorstep are the master of the establishment and his clerks, bowing low and repeating in chorus, "May your honorable patronage be continued to be deserved." Under circumstances like these one is tempted to buy more than one can afford, shopping becomes a veritable passion, and many a tourist, exhausting his letter of credit, is forced to cable for funds to take him home.

What they do to you inside these Japanese galleries of illusions is quite another thing and quite beside the question. Fixed prices are far more the exception than the rule in Japan, and you can never be sure after prolonged haggling, which may end in the dealer taking off all the way from one-half to one-third of what he asked to start with, whether you have paid double what your purchase was worth or whether you captured it at a half less than the next fellow might. Possibly the element of speculation may add to the enchantment; at any rate, you need never go off conscience stricken, thinking that you have paid less than you should.

A tourist, taking a fancy to those grotesques the Japanese make, in the shape of manikin tobacco-boxes, started out by buying one of them in a Tokyo shop. The next day, fascinated by the trifle, he returned to purchase three more, and he persisted in the practice until he had accumulated a collection of a dozen. Each time he wanted the lively little curiosities for a trifle less than those he had purchased the previous visit, and each time the dealer insisted that he ought to charge a trifle more. "I can't understand your process of reasoning," insisted the customer; "you ought to give me them cheaper; look at the number I am buying."

"True," returned the dealer, "but if you buy all of them I shall have none left to sell others, and then I must make some more."

And this tourist, like a thousand and one others, railed inveterately against the lack of the one-price system in Japan, leaving out of consideration the one thing he should have taken into account most—the vast difference in system between doing business in the Occident and the Orient.

The Oriental Aptitude for Bargaining

THE Oriental loves to bargain. It is his existence. He would be disappointed if you paid him the price he asked, so cheating him out of one of the chief pleasures earth holds for him, and he would think you a fool into the bargain. Buying and selling is with him a game of chess; a battle of wits against wits. Life is slower across the Pacific; people have plenty of time on their hands and they are in no hurry to consummate anything. To-morrow does just as well with them as to-day and a great deal better, because it gives them the opportunity of putting things off until the next day thereafter. It is very much as if the Oriental shopkeeper said to his customer: "Friend, let us be in no hurry to conclude this little bit of business. The day is long. Let us sit down, make ourselves perfectly comfortable, drink a cup of tea, smoke a pipe or two, and learn who has the sharper intellect, you or I. Let us amuse ourselves by trying to read each other's mind, discover what is going on inside each other's brain and see who comes out of this the best. If you make your purchase for half of what it is worth I sha'n't complain. If, on the other hand, you pay double its value, you shouldn't indulge in harsh language. Otherwise, why has the good Lord endowed us with a mind, tongue and eyes?" And for a long time, it may be observed parenthetically, it was customary in Japan to fix prices according to the purse of the purchaser, rather than the intrinsic value of the purchase; so much for the poor man, so much more for the rich, and somewhere between the two for the man neither rich nor poor. The system was just, highly to be recommended for the impecunious, but death to volume of business or speed in the transaction of it.

Nor is the curio dealer the only person who imitates in Japan, it would seem, in lieu of a better national sport. There was a time in the history of Japan—the rage for imitating foreign manners and customs was then at fever-heat—when it was seriously argued pro and con whether "April Fool's Day" should be calendared among the Empire's festivities. Nothing, or next to it, escapes the passion. Trade-marks, patent-marks and labels of well-known foreign goods, established in the marts of the world at the cost of untold thousands in advertising, all fall prey to the voracious appetite of Japanese sharks. Soaps that have made the manufacturer famous in London are put on the Tokyo market with but a letter of the renowned name changed; and pencils that have enjoyed the favor of several generations are subjected to the same heartless treatment. And what holds true of pencils and soaps includes every article of which one can think, from ketchups to whiskies and from whiskies to biscuits. Sometimes the theft is clumsily and humorously perpetrated, as when the well-known label of a certain English beverage was transformed into "Pale Ales & Co."

The Nourishing Bath Soap

RECENTLY, in this connection, probably one of the most laughable incidents known to the recorded history of commerce occurred. A Japanese soap-maker, wishing to fool the public by leading them to believe that his brand—he chose to call it the Toilette Bath—was made abroad, hired one of his countrymen to describe the superior qualities of his wares in sufficiently glowing and poetic English. The translator, arising to the occasion with an enthusiasm equal to everything but his knowledge of our idiom, took refuge in an English circular devoted to setting forth the toothsomeness of a long-established, popular chocolate, and simply substituted Toilette Bath in his copy every time that the name of the dainty appeared in the original. Now and then he boldly essayed the strength of his own wings in the rarefied atmosphere of English undefiled, and the result of his combined temerity and timidity is one of the curiosities of advertising literature. He begins by stating that the factory was started in the year so-and-so, in a town near Paris, for the making "of music toilette of superior quality," which sounds very much as though he were booming a phonograph instead of a soap. Then he adds, leaning on his borrowed crutch: "The Toilette Bath Soap is a wholesome and agreeable food and a stimulating product," which proves beyond a doubt that his devotion is not to phonographs. He continues: "The Toilette Bath used by Messrs. So-and-So (the chocolate dealers) are imported direct from Nicaragua or where the best are grown." The best, it needs no weird flight of the imagination to discern, refers to beet roots, for a little lower down he asserts in curiously misspelled words: "The cultivators round Noisiet, near Paris, supply several sugar mills with beet roots, for the manufacture of the sugar used in the preparation of the Toilette Bath." Once, nodding like Homer, his pencil tires from the emotional strain, forgets to perform the highly-necessary substitution, and we find: "All the prize medals have been awarded to Messrs. So-and-So for the extension they have given to their manufacture and for their commercial activity, which have so powerfully contributed to the extension of chocolate all over the world." Confront his muse with the deadly parallel and it must come to a

sudden and sheepish halt before these deadly columns, which are reproduced, mistakes and all:

ORIGINAL	IMITATION
The So & So chocolate being remarkable for the fineness of its paste, it is proper to observe that although in winter it breaks smooth and fine, it sometimes assumes a rough and whitish appearance in summer. This difference, which has no influence whatever on its quality, solely arises from the temperature at the time when it is put into the mould.	The music Toilet being remarkable for fineness of its paste, it is proper to observe that, although in winter it breaks smooth and fine, it sometimes assumes aroogh and whittsh appearance in summer. This difference, which has no influence whatever on jts quality, soley arjses from the temperature at the time when jt js put jnto the moulds.
SOLD EVERYWHERE ASK FOR THE GENUINE NAME	SOLD EVERYWHERE ASK FOR THE GENUINE NAME

Of course, those boasting of even the slightest smattering of English are not to be caught by any such absurd and blundering forgeries, and it is only the Japanese themselves who are deceived into thinking that they buy the foreign-made article when the home-manufactured rubbish is palmed off on them. Nevertheless, the mischief works untold injury to well-known foreign goods all through the far East, especially in China, Manchuria and Japan itself.

So much for the obverse of a reprehensible and unworthy practice; for the reverse let it be said, in all justice, that the supposedly much more honest Chinese were long guilty of this same nefarious sort of imitation, and that it ceased only after a hot contest on the part of the Powers working in alliance. Furthermore, even in America and on the Continent, infringement on patents and trade-marks and on copyrights are not so rare as to have passed into the realm of the unknown and the obsolete. Our methods are less crude, but our experience has been longer.

Yet the bitterness aroused by these Japanese forgeries is as nothing when compared to the rage of the foreigners — and rage is the word—awakened by their utter disregard of the inviolability of contracts. A contract in the eyes of many Japanese is something to be kept when convenient, and to be broken when profitable. The "godowns" or storehouses of the treaty ports of Japan are filled with goods delivered on order and rejected by expediency. A member of a large importing and exporting firm which has its headquarters in Seattle told me in Kobe that a year or so ago he had sold a cargo of dried fish to a house in Yokohama, and the stuff was no sooner delivered than he received a bitter letter of complaint, stating that it was rotten to the core and unfit for use. The writer declared he was astonished, nay, thunderstruck, to learn that people of the reputation for integrity enjoyed by the Seattle firm would insult their customers by shipping such inferior goods. And he closed his epistle with the curt information that the consignment was relegated to the "godown" and might stay there until advice was received from the consignee concerning what disposition he wished to make thereof. It was the turn of the shipper to be astonished, nay, thunderstruck, for he knew, absolutely, that never in all his business career had he sent a more select lot of fish across the Pacific. Acting on the fullness of his knowledge he sat down and dictated a letter stating that it was impossible for him to grasp what had happened, that there must have been a sad mistake somewhere along the circuit, and that he was asking, on even date, the United States Consul to look into the matter. Shortly afterward came the formal report of the consul to the effect that the

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WHICH MAN WAS RIGHT?

By HENRY M. HYDE

DECORATION BY H. T. DUNN

JUST common business honesty . . . ? Is business a thing apart—a great game, with rules and standards of conduct, and a code of honor of its own? Or does business stand on a level with the rest of life? Should a man in business be bound by the same fine standards of honesty and honor which govern him in his social relations with his neighbors, or even with the members of his own family?

On a memorable occasion, when Mr. E. H. Harriman was being cross-examined, a presumptuous lawyer asked a question which cast sad doubts on the great man's motives and his personal good faith. Instantly, one of his legal retainers pointed a withering finger to stop the sacrilege: "Sir!" he thundered, "you must remember that Mr. Harriman moves on a higher plane!"

If, then, the great figures which move majestically across this high table-land of business, trailing clouds of adulation and envy as they come, are not to be judged by the common standards of honor and square dealing, who shall say how far below the timber-line the ten commandments and the golden rule do go, literally, into effect? One has but to remember how the small boys of the fourth grade baseball nine carry, tightly wadded in the pockets of their knickerbockers, the book of rules which governs the players of the National League, then one will understand that the brawny thumb and two fingers which Butcher Schmidt casually rests on the scale-pan when he is weighing one's sirloin, merely represents his crude but sincere attempt to realize for himself the rebate—promoter's profit—underwriter's percentage—which the stars in the National League of Business have taught him is perfectly proper under the rules.

Blake came out of the West—a bold Lochinvar of finance—and carried away on his saddle-bow half a dozen big company promotions. He played the game with a reckless dash and a joyous assurance that were contagious. He was both crafty and courageous. Gentlemen who broke through the barbed-wire entanglements, and escaped the figure-four traps which he set along the trail, found that Blake was equally ready to bite, gouge and slug when the umpire wasn't looking. So he won largely. Presently the financial editors of several metropolitan newspapers discovered him, and referred to him in their columns as "a new power in the Street." He awoke one morning and found himself—respectable. This heavy feeling acted as a narcotic to his sense of humor. Hitherto, in a pleasant condition of solution, financially speaking, he then determined to crystallize into something solid.

He would start a big trust company. That would serve as a common centre into which he could weave the ragged ends of his various enterprises. Besides, he rather fancied the idea of "the well-known financier, John Blake," behind a long, mahogany table, in a long, black coat, uttering solemn platitudes for the instruction of an open-mouthed world. He even looked forward to the day when he should create something of a sensation in the world of finance by discovering the Pentateuch. Best of all, he knew just the man to manage his new trust company

Back in the metropolis of the Western State, from which place Blake had started on his invasion of the East, lived his old classmate and friend, Addison Hart. Twenty years of hard work and square dealing as a banker had won for Hart a reputation for probity and honor. Blake called him the "only absolutely honest man I ever knew." He knew also that Hart was ambitious, and poor.

Hart was made cashier of the new Western Trust Company and invested his total capital—twenty-five thousand dollars—in its stock. Under his management the new concern prospered. Once or twice Hart blocked Blake's attempts to put some of the bank's money into his various enterprises, and Blake gave way, with fairly good grace, feeling that it was part of the price he paid for his new position as "one of the bulwarks of finance." Hart's policy was so far justified that, at the end of two years, the stock of the Western Trust was selling at two hundred, and Blake had even given out an interview or two, denouncing stock-gambling as the greatest infamy of the age.

Then, gentlemen with their ears to the ground felt the first faint tremors of the panic of 1907—Blake among the earliest. Before the common herd had even begun to be suspicious, Blake knew that the great International Wireless Electric Corporation, in which he was largely interested, was almost certain to go into the hands of a receiver. He did his best to unload his stockholdings, but the market was not responsive. Then the scaffolding which upheld the tall structure of the Milkweed Rubber Trust—Blake's pet promotion—began to creak and groan. If both or either of these great Blake properties went crashing down into bankruptcy, Blake fearfully knew what would happen to the Blake Western Trust Company. He saw the stock of the trust company dropping to below par—his atrophied imagination stirred sufficiently to picture a great crowd of depositors massed in front of the Roman temple in which the bank was housed. It would mean utter ruin.

The next morning John Blake left his long, black coat at home. He came to the bank in a checked business suit. That should have been enough to rouse suspicion, if any one had dreamed all that the heavy garments of conservative respectability had come to mean to him. For two or three days Blake was very busy, holding conferences at his club and in various lawyers' offices. Then he called in one of the assistant cashiers, an associate of the days of big promotions, and that worthy spent the afternoon preparing a bundle of stock certificates for the final signatures.

On a Friday morning the bundles were laid on the table in Blake's private room, and Cashier Hart was called in to face his chief.

"Addison," Blake began, "I have sold all my stock in the Western Trust and here are the certificates, ready for you to sign. Old man Elkins is at the head of a syndicate which buys my interest."

"Why, what are you selling out for?" Hart asked in astonishment.

"Because I can get a million for what cost me half that two years ago," Blake answered easily.

"I thought this was to be our lifework," Hart put in anxiously. "I don't understand it at all. My investment is small—but it's all I've got."

Then Blake made his mistake. It all looked so very clear to him. He forgot, for the moment, why he had picked out Hart to manage the bank.

"Of course, Addison, I'll take care of you, too. Your stock goes in with mine. There's a check for fifty thousand dollars waiting for you now over at my lawyers'."

"I've got to know the real reason why we are selling out. What's behind it all?"

Blake leaned far over the table. "Because it's our only chance to get out with a cent—that's why. Inside of a week the International Wireless will go into a receiver's hands. Milkweed Rubber will go with it. That means a big run on the bank—a run that no bank in the world can stand."

"Elkins knows this, and yet is ready to buy our stock?"

"I don't know whether he knows or not," Blake answered. "Anyway, we're not running an orphan asylum—that's his own lookout. He's been trying to buy me out for months."

"Tell him the facts and then let him decide."

Blake jumped up. "Addison, we've got to think of the effect on the financial world, as well as of ourselves and Elkins. If I'm still owner of this bank when my companies go into the hands of a receiver, no power on earth can save it from going down with them in the crash. If it is given out to-morrow that we've sold the bank to Elkins the failure of two of my other companies may not affect it. At any rate, it will have a chance to pull through."

"Yes. There's something in that. Only Elkins must know what he is going up against before he buys."

Blake tore out an angry oath. "Don't be a fool, Addison! Elkins would steal candy from a baby. He's going into this thing with his eyes open. Now, sign my certificates. Do just as you please about your own."

Hart rose. "I will not sign those certificates until Elkins has been told the truth," he said.

Then, in a flash, Blake realized the mistake he had made, and, in the same instant, changed his attitude. "Sit down a moment, Addison," he said, "and wait until I think this thing over."

Hart sank back into his chair. Blake sat silent, his eyes cast down, his hands in his lap. "You know, John," Hart said, presently, "anything in the world I can do, I'd do in a minute for you. But this is dishonest."

"You're right, Addison," Blake answered. "I hadn't looked at it that way. It wouldn't be giving old man Elkins a square deal. I suppose we must stick and fight the thing out. Well! what to do now? I wish you could look into the affairs of the International for me?"

"Why can't I?" Hart answered, grasping at the chance to show his sense of obligation. "I might run down to New York for a few days. I could get away to-night."

With the hearty acquiescence of his chief, Hart took the evening flyer for the East. Next morning, when he was safely outside the State, the certificates of stock which conveyed the Blake interest in the bank to Elkins were signed by the vice-president, in the absence of the cashier. Hart saw an announcement of the transfer in the New York papers. Before he could get back home, the creditors of the International, alarmed by the same report, had precipitated the failure of the International. On Tuesday morning Hart arrived at the bank to face a run and the furious anger of Elkins, who had taken control only the day before. The run lasted a week before the bank went to the wall. In the forced settlement with depositors the stockholders fared badly. Hart finally realized seven thousand dollars on his holdings and went back to his old home in the West, to begin life over again, under something of a cloud. Blake had done nothing illegal. So far as the bank was concerned he had misrepresented nothing. Elkins' lawyers told him he had no ground of action against Blake. They quoted the doctrine of *caveat emptor*. The old man was forced to face and swallow the loss himself.

Hart was a fool, of course. Under the prevailing rules of the game he was entirely justified in getting out with a whole skin while he could. More than that, he should have realized that only by the sale of the Blake interest was there a chance to save the bank. He should have considered the plight of the innocent widows and orphans who were minority stockholders. Finally, he was an employee of Blake. If by refusing to sign the certificates of stock he had caused his employer and benefactor to lose a million dollars, he would have been guilty of base and shocking disloyalty. Fortunately, by the action of another, the loss was prevented.

Hart, who now makes a living by selling farm lands in Nebraska, does not attempt to defend his action. "I was a fool," he admits, "and I'm glad of it."

Horace Wilkins had a new degree of mining engineer and ten thousand dollars. Parish had been superintendent of a copper smelter. They formed a partnership and leased a smelter in Arizona. At the same time they made a contract with the owner of a newly-developed mine in the vicinity to buy all of his crude ore at a figure which insured them a handsome profit on the finished copper billets. This contract ran—as did the lease of the smelter—for ten years. If the owner sold the mine during the life of the lease the contract was to become void. Wilkins & Parish invested every cent of their capital in the enterprise, the senior partner opening an office as a mining engineer in Chicago, while the junior went to work as superintendent of the smelter.

At the end of the first year the net profits of operating the smelter were twelve thousand dollars, of which Wilkins, under the firm agreement, got two-thirds and Parish the rest, in addition to a handsome salary.

One summer afternoon in the second year of the lease Parish called at the little frame shack, where the local manager of the mine made his office, to urge him to double his production of ore Parish and Thompson, the local manager, were on very friendly terms.

"We've got the two new stamps up and ready to start, Jack," Parish said, "and, beginning with Monday, we'll be ready to handle just twice what you're giving us now."

"All right, Billy," Thompson answered smilingly. "I guess old Henricks won't kick so long as you double the size of his monthly check."

Henricks was the man who owned the mine. He lived in St. Louis.

Just as Thompson turned to call up the mine foreman on the 'phone, the red-headed McCarthy girl, daughter of the station agent, stumbled in. "Say, Mister Thompson," she gasped, badly out of breath from her long climb up the mountainside, "here's a telegraft and paw says it's important."

Thompson took the yellow envelope, tore it open and read the message.

"Not bad news, I hope?" Parish put in.

Thompson glanced around with a look of something like suspicion in his eyes.

"Oh, no," he answered with lightness. Thompson smoothed out the telegram and carefully laid it, face down, on the top of his desk. "Just excuse me a minute."

Parish nodded. From where he stood he could see Thompson enter the telephone booth.

Parish's left eye closed in a sort of automatic wink and the left corner of his mouth curled upward at the same instant. With the fingers of his right hand he beat a nervous tattoo on the door. Then, with a deep breath, he threw his head up, stepped over to the desk, picked up the telegram, ran his eyes quickly over it, and replaced it with careful exactness.

It was twenty minutes before Thompson came back, but the time seemed short to Parish.

"Sorry to keep you waiting so long, Billy," he said.

"Oh, that's all right, Jack," Parish answered. "You'll double the force on Monday, then?"

Thompson hesitated a moment, while Parish watched him narrowly from the corners of his eyes. "Monday's a little quick, I'm afraid, Billy," he said finally. "Don't know just how long it will take to get things arranged."

Parish looked at his watch. "By George, I must be going," he said easily. "So-long, old man."

Parish went to the smelter, hurriedly wrote something on a sheet of paper, and started a Mexican to carry it down the gulch to the railroad station, by a route on which he would not at any time come within the view of Thompson's office windows.

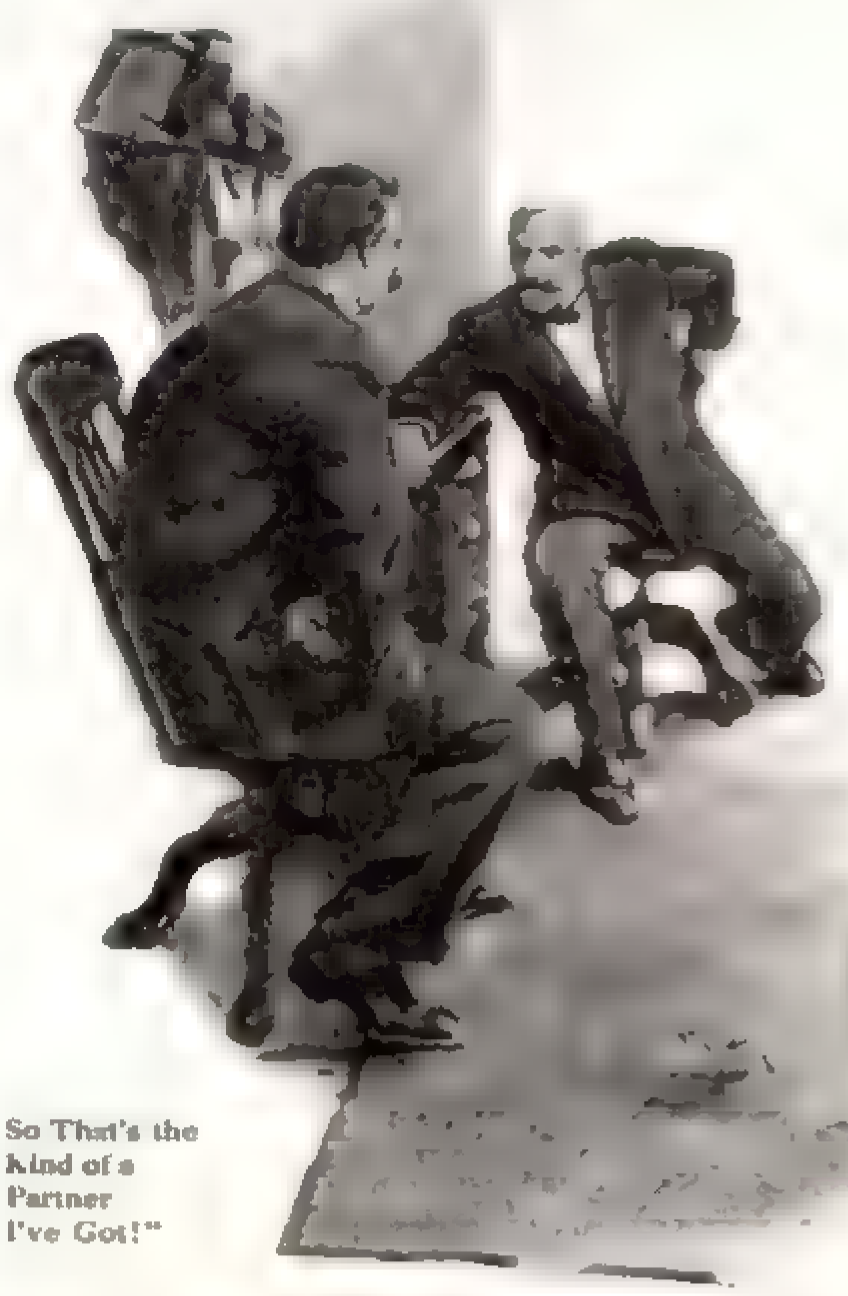
Horace Wilkins was just getting ready to leave his office on the nineteenth floor of a Chicago skyscraper when a shifty-eyed messenger boy came in with a telegram Wilkins read it, dismissed the messenger and sat down heavily on the top of his flat desk. For an instant he stared, unseeing, out of the window, down on to the roofs of lower buildings, where, from a score of tall chimneys, the signal-fires of the savages of commerce were rising into the thick air. Then he telephoned his apartment to have his suitcase sent downtown, reserved a berth on the nine-o'clock flyer to St. Louis, and went over to the club to eat dinner. At the station he stopped long enough before taking his train to send a wire to Parish in Arizona.

Next morning he called on Henricks, in St. Louis, and spent more than an hour in the private office of the mine owner. That night he returned to Chicago, and the second morning after he looked up from his desk to see his partner, Parish, standing with a look of inquiry on his face.

"It's all right, Billy," he smiled. "I thought I could fix old Henricks, and I did. He wouldn't take a million in cash for his old hole in the ground, right now."

"Bully, old man. I was afraid we were done, for sure. How'd you fix him?"

"Close the door, there. Now have a cigar and sit down. Well, . . . you know how mine owners are. All any one of them needs is a little encouragement to make him think that he's got the Calumet and Hecla backed off the boards. That's what I figured on when I went to St. Louis to see the old man. You know I'd never met him, personally. So, when the boy showed me into his private room, I opened up with, 'Mr. Henricks, I'm Wilkins, of Wilkins & Parish, who hold the ore-contract on that King copper mine of yours in Arizona.' I could see by the old fellow's eyes that he expected me to do some tall pleading and begging. 'Mr. Parish and I,' I went on, 'have concluded that we could make things run a little more smoothly and easily for all parties if we bought the mine outright.' You'd have laughed to see the surprised and puzzled look which came into his eyes. 'And what did you cal'late to pay for it?' he asked. 'We're ready to pay two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash,' I snapped back in a way that half took his breath."



"So That's the Kind of a Partner I've Got!"

"And we've got just twelve thousand dollars in the bank," gurgled Parish, grinning and leaning forward.

"Well, you know as well as I do that there wasn't the slightest danger of his calling that bluff. You should have seen the cunning look that came into the old man's face. 'And you want to buy it just to make things run easily and smoothly for me, eh?' he sneered. 'For all of us, Mr. Henricks,' I answered. 'And the fact that she's the richest copper lode in the country hain't got a thing to do with your offer either, I suppose?' Then I knew that I had him. 'Of course we all know she's a good mine,' I admitted. 'What do you say to an even quarter of a million and call it a bargain?' Old Henricks swung round to his roll-top, pulled out a telegram and slammed it down on his desk. 'Why, I've been offered that for it by the Guggenheims—the greatest judges of mining values in the world to-day,' he roared. Then I pretended to go all to pieces. 'Mr. Henricks,' I stammered, 'my partner and I will pay you four hundred thousand dollars, cash down, for the King mine, and that's all it's worth to anybody. Look now! That's ten times what you paid for it, and we stand all the chance of its pinching out.' The old man just laughed. 'Four hundred thousand nothing,' he snorted. 'Pinching out, heh? Huh! Nobody's million dollars looks as good to me as the King mine this very minute, I'll tell you that, son. I'm too old a bird.' Well, I collapsed in the chair, Billy. I did it well, too. 'Mr. Henricks,' I said, finally, 'since you feel that way about it I don't mind telling you that, in my opinion, you're right. I think the King mine is the best copper proposition in the world to-day. I hope there're no hard feelings about our trying to get hold of it cheap?' The old fellow was too tickled at his own shrewdness to do anything but grin. 'Not a bit, young man,' he said. 'There's been others trying to get it away from me for nothing, too, as I told you. But they can't any of 'em get the better of your Uncle Hiram.' And you know, Billy, I think he was just getting ready to sell to the Guggenheims when I came in and swelled him all up."

"Horace!" cried Parish, getting up and holding out his hand to be clutched by his partner. "It's the greatest ever! If you hadn't turned the trick we'd both been broke this minute. Why, when I saw that wire from the Guggenheims the other day I would have sold out for ten ——"

"You saw the telegram, then?" Wilkins interrupted. "How on earth did you get a look at that?"

Parish shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I was in Thompson's office when the message came. He opened it, read it and looked at me in a way that made me sure there was a big hen on. Then he laid the message on his desk, face down, and went out to call old Henricks on the 'phone. While he was out I picked up the message and read it — that's all."

"So that's the kind of a partner I've got!" Wilkins burst out bitterly. "Reading people's correspondence on the sly, eh? I suppose you know, Parish, how gentlemen look on that sort of thing?"

Parish was silent, astonished at Wilkins' sudden outbreak of wrath. Now, with a wave of his clenched fist and an oath, he stepped forward.

"You're a fine bird, to roast me about reading a telegram, ain't you?" he sneered. "Haven't you just got back from bluffing and lying and deceiving old man Henricks? Didn't your lies lead the old man to refuse more money than we or anybody else is ever likely to offer him again? Oh, hush!" he went on savagely, as Wilkins tried vainly to interrupt. "What do you know about the value of the King copper mine? Nothing! Neither do I. It may pinch out in a month, and you know it. Don't get pious so quick, Horace. It ain't becoming to your complexion."

Parish had raised his voice so high that Wilkins was sure it could be easily heard in the outer office. And he felt that differences between partners were not matters in regard to which outsiders should be enlightened. He pulled a chair up close to his desk and, controlling himself with an evident effort, asked Parish to sit down. It was absolutely necessary to his own self-respect to point out the essential difference between what he had done and the heinous offense of which his partner had been guilty.

"Billy," he began, "business is the greatest game in the world and I'm a business man. In business a man may do anything, so long as he obeys the rules of the game. They are unwritten rules, but generally understood by the whole business community. I have done nothing which any business man will not justify. Stealing a chance to read a man's private correspondence, on the other hand ——" Wilkins made a gesture of disgust. . . .

What finally happened was that, within a few months, Horace Wilkins got rid of Parish as a business partner, because, as he said, after that telegram episode, he could never trust the man again nor feel quite safe in his society. As for himself, he carried out his contract with old man Henricks to the letter—and to the end of the ten-year term —and cleaned up a profit which has become the foundation of one of the considerable fortunes of the country.

Just common business honesty! In the first case, one man breaks with a lifelong friendship and sacrifices his fortune and his prospects to satisfy a delicate and imperious sense of personal honor; while the other man, keeping well within the law, adds half a million to his wealth, and much to his reputation for great business shrewdness. In the second case, one who does not scruple to play the part of a spy and sneak to get important business information is properly cast off by his high-minded partner, whose own successful coup is, at the same time — whether or not it is, in itself, defensible — entirely based upon this same bit of tainted information.

In either case, which man was right—judged by the common standards of business? And each business man, as he answers the question for himself, will do well, also, to reflect on the demoralizing influence of an unwritten code which leaves fundamental questions of right and wrong open to sincere differences of opinion.

"IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Part II

"WHERE is he?" asked Brown, precariously balanced on the next fence.

"Do you know," she said, "this is becoming ghastly. He's bolted into our cellar."

"Why, that's all right, isn't it?" asked Brown. "All you have to do is to go inside, descend to the cellar, and light the gas."

"There's no gas."

"You have electric light?"

"Yes, but it's turned off at the main office. The house is closed for the summer, you know."

Brown, balancing cautiously, walked the intervening fence like an amateur on a tight-rope.

Her pretty hat was a trifle on one side; her cheeks brilliant with excitement and anxiety. Utterly oblivious of herself and of appearances in her increasing solicitude for the adored Clarence, she sat on the fence, balancing with one hand and pointing with the other to the barred ventilator into which Clarence had darted.

A wisp of sunny hair blew across her crimson cheek; slender, active, excitedly unconscious of self, she seemed like some eager, adorable little gamin perched there, intent on mischief.

"If you'll drop into our yard," she said, "and place that soap-box against the ventilator, Clarence can't get out that way!"

It was done before she finished the request. She disengaged herself from the fence-top, swung over, hung an instant, and dropped into a soft flower-bed.

Breathing fast, disheveled, they confronted one another on the grass. His blue suit of serge was smeared with whitewash; her gown was a sight. She felt for her hat instinctively, repinned it at hazard, looked at her gloves, and began to realize what she had done.

"I—I couldn't help it," she faltered; "I couldn't leave Clarence in a city of five m-million strangers—all alone—terrified out of his senses—could I? I had rather—rather be thought—anything than be c-cruel to a helpless animal."

Brown dared not trust himself to answer. She was too beautiful and his emotion was too deep. So he bent over and attempted to dust his garments with the flat of his hand.

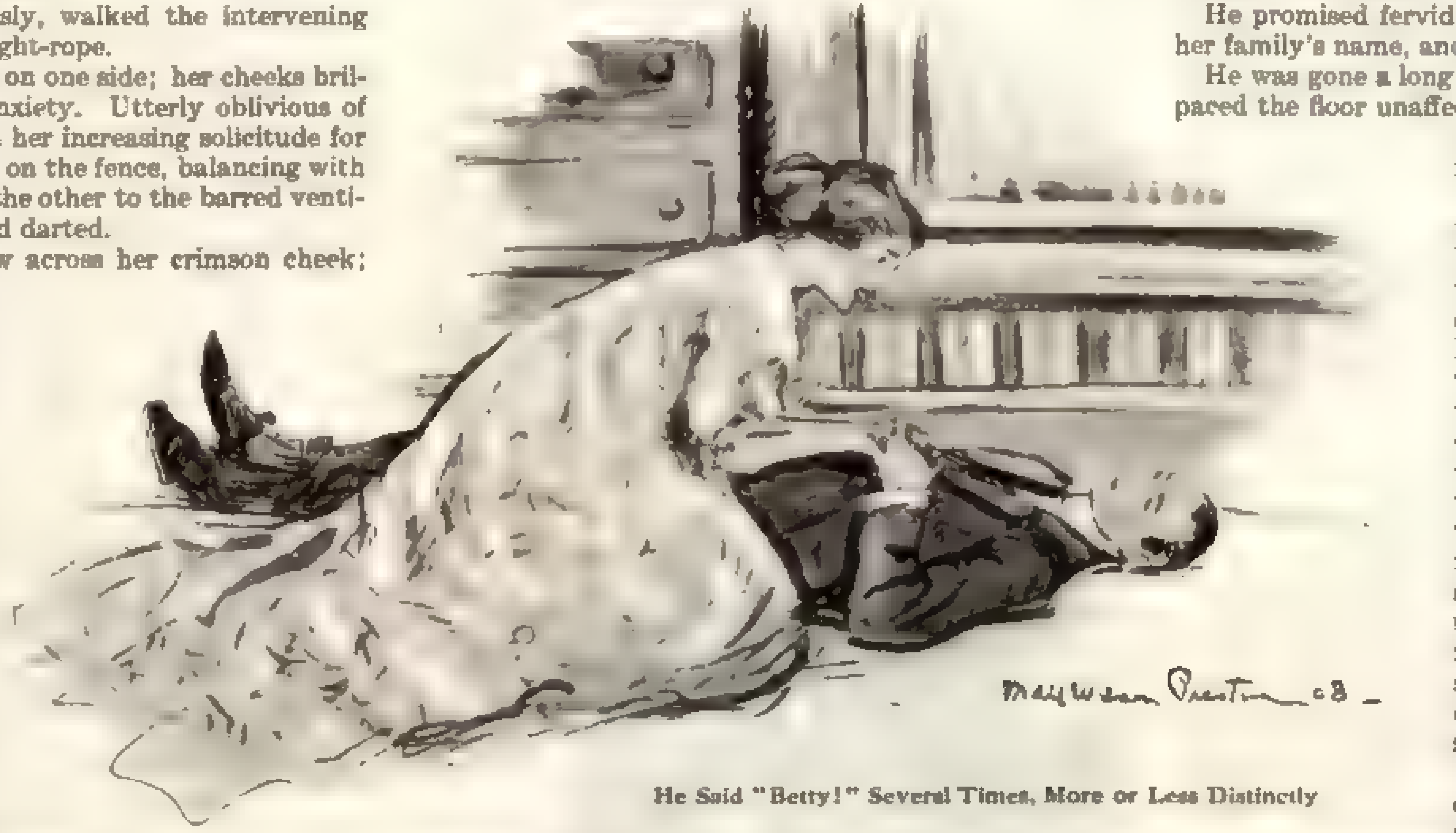
"I am so sorry," she said. "Are your clothes ruined?"

"Oh, I don't mind," he protested happily—"I really don't mind a bit. If you'll only let me help you corner that infern—that unfortunate cat I shall be perfectly happy."

She said, with heightened color: "It is exceedingly nice of you to say so. . . . I—I don't quite know—what do you think we had better do?"

"Suppose," he said, "you go into the basement, unlock the cellar door and call. He can't bolt this way."

She nodded and entered the house. A few moments later he heard her calling, so persuasively that it was all he could do not to run to her, and why on earth that cat didn't he never could understand. At intervals for the next ten minutes her fresh, sweet, fascinating voice came to him where he stood in the yard; then he heard it growing fainter, more distant, receding; then silence.



He Said "Betty!" Several Times, More or Less Distinctly

Listening, he heard a far, rushing sound from the depths—like a load of coal being put in—a frightened cry.

He sprang into the basement, ran through laundry and kitchen. The cellar door swung wide open above the stairs which ran down into darkness; and as he halted to listen Clarence dashed up out of the depths, scuttled around the stairs and fled into the silent regions above.

"Betty!" he cried, forgetting in his alarm the lesser conventions, "where are you?"

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" she wailed. "I am in such a dreadful plight. Could you help me, please?"

"Are you hurt?" he asked. Fright made his voice almost inaudible. He struck a match with shaking fingers and ran down the cellar stairs.

"Betty! Where are you?"

"Oh, I am here—in the coal."

"What?"

"I—I can't seem to get out; I stepped into the coal-pit in the dark and it all—all slid with me and over me and I'm in it up to the shoulders."

Another match flamed; he saw a stump of a candle, seized it, lighted it, and, holding it aloft, gazed down upon the most heartrending spectacle he had ever witnessed.

The next instant he grasped a shovel and leaped to the rescue. She was quite calm about it; the situation was too awful, the future too hopeless, for mere tears. What had happened contained all the dignified elements of a catastrophe. They both realized it, and when, madly shoveling, he at last succeeded in releasing her she leaned her full weight on his arm, breathing rapidly, and suffered him to support and guide her through the semi-darkness to the culinary regions above.

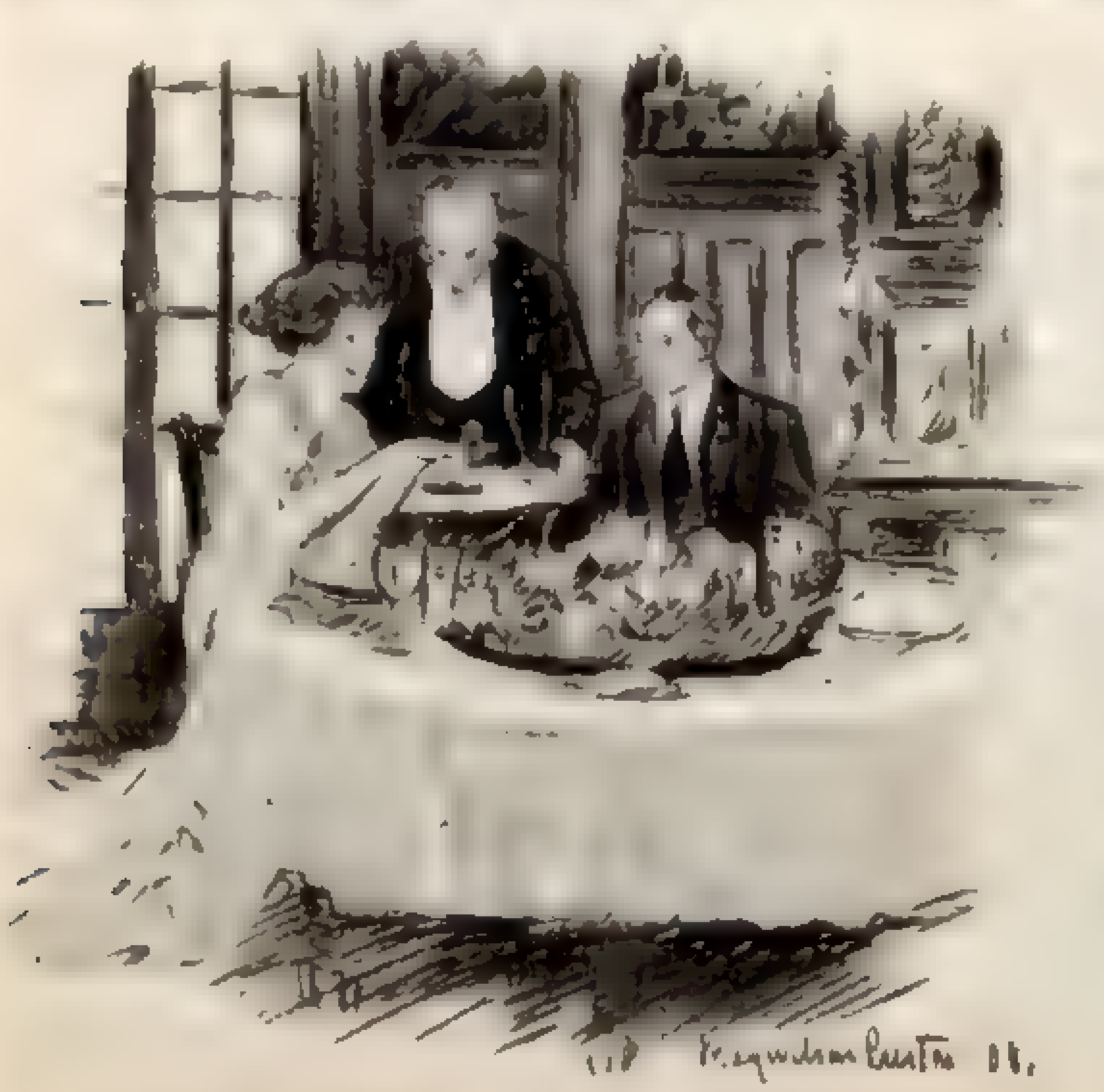
Here she sank on a chair in utter collapse. Then she resolutely steadied her voice:

"Could anything on earth more awful have happened to a girl?" she asked, lips quivering in spite of her. She stretched out what had once been a pair of white gloves, she looked down at what had been a delicate summer gown of white.

"How," she asked with the terrible calmness of despair, "am I to get to Oyster Bay?"

He dropped on to a kitchen chair opposite her, clasping his coal-stained hands between his knees, utterly incapable of speech.

She looked at her shoes—once snowy white; with a shudder she stripped the soiled gloves from elbow to wrist and flung them aside. Her arms and hands formed a startling contrast to the remainder of the ensemble.



"Do You Know That This is a Most Heavenly Luncheon?" She Said

"What," she asked, "am I to do?"

"The thing for you to do," he said, "is to telephone immediately to your family at Oyster Bay."

"The telephone has been disconnected. So has the water—we can't even w-wash our hands!" she faltered.

He said: "I can go out and telephone to your family to send a maid with some clothes for you—if you don't mind being left alone in an empty house for a little while."

"No, I don't; but," she gazed uncertainly at the black opening of the cellar, "but, please, don't be gone very long."

He promised fervidly. She gave him the number and her family's name, and he left by the basement door.

He was gone a long time, during which, for a while, she paced the floor unaffectedly wringing her hands and contemplating herself and her garments in the laundry looking-glass.

At intervals she tried to turn on the water, hoping for a few drops at least; at intervals she sat down to wait for him; then, the inaction becoming unendurable, musing goaded her into motion, and she ascended to the floor above, groping through the dimness in futile search for Clarence. She heard him somewhere in obscurity, scurrying under furniture at her approach, evidently too thoroughly demoralized to recognize her voice. So, after a while, she gave it up and wandered down to the pantry, instinct leading her, for she was hungry and thirsty; but she knew there could be nothing eatable in a house closed for the summer.

She lifted the pantry window and opened the blinds; noon sunshine flooded the place, and she began opening cupboards and refrigerators, growing hungrier and hungrier as the moments sped on.

Then her eyes fell upon dozens of bottles of Apollinaris, and with a little cry of delight she knelt down, gathered up all she could carry, and ran upstairs to the bathroom adjoining her own bed-chamber.

"At least," she said to herself, "I can cleanse myself of this dreadful coal!" and in a few moments she was reveling, elbow deep, in a marble basin brimming with Apollinaris.

As the stain of the coal disappeared she remembered a rose-colored morning gown reposing in camphor in her bedroom; and she found more than that there—rose stockings and slippers and a fragrant pile of exquisitely fine and more intimate garments, so tempting in their freshness that she hurried with them into the dressing-room; then began to make rapid journeys up and down stairs, carrying dozens of quarts of Apollinaris to the big porcelain tub, into which she emptied them, talking happily to herself all the time.

"If he returns I can talk to him over the banisters! . . . He's a nice boy. . . . I wonder if I've time for just one delicious plunge?" She listened; ran to the front windows and looked out through the blinds. He was nowhere in sight.

Ten minutes later, delightfully refreshed, she stood regarding herself in her lovely rose-tinted morning gown, patting her bright hair into discipline with slim, deft fingers, a half-smile on her lips, lids closing a trifle over the pensive violet eyes.

"Now," she said aloud, "I'll talk to him over the banisters when he returns; it's a little ungracious, I suppose, after all he has done, but it's more conventional. . . . And I'll sit here and read until they send somebody from Sandcrest with a gown I can travel in. . . . And then we'll catch Clarence and call a cab ——"

A distant tinkling from the area bell interrupted her.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I quite forgot that I had to let him in!"

Another tinkle. She cast a hurried and doubtful glance over her attire. It was designed for the intimacy of her boudoir.

"I—I *couldn't* talk to him out of the window! I've been shocking enough as it is!" she thought; and, finger-tips on the banisters, she ran down the three stairs and appeared at the basement grille, breathless, radiant, forgetting, as usual, her self-consciousness in thinking of him, a habit of this somewhat harebrained and headlong girl which had its root in perfect health of body and wholesomeness of mind.

"I found some clothes—not the sort I can go out in!" she said, laughing at his astonishment, as she unlocked the grille. "So, please, overlook my attire; I was so full of coal-dust! and I found sufficient Apollinaris for my necessities. . . . *What* did they say at Sandcrest?"

He said very soberly: "We've got to discuss this situation. Perhaps I had better come in for a few minutes—if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind. . . . Shall we sit in the drying-room?" leading the way. "Now tell me what is the matter? You rather frighten me, you know. Is—is anything wrong at Sandcrest?"

"No, I suppose not." He touched his flushed face with his handkerchief. "I couldn't get Oyster Bay on the 'phone."

"W-why not?"

"The wires are out of commission as far as Huntington; there's no use—I tried everything! Telegraph and telephone wires were knocked out in yesterday's electric storm, it seems."

She gazed at him, hands folded on her knee, left leg crossed over, slender foot swinging.

"This," she said calmly, "is becoming serious. Will you tell me what I am to do?"

"Haven't you anything to travel in?"

"Not one solitary rag."

"Then—you'll have to stay here to-night and send for some of your friends—you surely know somebody who is still in town, don't you?"

"I really don't. This is the middle of July. I don't know a woman in town."

He was silent.

"Besides," she said, "we have no light, no water, nothing to eat in the house, no telephone to order anything ——"

He said: "I foresaw that you would probably be obliged to remain here, so when I left the telephone office I took the liberty of calling a taxi and visiting the electric-light people, the telephone people and the nearest plumber. It seems he is your own plumber—Quinn, I believe his name is; and he's coming in half an hour to turn on the water."

"D-did you think of doing all that?" she asked, astonished.

"Oh, that wasn't anything. And I ventured to telephone the Plaza to serve luncheon and dinner here for you ——"

"You *did?*"

"And I wired to Dooley's Agency to send you a maid for to-day ——"

"That was perfectly splendid of you!"

"They promised to send one as soon as possible. . . . And I think that may be the plumber now," as a tinkle came from the area bell.

It was not the plumber; it was waiters bearing baskets full of silver, china, table linen, ice, fruits, confections, cut flowers, and, in warmers, a most delectable luncheon.

Four impressive individuals commanded by a butler formed the processional, filing solemnly up the basement stairs to the dining-room, where they instantly began to lay the table with dexterous celerity.

In the drying-room below Betty and Beekman Brown stood confronting each other.

"I suppose," began Brown with an effort, "that I had better go now."

Betty said thoughtfully: "I suppose you must."

"Unless," continued Brown, "you think I had better remain—somewhere on the premises—until your maid arrives."

"That might be safer," said Betty, more thoughtfully.

"Your maid will probably be here in a few minutes."

"Probably," said Betty, head bent, slim, ringless fingers busy with the sparkling drop that glimmered pendent from her neck-chain.

Silence—the ironing-board between them—she standing, bright head lowered, worrying the jewel with childish fingers; he following every movement, fascinated, spellbound.

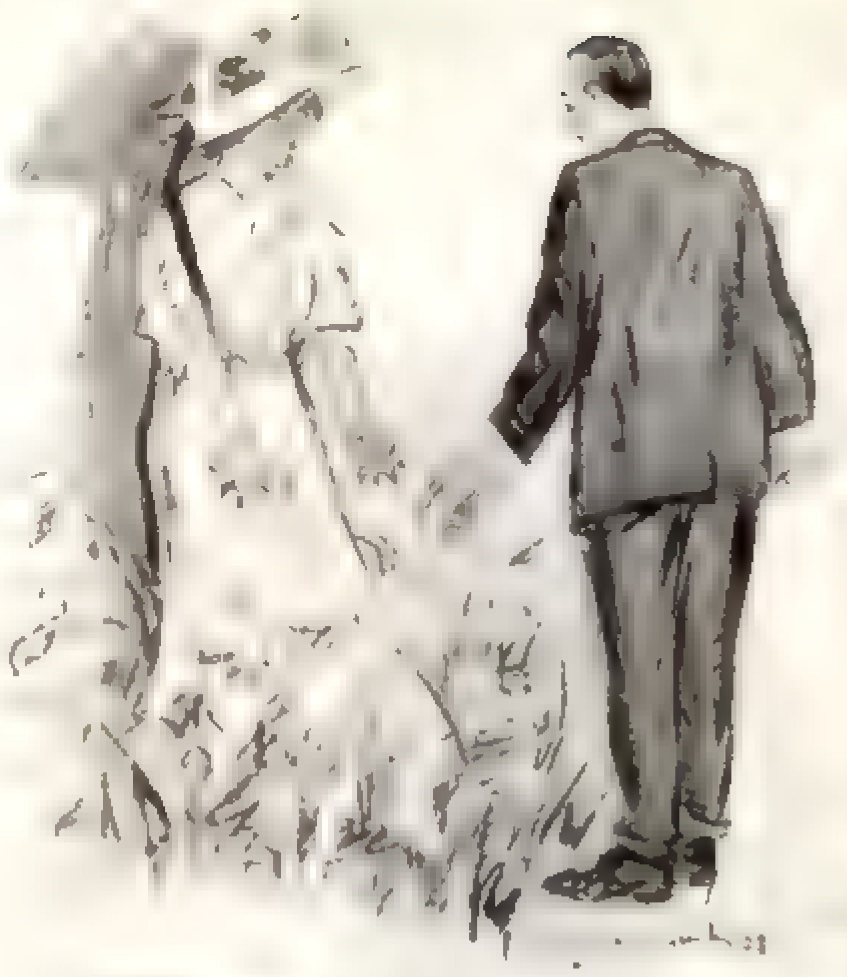
After a moment, without looking up: "You have been very, very nice to me—in the nicest possible way," she said. . . . "I am not going to forget it easily—even if I might wish to."

"I can never forget *you!* . . . I d-don't want to."

The sparkling pendant escaped her fingers; she picked it up again and spoke as though gravely addressing it:

"Some day, somewhere," she said, looking at the jewel, "perhaps chance—the hazard of life—may bring us to—togeth—to acquaintance—a more formal acquaintance than this. . . . I hope so. This has been a little—irregular, and perhaps you had better not wait for my maid. . . . I hope we may meet—sometime."

"I hope so, too," he managed to say, with so little fervor and so successful an imitation of her politely-detached interest in convention that she raised her eyes.



"I—I Couldn't Help it," She Faltered; "I Couldn't Leave Clarence in a City of Five M-Million Strangers—All Alone"

They dropped immediately, because his quiet voice and speech scarcely conformed to the uncontrolled protest in his eyes.

For a moment she stood, passing the golden links through her fingers like a young novice with a rosary. Steps on the stairs disturbed them; the recessional had begun; four solemn persons filed out the area gate. At the same moment, suave and respectful, her butler *pro tem.* presented himself at the doorway:

"Luncheon is served, madam."

"Thank you." She looked uncertainly at Brown, hesitated, flushed a trifle.

"I will stay here and admit the plumber and then—then—I'll g-go," he said with a heartbroken smile

"I suppose you took the opportunity to lunch when you went out?" she said. Her inflection made it a question.

Without answering he stepped back to allow her to pass. She moved forward, turned, undecided

"*Have* you lunched?"

"Please don't feel that you ought to ask me," he began, and checked himself as the vivid pink deepened in her cheeks. Then she freed herself of embarrassment with a little laugh.

"Considering," she said, "that we have been chasing cats on the back fences together and that, subsequently, you dug me out of the coal in my own cellar, I can't believe it is very dreadful if I ask you to luncheon with me. . . . Is it?"

"It is ador—it is," he corrected himself firmly, "exceedingly civil of you to ask me."

"Then—will you?" almost timidly.

"I will. I shall not pretend any more. I'd rather lunch with you than be President of this Republic."

The butler *pro tem.* seated her.

"You see," she said, "a place had already been laid for you." And with the faintest trace of malice in her voice: "Perhaps your butler had his orders to lay two covers. Had he?"

"From me?" he protested, reddening.

"You don't suspect *me*, do you?" she asked, adorably mischievous. Then, glancing over the masses of flowers in the centre and at the corners of the lace cloth: "This is deliciously pretty. But you are either dreadfully and habitually extravagant or you believe I am. Which is it?"

"I think both are true," he said, laughing.

And a little while later, when he returned from the basement after admitting Mr. Quinn, the plumber:

"Do you know that this is a most heavenly luncheon?" she said, greeting his return with delightfully-fearless eyes. "Such Astrakhan caviar! Such oyster crabs! Everything I care for most. And how on earth you guessed I can't imagine. . . . I'm beginning to think you are rather wonderful"

They lifted the long, slender glasses of iced Ceylon tea and regarded one another over the frosty rims—a long, deep, curious glance from her; a straight gaze from him, which she decided not to sustain too long.

Later, when she gave the signal, they rose as though they had often dined together, and moved leisurely out through the dim, shrouded drawing-rooms where, in the golden dusk, the odor of camphor hung.

She had taken a great cluster of dewy Bride's roses from the centrepiece, and as she walked forward, sedately youthful, beside him, her fresh, young face brooded over the fragrance of the massed petals.

"Sweet—how sweet they are!" she murmured to herself, and as they reached the end of the vista she half-turned to face him, dreamily, listless, confident.

They looked at one another, she with chin brushing the roses.

"The strangest of all," she said, "is that it *seems* all right—and—and we *know* that it is all quite wrong. . . . Had you better go?"

"Unless I ought to wait and make sure your maid does not fail you. . . . Shall I?" he asked evenly.

She did not answer. He drew a linen-swathed armchair toward her; she absently seated herself and lay back, caressing the roses with delicate lips and chin.

Twice she looked up at him, standing there by the boarded windows. Sunshine filtered through the lattice-work at the top—enough for them to see each other as in a dull afterglow.

"I wonder how soon my maid will come," she mused, dropping the loose roses on her knees. "If she is going to be very long about it perhaps—perhaps you might care to find a chair—if you have decided to wait."

He drew one from a corner and seated himself, pulses hammering his throat.

Through the stillness of the house sounded at intervals the clink of glass from the pantry. Other sounds from above indicated the plumber's progress from floor to floor.

"Do you realize," she said impulsively, "how *very* nice you have been to me? What a perfectly horrid position I might have been in, with poor Clarence on the back fence! And suppose I had dared follow him alone to the cellar? I—I might have been there yet—up to my neck in coal."

She gazed into space with considerable emotion.

"And now," she said, "I am safe here in my own home. I have lunched divinely, a maid is on the way to me. Clarence remains somewhere safe indoors, Mr. Quinn is flitting from faucet to faucet, the electric light and the telephone will be in working order before very long—and it is *all* due to you!"

"I—I did a few things I almost w-wish I hadn't," stammered Brown, "b-because I can't, somehow, decently t-tell you how tremendously I—I ——" He stuck fast.

"What?"

"It would look as if I were presuming on a small service rendered, and—I can't say it; I want to, but I can't."

"Say what? Please, I don't mind what you are—are going to say."

"It's—it's that I ——"

"Y-es?" in soft encouragement.

"W-want to know you most tremendously now. I don't want to wait several years for chance and hazard."

"O-h!" as though the information conveyed a gentle shock to her. Her low-breathed exclamation nearly finished Brown.

"I knew you'd think it unpardonable of me at such a time—to venture to—to—ask—say—express—convey ——"

"Why do you—how can I—where could we ——" She recovered herself resolutely. "I do not think we ought to take advantage of an accident like this. . . . Do you? Besides, probably, in the natural course of events——"

"But it may be years! months! weeks!" insisted Brown, losing control of himself.

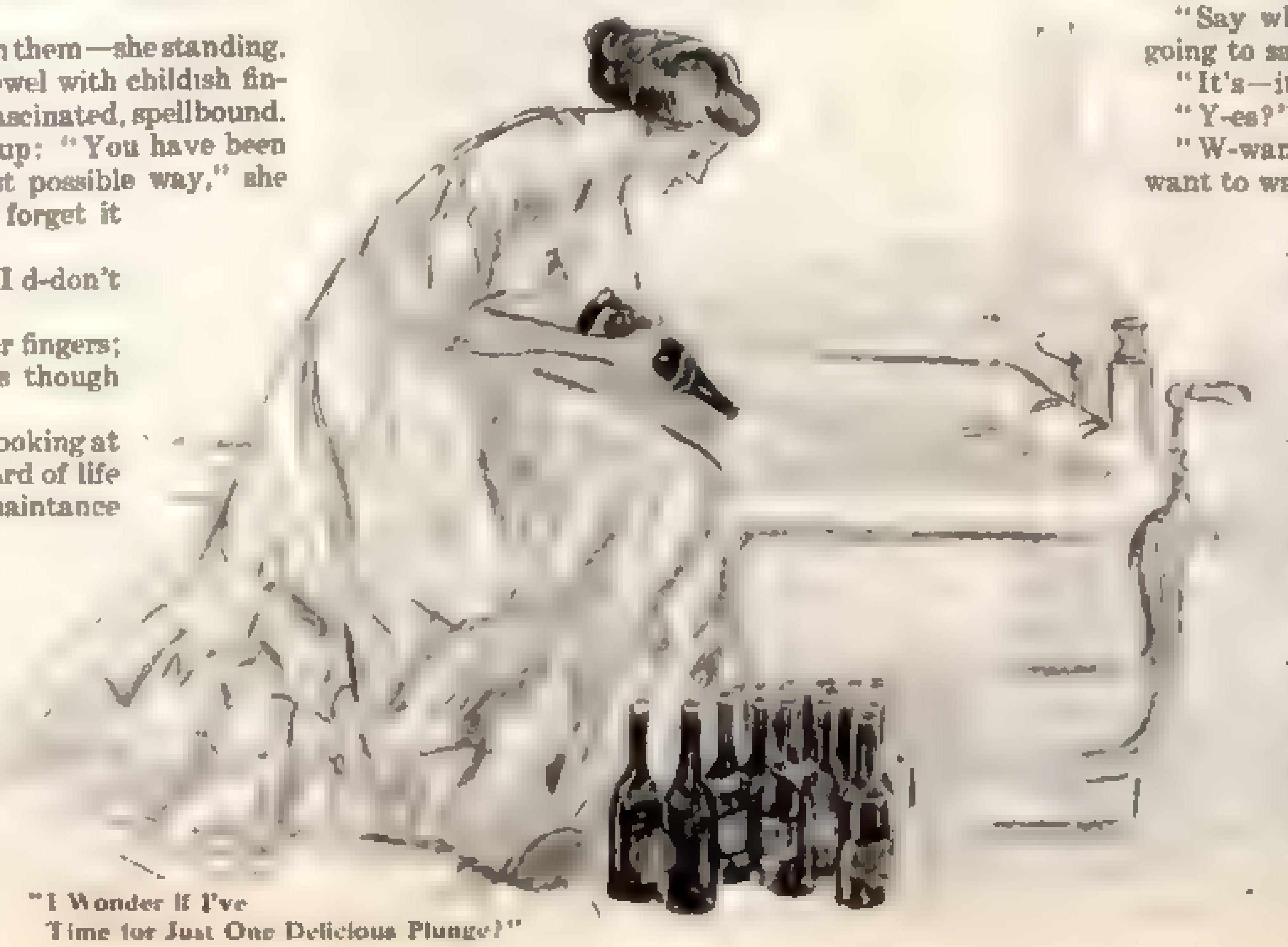
"I should hope it would at least be a decently-reasonable interval of several weeks ——"

"But I don't know what to do if I never see you again for weeks! I c-care so much—for—you."

She shrank back in her chair, and in her altered face he read that he was disgraced.

"I knew I was going to," he said in despair. "I couldn't keep it—I couldn't stop it. And

(Continued on Page 24)

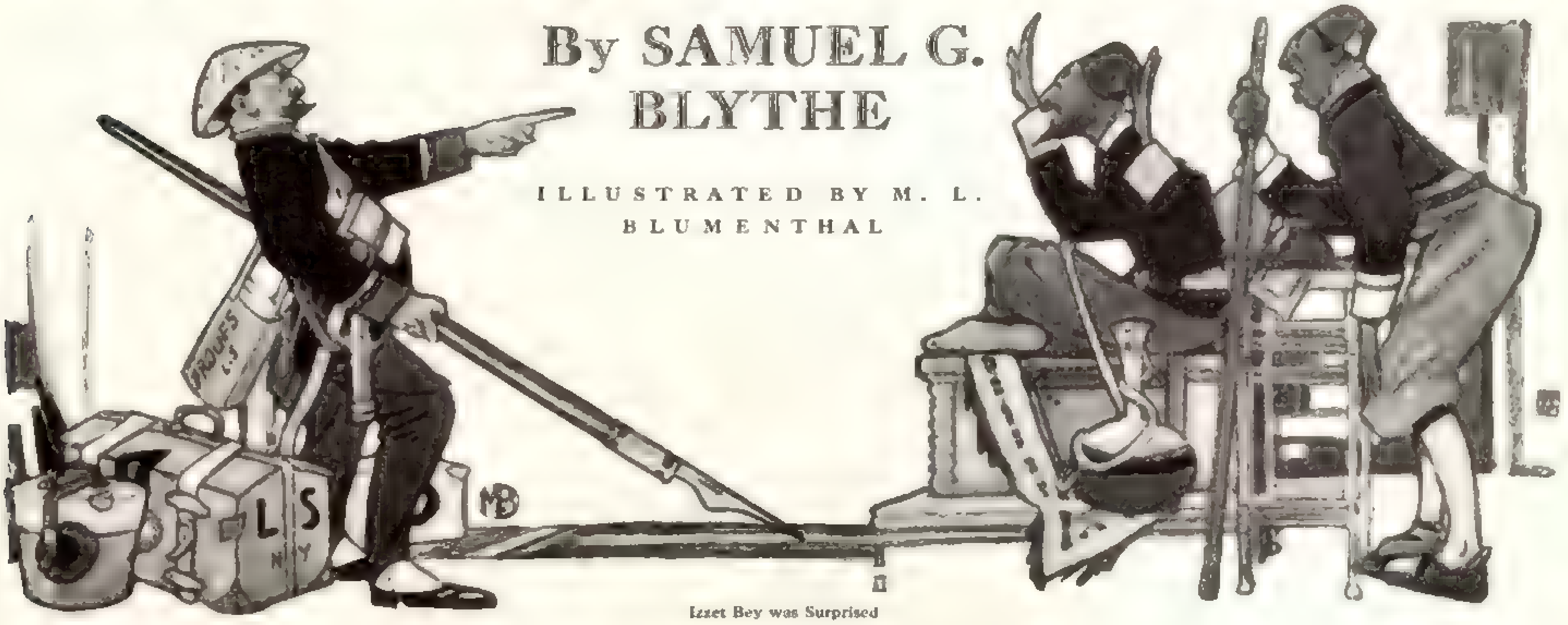


"I Wonder if I've Time for Just One Delicious Plunge?"

The Complete Muckraker

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



Izzet Bey was Surprised

FOREWORD

THE Literature of Exposure, once virile and vociferous, has vanished from the periodicals of the present. Vast and hideous pools of corruption, never shamed by our leading shame specialists, remain undisturbed in cities, in politics, in business, in society, in financial circles, in the Government, and elsewhere.

Anxious that the Literature of Exposure shall not perish, and desirous that young reformers, many of whom must feel deeply on these subjects but lack experience in the proper and recognized modes of expressing those feelings, shall profit thereby, The Complete Muckraker has been prepared, after long and arduous study of original and typical manuscripts, in the hope that the models here exhibited shall so instruct and encourage reformers now voiceless that we may soon observe in our favorite periodicals trenchant assaults on these various iniquities, similar to those that formerly roused us from our sodden contentment with things as they are.

How to Muckrake a City

THERE are several things a conscientious young muckraker, a city muckraker, should know. In the first place, it is absolutely essential to diagnose appalling corruption as soon as you jump off the train that brings you to the city you intend to dissect. That must be done at all hazards. Then, too, it must be remembered that all civic officials, all boards of aldermen, all city councils, all political leaders, are dishonest; are grafters, to use the right word. Proceeding on this hypothesis, if you discover an honest official dismiss him as one too simple and unsophisticated to demand his part of the swag. What you are striving to do is to help the reformers, who are out and want to get control. Bear in mind that every man who is out is a reformer. Only the ins are corrupt.

Your articles will always be preceded by an "Editorial Note" in which the editor will voice his astonishment that these things can be, but piously express his great joy at being able to present the facts to the public through the medium of his fearless exposer, obtained at a marvelous cost. The editor will say that the article is presented in its naked truth in the hope that the people will arise, as to a call to arms, and do something. He will not care what they do, only they must do something, and now is the time to subscribe. Usually, the editor will write this note himself, in order to grab all the credit, but it is not a bad plan to write an "Editorial Note" and paste it at the top of your article, in the hope it may get in, in which case you can say a few words about yourself that you may have omitted to put in the article.

And They Took John J. Pushs off to a Dungeon

In collecting your articles in a book great care should be taken to reprint only those in which you made no predictions of what the outcome of your exposures must inevitably be. It is extremely annoying to be obliged to follow your articles, when collected in book form, with postscripts stating that, owing to local conditions, or the failure of the people to be aroused, or for some other reason, the fool citizens did not overthrow the grafters, and they continued audaciously in power, notwithstanding your efforts.

With these few basic facts in mind, attention may now be called to the following exemplification of How to Muckrake a City. The best model is the work of that fearless young muckraker, Mr. Blinken Biffens, who has taken apart several cities to see what made them tick.

The city chosen is Constantinople. Always get a striking title, thus:

CONTAMINATED CONSTANTINOPLE

By Blinken Biffens

Author of Benighted Budapest, The Sin of Sacramento, Putrescent Podunk, Lawless Livonia, etc.

The people are not innocent. I found that out in the United States, and I am finding it out here. I came to Constantinople with the firm determination of discovering and heralding to the world just what all these stories about the corruption of this city mean, and I am more than ever convinced that the people are not innocent. They are guilty. For centuries they have gone along and allowed this vast net of corruption to encircle them and hold them submissive.

I now raise my voice and call them "Cowards!" I say to them: "Why have you not cast off the thralls that bind you?" I ask them this. They do not answer. I don't know how to tell you how I feel about this. I suppose I can't. I can hardly credit the amazing indifference to my clarion call. I suppose I wouldn't credit it at all if I had not observed something of the kind elsewhere. I can see that these people need no sympathy. I shall give them none. I am here to expose the horrid facts. It is my duty. I have always done my duty. What I have made other cities stand for I shall make this city stand for. I have never exaggerated. Always, I have understated my facts. Nor shall I exaggerate here. My purpose is to see if the shameful facts, set forth in all their shamelessness, will not shame somebody into being ashamed. I don't care who. Somebody must be ashamed of all this shame. But not the people. The people: I know what they will put up with — I am still writing — what they will stand, how easily they are fooled, how cheaply they are bought and how dearly they are sold, how easily intimidated.

For example. They tell me here that Constantinople is the capital of the Ottoman Empire. Think that over! The Ottoman Empire! I had always supposed an ottoman is a thing to put your feet on. It is. I am right. Here, these poor, deluded people call an ottoman an empire, misled, no doubt, by scheming politicians and grafters.

I am appalled at what I find. When I chased Minneapolis off the map, when I tore St. Louis wide apart, when I massacred Pittsburg I was also appalled. I am easily appalled. It is my business. But I never have been so appalled as I am at this moment. So careless are the people in this great city of their rights, so careless of the kind of government they get, so careless of the frightful conditions surrounding them, that they do not investigate. They never attend meetings of the Constantinople Common Council. I doubt if they know any of their aldermen by name. Furthermore, they never put a Citizens' Union ticket in the field. They never work for the uplift. *They do not vote even.* Can you beat that?

What is the result? I have found it, and I here proclaim it to the world. Constantinople is the most corrupt city on the Straits of the Bosphorus. I say it boldly. I say everything boldly. Constantinople is the most corrupt city I ever saw, although I have one or two in waiting for future articles, so be prepared. The corruption is so great that when the council passes an ordinance to pave a street with asphalt, they do not put in inferior asphalt, as we do, and keep the difference in price. They do not pave the street at all. Many a Turkish ward-boss is living in affluence on the proceeds of steals like this. And the people — the people, apparently, do not care.

Business men here, as elsewhere, have failed in politics and in citizenship. They are interested in barter and trade, but not in the uplift of their city. That's what's the matter with them. I talked with one of the big bazar keepers. "Why," I said, "do you allow these conditions to prevail?"

"What conditions?" he asked.

"These conditions," I said. "All this robbery, all this corruption, all this stealing from the people?"

I impressed him. I usually do.

"How can we remedy them?" he asked, in a hopeless, pathetic sort of way

"Why," I said, "go out and turn over the city. Run an independent ticket for everybody, from mayor down to constable in the wards. Organize an uplift movement. Cut loose from these bosses who have been delivering you. Get out, and get busy."

"Good," he said. "It is well. I am glad you reminded me of it. All we need, to do what you have outlined, is a constitution, a city charter, a political system, an overthrow of social conditions, and a revolution."

"Piff!" I said. "Mere trifles."

I left him thinking deeply—not, however, until he had sold me a rug.

Is it possible to rouse these people to a sense of their shame? I do not know. I can only try, but, I may say, if I do not rouse them, it will be the first time I have failed in such a project. I have been overwhelmed with the evidence presented to me of the political corruption in Constantinople. I found boodle in Minneapolis, police graft in St. Louis, machine rule in Pittsburg, general civic rottenness in Philadelphia, but here, in Constantinople, a situation that is unparalleled. I knew it was here, and I found it. That is what I came for.

Let us be concrete. I desire to be concrete. I am always concrete. For several days after my arrival in Constantinople I made a quiet investigation, and at the end of that time was ready to go ahead. It was soon apparent to me that the place to look for graft was at the top, and not at the bottom.

So I went to the Sultan. "Mr. Sultan," I said, "how about these stories that you are padding pay-rolls with favorites, raising the tax rate without allowing the people representation, collecting money for public improvements and never making them; in fact, grafting all along the line?"

The Sultan was visibly annoyed.

"Where have you learned all this?" he asked stiffly.

"Oh," I replied, "I have not been idle during the few days I have been here. Did you or did you not hold up that Constantinople and Scutari trolley franchise until the company settled with you?"

The Sultan winced, but he was cornered. "Well," he said, "I did not grant the franchise until they paid a few million piasters into the imperial purse."

"But," I persisted, "that money was not yours. If the company was to pay anything for a franchise, the money belonged to the people."

"The people?" repeated the Sultan, with a puzzled air. "How could it belong to the people when I had it?"

Finding it impossible to make any headway with a man who had such a crude realization of his municipal responsibilities, I sought out Izzet Bey, head of the civil administration and in active charge of the city government.

"Mr. Izzet," I said, "I am credibly informed that Constantinople is the most corruptly-governed city in the world."

"You flatter me," said Izzet Bey, bowing. "I had no idea we were so far advanced in our civilization."

"I understand," I continued, "that the graft you extort from the corporations and from the people amounts to hundreds of millions of piasters a year."

Izzet Bey was surprised. "You amaze me," he said. "If it is as much as that I am not getting it all. I shall investigate."

I was astounded. "Do you mean to say," I asked him, "that your only concern over this condition of affairs is whether you are getting it all?"

"Certainly," he replied. "What other concern could I have?"

That's it, you see. The citizens of Constantinople have gone along for centuries and allowed a few men to boss them. They have taken no pains to organize against these vultures who have fed on them. It is the same old story. Carelessness, indifference, or, perhaps, criminal participation, and there you are. They are shameless. Even I cannot shame them.

Take that matter of the Constantinople and Scutari trolley franchise. John J. Pasha, an eminent Young Turk and an enterprising business man, decided to build a road between these points. He formed a company and applied to Izzet Bey for a franchise. The matter was taken under consideration and he was told he could have a franchise for two million piasters. John J. Pasha demurred, but he was told if he did not pay this sum the money would be taken from him, anyway, and he paid it. Then he asked for his franchise.

At that moment Michael F. Abdul, a relative of the Sultan's, appeared and asked Mr. Pasha what he intended to do. Pasha said he had paid for a franchise for a trolley road. "Paid whom?" asked M. F. Abdul.

"Izzet Bey," replied John J. Pasha.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Abdul, "do you not know that day before yesterday the franchise-granting power was taken from the hands of Izzet Bey and reposed in me by His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan?"

"I did not," confessed John J. Pasha.

"'Tis even so, and, of course, you cannot build the road unless you pay me four million piasters, which is the price His Imperial Majesty has put on the franchise."

John J. Pasha was nonplused. He protested, but in vain. "Pay," said M. F. Abdul, "or you do not get the franchise."

He paid, and was told to call again next day. When he did call he was ushered into an audience chamber, where he was met by William R. Amhid, of the Sultan's personal suite.

"Mr. Pasha," said Amhid, "I regret to inform you that since your visit here another bid has been made for that franchise. A company of our most progressive Middle-aged Turks has offered us fourteen million piasters for it, and it has pleased our Imperial Master, the Sultan, graciously to grant it to them for that sum."

"But," protested John J. Pasha, "it is mine. I paid for it."

"My dear sir," said William R. Amhid, "it is apparent you did not pay enough."

"Then return me my money," insisted John J. Pasha.

"Your money?" inquired Amhid. "How can money that is in the imperial treasury be your money?

(Concluded on Page 40)

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL

XII

MARGARET made it an all but inflexible rule not to go out, but to rest and repair, one evening in each week; that was the evening, under the rule, but she would have broken the rule had any opportunity offered. Of course, for the first time since the season began, no one sent or telephoned to ask her to fill in at the last moment. She half-expected Craig, though she knew he was to be busy; he neither came nor called up. She dined moodily with the family, sat surlily in a corner of the veranda until ten o'clock, hid herself in bed. She feared she would have a sleepless night. But she had not eaten much; and, as indigestion is about the only thing that will keep a healthy human being awake, she slept dreamlessly, soundly, not waking until Selina slowly and softly opened the inner blinds of her bedroom at eight the next morning.

There are people who are wholly indifferent about their surroundings, and lead the life dictated by civilized custom only because they are slaves of custom. Margaret was not one of these. She not only adopted all the comforts and luxuries that were current, but also spent much time in thinking out new luxuries, new refinements upon those she already had. She was through and through the luxurious idler; she made of idling a career—pursued it with intelligent purpose where others simply drifted, yawning when pastimes were not provided for them. She was as industrious and ingenious at her career as a Craig at furthering himself and his ideas in a public career. Like the others of her class she left the care of her mind to chance. As she had a naturally good mind and a birdlike instinct for flitting everywhere, picking out the food from the chaff, she made an excellent showing even in the company of serious people. But that was accident. Her person was her real care. To her luxurious, sensuous nature every kind of pleasurable physical sensation made keen appeal, and she strove in every way to make it keener. She took the greatest care of her health, because health meant beauty and every nerve and organ in condition to enjoy to its uttermost capacity.

Because of this care it was often full three hours and a half between the entrance of Selina and her own exit, dressed and ready for the day. And those three hours and a half were the happiest of her day usually, because they were full of those physical sensations in which she most delighted. Her first move, after Selina had awakened her, was to spend half an hour in "getting the yawns out." She had learned this interesting, pleasant and amusing trick from a baby in a house where she had once spent a week. She would extend herself at full length on the bed, and then slowly stretch each separate muscle. This stretching process was accompanied by a series of prolonged, profound, luxurious yawns.

The yawning exercise completed, she rose and took before a long mirror a series of other exercises, some to strengthen her waist, others to keep her back straight and supple, others to make firm the contour of her face and throat. A half-hour of this, then came her bath. This was no hurried plunge, drying and away, but a long and elaborate function at which Selina assisted. There had to be water of three temperatures; a dozen different kinds of brushes, soaps, towels and other apparatus participated. When it was finished Margaret's skin glowed and shone, was soft and smooth and exhaled a delicious odor of lilacs. During the exercises Selina had been getting ready the clothes for the day—everything fresh throughout, and everything delicately redolent of the same essence of lilacs with which Selina had rubbed her from hair to tips of fingers and feet. The clothes were put on slowly, for Margaret delighted in the feeling of soft silks and laces being drawn over her skin. She let Selina do every possible bit of work, and gave herself up wholly to the joy of being cared for.

"There isn't any real reason why I shouldn't be doing this for you, instead of your doing it for me—is there, Selina?" mused she aloud.

"Goodness gracious, Miss Rita!" exclaimed Selina, horrified. "I wouldn't have it done for anything. I was brought up to be retiring about dressing. It was my mother's dying boast that no man, nor no woman, had ever seen her, a grown woman, except fully dressed."

"Really?" said Margaret absently. She stood up, surveyed herself in the triple mirror—back, front, sides.

"So many women never look at themselves in the back," observed she, "or know how their skirts hang about the feet. I believe in dressing for all points of view."

"You certainly are just perfect," said the admiring Selina, not the least part of her admiring satisfaction due to the fact that the toilette was largely the creation of her own hands. "And you smell like a real lady—not noisy, like some that comes here. I hate to touch their wraps or to lay 'em down in the house. But you —— It's one of them smells that you ain't sure whether you smelt it or dreamed it."

"Pretty good, Selina!" said Margaret. She could not but be pleased with such a compliment, one that could have been suggested only by the truth. "The hair went up well this morning, didn't it?"

"Lovely—especially in the back. It looks as if it had been marcelled, without that common, barbery stiffness-like."

"Yes, the back *is* good. And I like this blouse. I must wear it oftener."

"You can't afford to favor it too much, Miss Rita. You know you've got over thirty, all of them beauties."

"Some day, when I get time, we must look through my clothes. I want to give you a lot of them. . . . What *does* become of the time? Here it is, nearly eleven. See if breakfast has come up. I'll finish dressing afterward."

It had. It was upon a small table in the rose-and-gold boudoir. And the sun, shining softly in at the creeper-shaded window, rejoiced in the surpassing brightness and cleanness of the dishes of silver and thinnest porcelain and cut glass. Margaret thought eating in bed a "filthy, foreign fad," and never indulged in it. She seated herself lazily, drank her coffee, and ate her roll and her egg slowly, deliberately, reading her letters and glancing at the paper. A charming picture she made—the soft, white Valenciennes of her matinée falling away from her throat and setting off the clean, smooth healthiness of her skin, the blackness of her vital hair; from the white lace of her petticoat's plaited flounces peered one of her slim feet, a satin slipper upon the end of it. At the top of the heap of letters lay one she would have recognized, she thought, had she never seen the handwriting before.

"Sure to be upsetting," reflected she; and she laid it aside, glancing now and then at the bold, nervous, irregular hand and speculating about the contents and the writer.

She had gone to bed greatly disturbed in mind as to whether she was doing well to marry the obstreperous Westerner. "He fascinates me in a wild, weird sort of a way when I'm with him," she had said to herself before going to sleep, "and the idea of him is fascinating in certain moods. And it is a temptation to take hold of him and master and train him—like bronco-busting. But is it interesting enough for—for marriage? Wouldn't I get horribly tired? Wouldn't Grant and humdrum be better, less wearying?" And when she awakened she found her problem all but solved. "I'll send him packing and take Grant," she found herself saying, "unless some excellent reason for doing otherwise appears. Grandmother was right. Engaging myself to him was a mood." Once more she was all for luxury and ease and calmness, for the pleasant, soothing, cut-and-dried thing. "A cold bath or a rough rub-down now and then, once in a long while, is all very well. It makes one appreciate comfort and luxury more. But that sort of thing every day—many times each day ——" Margaret felt her nerves rebelling as at the stroking of velvet the wrong way.

She read all her other letters, finished her toilette, had on her hat, and was having Selina put on her boots when she opened Craig's letter and read:

> I must have been out of my mind this afternoon. You are wildly fascinating, but you are not for me. If I led you to believe that I wished to marry you pray forget it. We should make each other unhappy and, worse still, uncomfortable.
>
> Do I make myself clear? We are not engaged. I hope you will marry Arkwright; a fine fellow, in every way suited to you, and, I happen to know, madly in love with you. Please try to forgive me. If you have any feeling for me stronger than friendship you will surely get over it.
>
> Anyhow we couldn't marry. That is settled.
>
> Let me have an answer to this. I shall be upset until I hear.

No beginning. No end. Just a bald, brutal casting-off, with a hint—more than a hint—of a fear that she would try to hold him in spite of himself. She smiled—small, even teeth clenched and eyelids contracted cruelly—as she read a second time, with this unflattering suggestion obtruding. The humiliation of being jilted! And by such a man!—the private shame—the public disgrace—— She sprang up, crunching her foot hard down upon one of Selina's hands. "What is it?" said she angrily at her maid's cry of pain.

"Nothing, miss," replied Selina, quickly hiding the wounded hand. "You moved so quick I hadn't time to draw away. That was all."

"Then finish that boot!"

Selina had to expose the hand. Margaret looked down at it indifferently, though her heel had torn the skin away from the edge of the palm and had cut into the flesh.

"Hurry!" she ordered fiercely, as Selina fumbled and bungled.

She twitched and frowned with impatience while Selina finished buttoning the boot, then descended and called Williams. "Get me Mr. Craig on the telephone," she said.

"He's been calling you up several times to-day, ma'am ——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Margaret, eyes flashing with sudden delight.

"But we wouldn't disturb you."

"That was right," said Margaret. She was beaming now, was all sunny good humor. Even her black hair seemed to glisten in her smile. So! He had been calling up! Poor fool, not to realize that she would draw the correct inference from this anxiety.

"Shall I call him?"

"No. I'll wait. Probably he'll call again soon. I'll be in the library."

She had not been roaming restlessly about there many minutes before Williams appeared. "He's come, himself, ma'am," said he. "I told him I didn't know whether you'd be able to see him or not."

"Thank you, Williams," said Margaret very sweetly. "Order the carriage to come round at once. Leave Mr. Craig in the drawing-room. I'll speak to him on the way out."

She dashed upstairs. "Selina! Selina!" she called. And when Selina came: "Let me see that hand. I hurt you because I got news that went through me like a knife. You understand, don't you?"

"It was nothing, Miss Rita," protested Selina. "I'd forgot it myself already."

But Margaret insisted on assuring herself with her own eyes, got blood on her white gloves, had to change them. As she descended she was putting on the fresh pair—a new pair. How vastly more than even the normal is a man's disadvantage in a serious interview with a woman if she is putting on new gloves? She is perfectly free to seem occupied or not, as suits her convenience; and she can, by wrestling with the gloves, interrupt him without speech, distract his attention, addle his thoughts, give him a sense of imbecile futility, and all the time offer him no cause for resentment against her. He himself seems in the wrong; she is merely putting on her gloves.

……

She was wrong in her guess that Arkwright had been at him. He had simply succumbed to his own fears and forebodings, gathering in force as soon as he was not protected from them by the spell of her presence. The mystery of the feminine is bred into men from earliest infancy, is intensified when passion comes and excites the imagination into fantastic activity about women. No man, not the most experienced, not the most depraved, is ever able wholly to divest himself of this awe, except, occasionally, in the case of some particular woman. Awe makes one ill at ease; the woman who, by whatever means, is able to cure a man of his awe of her, to make him feel free to be himself, is often able to hold him, even though he despises her or is indifferent to her; on the other hand, the woman who remains an object of awe to a man is certain to lose him.

At the outset of an acquaintance between a man and a woman his awe for her as the embodiment of the mystery feminine is of great advantage to her; it often gets him for her as a husband. In this particular case of Margaret Severence and Joshua Craig, while his awe of her was an advantage, it was also a disadvantage. It attracted him; it perilously repelled him. He had the unmistakable, the terrifying feeling of daredevil sacrilege. What were his coarse hands doing, dabbling in silks and cobweb laces and embroideries? Silk fascinated him; but, while he did not like calico so well, he felt at home with it. Yes, he had seized her, had crushed her madly in the embrace of his plowman arms. But that seemed now a freak of courage, a drunken man's deed, wholly beyond the nerve of sobriety.

Then, on top of all this awe was his reverence for her as an aristocrat, a representative of people who had for generations been far removed above the coarse realities of the only life he knew. And it was this adoration of caste that determined him. He might overcome his awe of her person and dress, of her tangible trappings, but how could he ever hope to bridge the gulf between himself and her intangible superiorities? He was ashamed of himself, enraged against himself, for this feeling of worm gazing up at star. It made a mockery of all his arrogant, noisy protestations of equality and democracy.

"The fault is not in my ideas," thought he; "*they're* all right. The fault's in me—snob that I am!"

Clearly, if he was to be what he wished, if he was to become what he had thought he was, he must get away from this sinister influence, from this temptation that had made him, at first onset, not merely stumble, but fall flat and begin to grovel. "She is a superior woman—that is no snob notion of mine," reflected he. "But from the way I falter and get weak in the knees, she ought to be superhuman—which she isn't, by any means. No, there's only one thing to do—keep away from her. Besides, I'd feel miserable with her about as my wife." My wife! The very words threw him into a cold sweat.

So the note was written, was feverishly dispatched.

No sooner was it sent than it was repented. "What's the matter with me?" demanded he of himself, as his courage came swaggering back, once the danger had been banished. "Why, the best is not too good for me. She *is* the best, and mighty proud she ought to be of a man who, by sheer force of character, has lifted himself to where I am and who is going to be what I shall be. Mighty proud! There are only two realities—money and brains. I've certainly got more brains than she or any of her set; as for money, she hasn't got that. The superiority is all on my side. I'm the one that ought to feel condescending."

What had he said in his note? Recalling it as well as he could—for it was one, the last, of more than a dozen notes he had written in two hours of that evening—recalling phrases he was pretty sure he had put into the one he had finally sent, in despair of a better, it seemed to him that he had given her a wholly false impression—an impression of her superiority and of his fear and awe. That would never do. He must set her right, must show her he was breaking the engagement only because she was not up to his standard. Besides, he wished to see her again to make sure that he had been victimized into an engagement by a purely physical, swiftly-evanescent imagining. Yes, he must see her, must have a look at her, must have a talk with her.

"It's the only decent, courageous thing to do in the circumstances. Sending that note looked like cowardice—would be cowardice if I didn't follow it up with a visit. And, whatever else I am, surely I'm not a coward!"

Margaret had indulged in no masculine ingenuities of logic. Woman-like, she had gone straight to the practical point: Craig had written instead of coming—he was, therefore, afraid of her. Having written he had not fled, but had come—he was, therefore, attracted by her still. Obviously the game lay in her own hands, for what more could woman ask than that a man be both afraid and attracted? A little management and she not only would save herself from the threatened humiliation of being jilted—jilted by an uncouth nobody of a Josh Craig!—but also would have him in durance, to punish his presumption at her own good pleasure as to time and manner. If Joshua Craig, hardy plodder in the arduous pathway from plowboy to President, could have seen what was in the mind so delicately and so aristocratically entempled in that graceful, slender, ultra-feminine body of Margaret Severence's, as she descended the stairs, putting fresh gloves upon her beautiful, idle hands, he would have borrowed wings of the wind and would have fled as from a Gorgon.

But as she entered the room nothing could have seemed less formidable except to the heart. Her spring dress—she was wearing it for the first time—was of a pale green, suggesting the draperies of islands of enchantment. Its lines coincided with the lines of her figure. Her hat, trimmed to match, formed a magic halo for her hair; and it, in turn, was the entrancing frame in which her small, quiet, pallid face was set—that delicate, sensitive face, from which shone, now softly and now brilliantly, those hazel eyes a painter could have borrowed for a wood nymph. In the doorway, before greeting him, she paused.

"Williams," she called, and Craig was thrilled by her "high-bred" accent, that seemed to him to make of the English language a medium different from the one he used and heard out home.

"Yes, ma'am," came the answer in the subtly-deferential tone of the aristocracy of menialdom, conjuring for Craig, with the aid of the woman herself and that aristocratic old room, a complete picture of the life of upper-class splendor.

"Did you order the carriage, as I asked?"

"Yes, ma'am; it's at the door."

"Thank you." And Margaret turned upon an overwhelmed and dazzled Craig. He did not dream that she had calculated it all with a view to impressing him—and if he had the effect would hardly have been lessened. Whether planned or not, were not toilette and accent, and butler and carriage, all realities? Nor did he suspect shrewd calculations upon snobbishness when she said: "I was in such haste to dress that I hurt my poor maid's hand as she was lacing my boot"—she thrust out one slender, elegantly-clad foot—"no, buttoning it, I mean." Oh, these ladies, these ladies of the new world—and the old—that are so used to maids and carriages and being waited upon that they no more think of display in connection with them than one would think of boasting two legs or two eyes!

The advantage from being in the act of putting on gloves began at the very outset. It helped to save her from deciding a mode of salutation. She did not salute him at all. It made the meeting a continuation, without break, of their previous meeting.

"How do you like my new dress?" she asked, as she drew the long part of her glove up her round, white arm.

"Beautiful," he stammered.

From the hazel eyes shot a shy-bold glance straight into his; it was as if those slim, taper fingers of hers had twanged the strings of the lyre of his nerves. "You despise all this sort of trumpery, don't you?"

"Sometimes a man says things he don't mean," he found tongue to utter.

"I understand," said she sympathetically, and he knew she meant his note. But he was too overwhelmed by his surroundings, by her envelope of aristocracy, too fascinated by her physical charm, too flattered by being on such terms with such a personage, to venture to set her right. Also, she gave him little chance; for in almost the same breath she went on: "I've been in such moods! since yesterday afternoon—like the devils in Milton, isn't it?—that are swept from lands of ice to lands of fire?—or is it in Dante? I never can remember. We must go straight off, for I'm late. You can come, too—it's only a little meeting about some charity or other. All rich people, of course—except poor me. I'm sure I don't know why they asked me. I can give little besides advice. How handsome you are today, Joshua!"

It was the first time she had called him by his first name. She repeated it—"Joshua—Joshua"—as when one hits upon some particularly sweet and penetrating chord at the piano, and strikes it again, and yet again.

They were in the carriage, being whirled toward the great palace of Mrs. Whitson, the latest and grandest of plutocratic monuments that have arisen upon the ruins of the old, old-fashioned American Washington. And she talked incessantly—a limpid, sparkling, joyous strain. And either her hand sought his or his hers; at any rate, he found himself holding her hand. They were almost there before he contrived to say, very falteringly. "You got my note?"

She laughed gayly "Yes—and your own answer to it, Joshua my love"—the "my love" in a much lower, softer tone, with the suggestion of sudden tears trembling to fall.

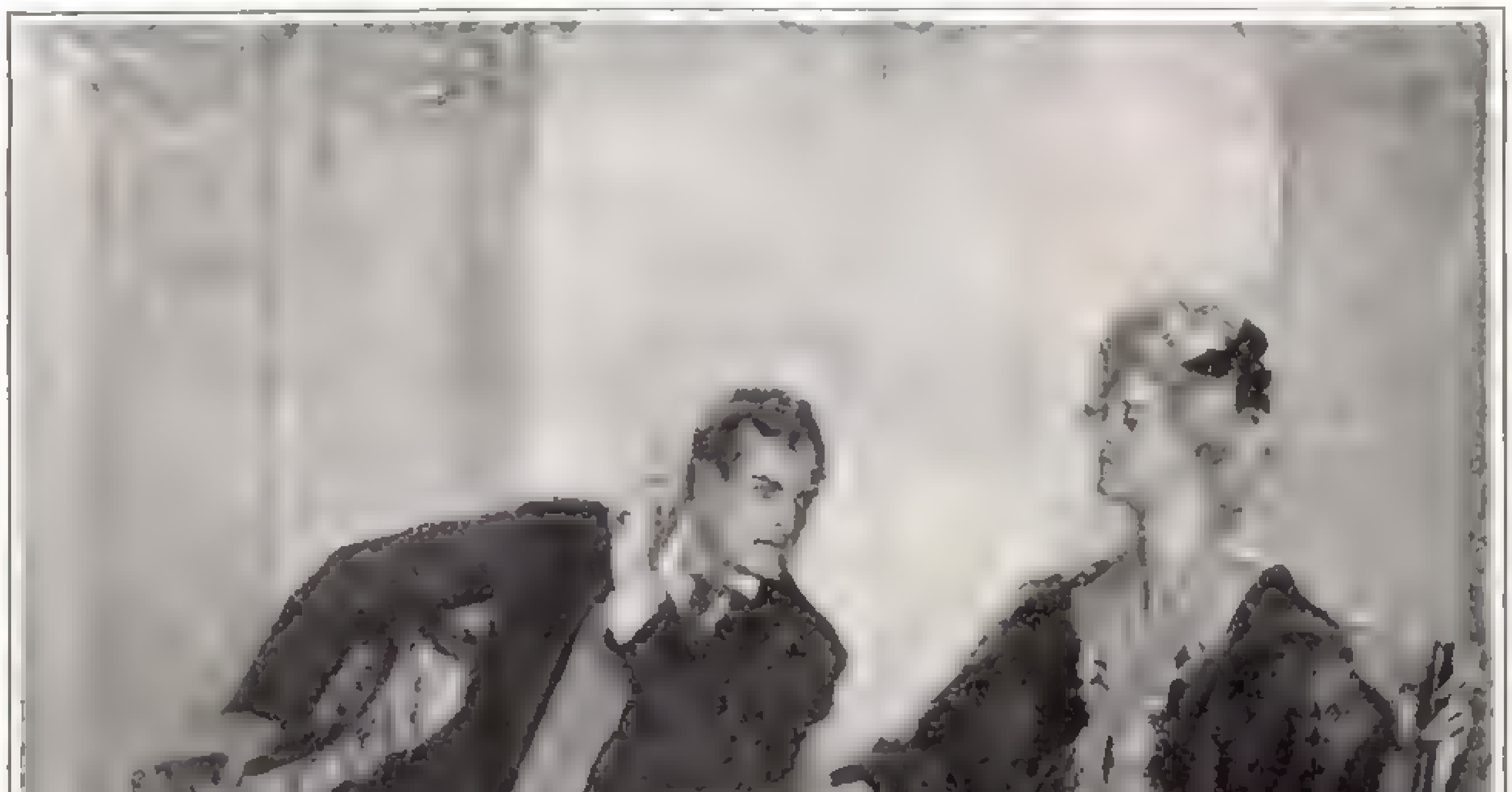
"But I meant it," he said. He would not dare look himself in the face again if he did not make at least a struggle before surrendering.

"We mean many things in as many moods," said she. "I knew it was only a mood. I knew you'd come. I've such a sense of implicit reliance on you. You are to me like the bur that shields the nut from all harm How secure and cozy and happy the nut must feel in its bur. As I've walked through the woods in the autumn I've often thought of that, and how, if I ever married——"

A wild impulse to seize her and crush her, as one crushes the ripe berry for its perfume and taste, flared in his eyes. She drew away to check it. "Not now," she murmured, and her quick breath and flush were not art, but nature "Not just now—Joshua."

"You make me—insane," he muttered between his teeth. "I *do* love you!"

They were arrived; were descending. And she led him, abject and in chains, into the presence of Mrs. Whitson and the most fashionable of the fashionable set. "So you've brought him along?" cried Mrs. Whitson. "Well, I congratulate you, Mr. Craig. It's very evident you have a shrewd eye for the prizes of life, and a strong, long reach to grasp them."



"I Do Not," He Replied Arrogantly. "Your Granddaughter Wants to Marry Me"

Craig, red and awkward, laughed hysterically, flung out a few meaningless phrases. Margaret murmured: "Perhaps you'd rather go?" She wished him to go, now that she had exhibited him.

"Yes—for Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed. He was clutching for his braggart pretense of ease in "high society" like a drowning man scooping armfuls of elusive water.

She steered him in her gentle, quiet, easeful manner toward the door, sent him forth with a farewell glance and an affectionate interrogative, "This afternoon, at half-past four?" that could not be disobeyed.

The mutiny was quelled. The mutineer was in irons. She had told him she felt quite sure about him; and it was true, in a sense rather different from what the words had conveyed to him. But it was of the kind of security that takes care to keep the eye wakeful and the powder dry. She felt she did not have him yet where she could trust him out of her sight and could herself decide whether the engagement was to be kept or broken

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Whitson, "he positively feeds out of your hand! And such a wild man he seemed!"

Margaret, in the highest of high spirits, laughed with pleasure

"A good many," pursued Mrs. Whitson, "think you are throwing yourself away for love. But as I size men up—and my husband says I'm a wonder at it—I think he'll be the biggest figure of all at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue or the other. Perhaps, first one end, then at the other."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," cried Margaret, with the keen enthusiasm with which, in time of doubt, we welcome an ally to our own private judgment. "But," she hastened to add, with veiled eye and slightly tremulous lip, "I'm ready to take whatever comes."

"That's right! That's right!" exclaimed Mrs. Whitson, a tender and dreamy sentimentalist except in her own affairs. "Love is best!"

"Love is best," echoed Margaret.

XIII

IN THAT Administration the man "next" the President was his Secretary of the Treasury, John Branch, cold and smooth and able, secreting, in his pale-gray soul, an icy passion for power more relentless than hot passion ever bred. Life presented itself to him as a series of mathematical problems, as an examination in mathematics. To pass it meant a diploma as a success; to fail to pass meant the abysmal disgrace of obscurity. Otherwise Branch was the most amiable of men; and why should he not have been, his digestion being good, his income sufficient, his domestic relations admirable, and his reputation for ability growing apace?

It was to John Branch that Madam Bowker applied when she decided that Joshua Craig must be driven from Washington. She sent for him, and he came promptly. He liked to talk to her because she was one of the few who thoroughly appreciated and sympathized with his ideas of success in life. Also, he respected her as a personage in Washington, and had it in mind to marry his daughter, as soon as she should be old enough, to one of her grandnephews

"Branch," said the old lady, with an emphatic wave of the ebony staff, "I want that Craig man sent away from Washington."

"Josh, the joke?" said Branch with a slow, sneering smile that had an acidity in it interesting in one so even as he.

"That's the man. I want you to rid us of him. He has been paying attention to Margaret, and she is encouraging him."

"Impossible!" declared Branch. "Margaret is a sensible girl and Josh has nothing—never will have anything."

"A mere politician!" declared Madam Bowker. "Like hundreds of others that wink in with each Administration and wink out with it. He will not succeed even at his own miserable political game—and, if he did, he would still be poor as poverty."

"I don't think you need worry about him and Margaret. I repeat, she is sensible—an admirable girl—admirably brought up. She has distinction. She has the right instincts."

Madam Bowker punctuated each of these compliments with a nod of her haughty head. "But," said she, "Craig has convinced her that he will amount to something."

"Ridiculous!" scoffed Branch, with an airy wave of the hand. But there was in his tone a concealment that set the shrewd old lady furtively to watching him.

"What do they think of him among the public men?" inquired she.

"He's laughed at there as everywhere."

(Continued on Page 36)

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A Street-Car Ride for Three Cents

RANK overcapitalization of street railways has, perhaps, given rise to a popular misconception.

In some cities the traction companies, charging a five-cent fare, earned returns upon stocks and bonds far in excess of the value of the property—vastly to the profit of the promoters who printed and sold the watered securities. Obviously a lower fare would have paid dividends on an honest capitalization. In view of the promoters' profits an opinion was formed that the traction business, at a five-cent fare, was a mine of wealth which might well be tapped for the benefit of the public by reducing fares.

In Cleveland the experiment of a three-cent fare has been on trial for some months—not, however, under very favorable conditions. Much discontent has been expressed over the service given for that fare, and the recent referendum vote shows great dissatisfaction with that service. In Chicago, a board of city engineers reports that of each nickel collected by the companies, 2.24 cents goes for wages and 1.26 cents for materials and taxes.

The local transportation companies of New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis, charging a five-cent fare, carry over two and a half billion passengers a year, or three times as many as all the steam railroads of the country carry. A cut of one cent in the fare means a reduction of twenty per cent.

In some cities agitation for three-cent fares is more or less popular, but it is a subject to be dealt with cautiously.

In the Wake of a Constitution

ONE critic of the proposed Chinese constitution objects that it consists mainly of "a lot of palaver about the divinity and majesty of the Emperor." This, however, raises a favorable presumption which such other reports as have come to hand do not bear out. A constitution containing nothing more harmful than a lot of palaver would be much nearer perfection than any which has yet been devised. It is unfair to expect from inexperienced Chinese so great an improvement over Western models.

The document, however, if correctly reported, does contain one highly-important departure. It begins by declaring that the dynasty shall reign over China for a thousand generations. We think any good constitutional lawyer will hold that this opening clause limits the life of the constitution; it contemplates that, at the end of a thousand generations, the people of China may desire to make considerable changes in the structure and functions of their government—a generous concession to posterity which nearly all Occidental constitutions omit.

In another respect the constitution is quite Western—namely, there is, they say, as great a diversity of opinion among the Chinese over its meaning as among United States Senators and Federal judges over the meaning of our Constitution. Having adopted a constitution, China will probably take to silk hats, trusts, bucket-shops and other Western inconveniences.

A Popular Vote on Policies

THE referendum must eventually make its way in this country. Already there is a beginning. The "little ballot," in Illinois and elsewhere, by which voters express their preference in respect to two opposing policies has been useful in making government more nearly responsive to the will of the governed.

No possible outcome of the last Presidential campaign could fairly have been construed as a conclusive expression of the popular will upon any single question of national policy. This is a sad waste of opportunity when the aim purports to be a government of the people by the people.

Practically the sharpest division between the two parties was as to the guaranty of bank deposits; but nobody knows what place that issue had in the thoughts of those who voted for Mr. Bryan. Unquestionably nearly all of them would have voted for him just the same on quite other grounds if that issue had never been raised. And it was held out during the campaign that, even if Bryan were elected, a Republican Senate wouldn't let him do anything. Neither candidate could have come to the Presidency with an indubitable mandate from the people, such as Congress would have been compelled to respect, in order to carry out any particular policy.

This is a waste of opportunity. Nowadays, we think, not even a Republican Senate would stand out against a clear, unquestionable expression of the popular will in favor, for example, of deposit insurance or jury trial in contempt cases. The referendum, by which people may vote upon policies, is bound to make its way.

A Sizable Shrinkage

A YEAR ago the president of the Distillers' Securities Corporation, colloquially known as the whisky trust, opined that prohibition laws do not diminish the consumption of liquor, but merely change the method of distribution.

This year's report, issued the other day, is silent upon that subject. It shows that in the fiscal year, 1908, the production of all kinds of distilled spirits in the United States was only one hundred and twenty-seven million gallons, against one hundred and sixty-eight million gallons the year before. The decrease amounted to twenty-five per cent. This year's output was the smallest since 1902, but greater by one-third than that of 1899.

Consumption, no doubt, is more nearly reflected by withdrawal of liquor from bond than by the total output. Withdrawals from bond this year were slightly under one hundred and twenty million gallons, against a hundred and thirty-four million gallons last year. The decrease here is only about ten per cent.—which the trust attributes to reaction in business generally.

Outside of Distillers' stockholders, however, the fact that there were made forty-odd million gallons less of liquor will be quite cheerfully regarded.

Trying to Tax the Tourist

THE proposal to swell Paris' municipal revenue by taxing foreign visitors is rather surprising—although the cable report ingenuously adds that "dogs and other luxuries are already taxed"—with a soothing implication that American tourists shouldn't object if the dogs do not. Landlords raise the obvious objection that while tourists may be luxuries they have power of locomotion, and, if Paris taxes them, they will go somewhere else.

In this view it would be policy not to tax the tourists, but to tax merely whatever the tourists consume. Instead of directly adding two per cent. to the foreign guests' hotel bill for the benefit of the city, Paris should tax the landlord two per cent. of his gross receipts. Then the landlord would simply raise his charges to the tourist five per cent., and the latter would be spared a vexatious consciousness of having to contribute to the support of the government.

That, very often, is the way we manage it here. The tariff is one notable example; the common practice of taxing mortgages is another. Some time ago we mentioned a Western reform in the latter particular, and in several Southern States, where capital is wanted, a vigorous effort is afoot to tax directly the man who eventually has to pay the taxes anyway. That man, of course, is the consumer of the taxed article.

Taxes, aside from those that support the Federal Government, amount to fourteen dollars a head for the whole country, ranging from under five dollars in some Southern States to nearly twenty-five on the Pacific Coast. This considerable burden is a subject well worth study.

Winning the Honorary Degree

THE London Times is responsible for a somewhat disquieting statement that, at the conclusion of his African hunting trip, Mr. Roosevelt will deliver a lecture at Oxford, after which the university will confer an honorary degree upon him. Either the lecture or the degree might have been taken as a matter of course. It is the linking of the one to the other in a sequential manner that gives us some concern.

Heretofore, in the case of eminent men, the practice has been, in this country at least, to confer the degree and take the lecture for granted; or, rather, politely to leave it out of account. The phrasing of the Times' report, however, raises suspicion of an intention on the part of the great English university to emphasize a connection between its honorary degree and scholarship. The connection, of course, would be only relative, not absolute—that is, undoubtedly, the President will not be "flunked" and refused his degree even if the lecture falls below a strict academic standard; the Faculty will not condition him and blandly bid him try again.

But even a relative connection may be somewhat disconcerting. If the subject of the lecture is really "romance," as the cable editor facilely makes it, we imagine Mr. Roosevelt, by his ruddy campfire in the jungle, dutifully cramming the Arthurian legends and Amadis of Gaul—and abstractedly shooing mosquitoes.

Perhaps American universities will fall in line, and the next time Mr. Morgan or the King of Italy receives the honorary degree of one of our institutions of learning he will be gently requested to send in a treatise on irregular Greek verbs or differential calculus—not as a strict test, but merely as an exhibition of good faith.

The Man Who is Out of Work

"ENGLAND," says a recent report, "is facing the most serious condition of unemployment in her history; unless relief is provided on an unprecedented scale, bread riots may be expected."

Intermittently, for more than forty years, the English Government has been dealing with this subject in various acute phases. During our Civil War, when the cotton famine caused great industrial distress in Lancashire, twelve hundred thousand pounds in money was appropriated for special relief work and some thirty-eight thousand persons derived support from the fund. After the Boer War unemployment was recognized as one of the standing problems of government.

In 1904 the labor department of the Board of Trade investigated two thousand families fairly representative of a large working class and found the average family income to be $8.96, while the cost of food (3.6 children, on the average, living at home) was $5.47, not including liquor or tobacco. That does not, after paying the rent and buying some clothes, leave a very wide margin for a rainy day.

In every industrial country, even the United States, there is rarely a time when some men cannot find work. Any shock to the industrial organization multiplies their number rapidly. Unemployment, in fact—meaning involuntary idleness of men willing and able to work—is, in some degree, a pretty constant factor. Some countries attempt to deal with it by supporting government employment agencies. In Germany and Switzerland societies write insurance against unemployment.

The ancient notion—faintly preserved in cartoons and stock newspaper jokes—that the man out of work was necessarily a "sturdy beggar" and rogue—disappears under scientific investigation.

What to do with him is always a sad and sometimes a pressing problem.

Smoke Doesn't Pay

"SMOKE is expensive because it increases laundry bills, ruins cloth, necessitates more frequent painting and greater use of artificial light, destroys vegetation, wastes coal and injures Chicago as a market by making it less attractive to out-of-town buyers."

So concludes a municipal commission which has been investigating the subject for some months; and one alderman declares that the actual damage done "runs into hundreds of millions of dollars."

An impression to that effect has been more or less current in Chicago for twenty-odd years; but latterly, it seems, the city has been getting a really comprehensive grip upon the proposition that smoke doesn't pay. So, presently, no doubt, the smoke nuisance will be done away with.

The singular fact is that the evil condition which is defended upon economic grounds is almost always found upon investigation not to pay. Twenty years ago, even in large cities, grade crossings of railroad tracks were the rule and the roads were explaining that they couldn't afford track elevation. They know better now.

Putting wires underground and fenders on street cars, automatic brakes and couplers and so on, resisted at first as bad investments, have proven very good investments; and it has been demonstrated that thick smoke is a sign of waste in the boiler-room, to say nothing of the waste it causes outside.

Even the nuisance of traffic congestion in city streets may yet disappear because it is economically wrong. In New York a hundred-million-dollar project to distribute freight underground, and make a profit by doing it, has lately been broached.

We should hardly hesitate to say that any evil condition whatever will prove, under proper examination and investigation, to be actually bad business in the strictest utilitarian sense.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Missouri Lion

WHEN it comes to roaring, Champ Clark has the fierce Numidian lion rolling a hoop and playing dead. He will roar you at any time, on any subject, from the ultimate influence of the orthodox exegesis to the equipedency of equipedal equines; from the proper way to pick Ben Davis apples to the exact way a hen should lay an egg.

Coming from Missouri, where the motto is "Show me," Champ has reconstructed that disconcerting tenet to a more affable one, which fits his case, and his personal reading is: "I'll show you." Whereupon he shows you, and everybody else, with rumblings like distant thunder, and with roarings that make you think you have strayed into the animal tent while they are feeding the wild beasts of the forest with raw-r-r meat, which spectacle is free to all those who have purchased reserved seats of the gentlemanly attendants at the door.

It is but the simple truth that Champ eats 'em alive He crunches 'em, and hunches 'em, and munches 'em. Every time he goes into action he fills the hospitals, overcrowds the ambulances and sends a few scattered ones, too badly mangled to be identified, to the morgue. He is ferocious—fee-ro-shus, to be exact, and to put it the way he says it—and whenever he is working the boys around the tiger's cage would better get out of the way. G-r-r-r! G-r-r-r-r-r! Woof! Woof! Wow-w-w!! Scat! Oh, 'tis a fearsome sight to see Champ Clark wading up and down the aisles in Congress or stomping back and forth in the lyceum, seeking whom he may devour and devastate, and devouring and devastating all whom he seeks.

You see, Champ is like a geyser. He never spouts until he is at the boiling point. Carrying out this beautiful figure of speech to its rounded perfection, he is always at the boiling point, so he is continually spo—but let us be just, above all things. He has to sleep, doesn't he? Or does he? Anyhow, during his waking hours there never is a minute when Champ isn't ready to go into action and devastate the Opposition.

One would think, if one thought of it at all, that Champ, from his mild, not to say benign appearance, his white tie, his beaming eye, his long frock coat, was of ministerial tendencies. But be not deceived, be not deceived! You shall learn the truth. That white tie, that benign appearance, that beaming eye are parts of his elaborate decoy. Many a person, misled thereby, has picked out Champ for a kindly and complaisant person, has prodded him a bit, trod on his toes and jerked at the tail of his coat. Thereupon, it immediately began to rain human fragments in that vicinity, and Champ was the rainmaker.

Fierce? Geminy! he is so fierce he is scared of himself. If he didn't keep the emergency brake on all the time it is quite likely that, when he had finished one of his assaults on the bulwarks of the scoundrels of the Opposition, who, by mere force of numbers, are playing it low down on Justitia and Lex and all the rest of the boys and girls of their glorious company, there would be not one, not a single, solitary one of the other side left to tell the tale, except, of course, that considerable number that had gone down, as soon as he began his speech, to help George Southwick educate in the Education Committee, or Henry Loudenslager pension in the Pension Committee, or to assist Aleck McDowell straighten out the documents in the cedar chest in the little room back of the Clerk's office. Why, he's so fierce the official stenographers have to put on ear-muffs when he is demolishing those fiends in human form who inhabit the majority chairs, so the growls will be tempered a bit to their shorn ears.

When the Lion's Roars Reverberate

WHOOP, says Champ; whoop-te-doodle-doo! Raus mit 'em! Standing here—no, here (moving down a few rods)—I take the charge made by the gen-t-le-man-n—Mr. Speaker, conformance with parliamentary procedure forbids me to call him what I might—I take the char-r-r-ge of the gen-t-le-man-n-n (fine roaring effect) f-r-r-om (growl here) Pennsylvania and cast it back—CAST IT BACK (loud pedal on here) in his dumgasted, gumdasted, dum-gum-gum-dum t-e-eth-eth-eth (has his own clenched), and I say to you—I SAY TO YOU (puts his arms up in the air, as if he were going to say it with them, but thinks better of it) that the perfidy of the man who endeavors to put the onus of this dastardly proceeding (going fine now) on us (see?—onus—on us) is only equaled by the Stygian blackness of the hear-r-r-ts (bully roar) that prompted the senile minds of the majority of the Committee on Rules (million dollars' worth of scorn here) to adopt this studied infamy, and put him forward as a mouthpiece. Mr. Speaker-r-r-r—Gr-r-r-r! Woof! (roaring business *ad lib.*).

It is But the Simple Truth That Champ Eats 'Em Alive. He Crunches 'Em, and Hunches 'Em, and Munches 'Em

Well, it's great. Usually it's coming to them, too, and Champ is the boy who can put it over, if anybody should roll up in a taxicab and ask you. Once, in a debate in the House, he said he had an ambition, when he was a lad, to be a prize-fighter. Fate played it low down on him and made him a college president, but it is only fair to say that, if Champ had achieved his ambition and gone into the fistic arena—which is the correct sporting term—he would have been a champion of champions; for, even if his antagonists had been handier with the mitts, Champ would have had them on the mat with the referee counting ten over them as soon as he let out a few roars. He'd frighten anybody. Too bad he wasn't a prize-fighter, for he is a likely-looking chap, even now, and might have had a punch

Coming back to that college president affair. After they thwarted (strangled would be better) that desire to be a prize-fighter they jammed Champ into school. They were not playing much football in those days and he had to utilize his lust for battle in other ways. So he went through Kentucky University and the Cincinnati Law School—he was born in Kentucky—and took a crack at farming, clerking in a country store, and editing a country newspaper. In 1873 and 1874 he was president of Marshall College, in West Virginia, and for twenty-two years held the record for being the youngest college president in the country, being twenty-three years old when the boys first began to call him Prex. Along in Cleveland's second Administration some board of trustees put a mature person, aged twenty-one, across on Champ as a college president, and he lost his record, which was a sad blow.

Champ moved to Missouri after he quit being a college president and first dawned on Washington in the Fifty-third Congress. He has been dawning ever since. Every time any person pokes a finger at him he dawns. Then he breaks into effulgent noonday, and nobody has yet observed the time when he set. Moreover, he has been a very hefty member of the Democratic side, the best rough-and-tumble debater they have, and has worked along to the Ways and Means Committee, where he is prepared to roar incessantly when they get to revising or devising a tariff. If the next House of Representatives is Democratic—it was an "if" when this was written, but will not be when it is read—Champ will be Speaker. As soon as John Sharp Williams retired and concluded to seek the more umbrageous shade of the Senate, Champ thriftily laid in enough votes to assure that. He has those votes elaborately tagged and laid away in a safe place.

And if that next House is Democratic, just think of Champ, up there on the rostrum, with a gavel in one hand and a fine bunch of assorted roars in readiness! Why, say, it will be worth while to go up to the House then. "The Chair rules—woof—woof—that the gentleman—gr-r-r-r—is out of order. SIT DOWN!" Bang!

"This," said Champ, when he was presiding over the Democratic convention at St. Louis four years ago, "is a great historical occasion and this is going to be a great historical speech." Of course, it wasn't Champ's fault that they didn't let him exude more than a few paragraphs of that speech, but it proved he knew a great historical occasion, all right, as any person who will read the Parker election returns will testify. However, if—remember that "if," please—the House is Democratic and if Champ is Speaker, we'll have a few more historical occasions, no doubt.

Mr. Speaker! Woof! Woof! W-o-w-w-w!

A Little Hippicanarious

"HOW do you feel this morning, Mr. Coolidge?" asked a reporter of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

"A little hippicanarious this morning," Coolidge replied. "A little hippicanarious."

"Dan," said the reporter to one of the negro messengers outside the door, "what does hippicanarious mean?"

"Why," replied Dan very solemnly, "that's African for impecunious."

Why the Limited was Stopped

CHAIRMAN F. H. HITCHCOCK, of the Republican National Committee, was coming East on the Twentieth Century Limited some time ago, and asked the officials to stop the train for him at Utica, New York, so that he could get off and see James S. Sherman, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, who lives there. The officials consented and the train was stopped. As Hitchcock's party was leaving, one of his secretaries said to the porter: "Rather unusual, isn't it, to stop the train like this?"

"Oh," replied the porter, "you ain't so much. We stopped it a few days ago at Tarrytown to let John D. Rockefeller get a newspaper."

The Paramount Issue

AN INDIANA political leader visited Republican National Headquarters in New York about the time the baseball battle was fiercest.

He was shown into Chairman Hitchcock's room.

"Ah," said Hitchcock, "glad to see you. I have been waiting to see a man from out your way. What's the sentiment in your State?"

"Well," said the Indiana political leader, "we think New York is making a good, game fight, but, of course, our sympathy is with the Cubs."

Not the Water Wagon

"MR. TAFT'S position on the bank guarantee issue," said an Iowa judge, "with the Western Republicans declaring for it and he opposing it in the East, reminds me of a man named Casey I knew when I was a boy.

"Casey went to town with an ox-team one day and drank much hard liquor. He started home with the ox-team and fell asleep in the wagon. In some way the oxen got loose from the wagon and went along, leaving Casey asleep in the wagon in the middle of the road.

"He woke up at daylight, rather fuddled, and looked for his oxen. They were gone. Then he soliloquized: 'Bedad, an' who are ye? If ye are Casey ye have lost a yoke av oxen, and if ye are not Casey ye have found a wagon.'"

The Hall of Fame

ℭ William H. Taft does not smoke. Nor does President Roosevelt or W. J. Bryan.

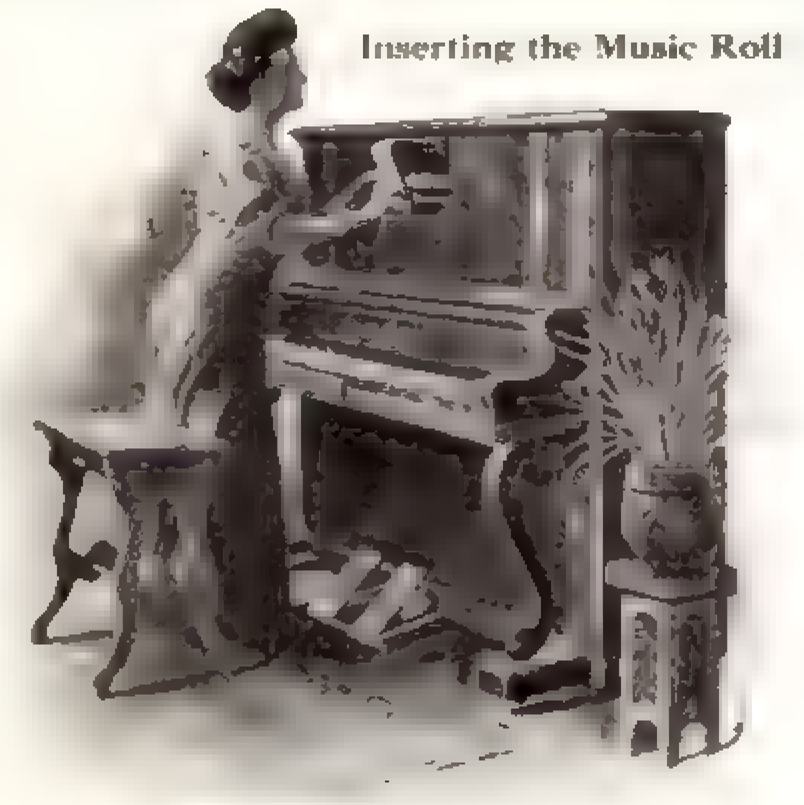
ℭ Admiral George Dewey, of the Navy, affects pearl gray fedoras and light box coats.

ℭ Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario, invented his own high hat, and it looks the part.

ℭ Paymaster-General Sniffen, of the Army, was one of the private secretaries of General Grant when Grant was President.

ℭ Major-General Henry C. Corbin, retired, of the Army, has built himself a big country house on the outskirts of Washington, which he calls Highwood.

ℭ Colonel J. W. Zevely, the leading Democratic politician of the Indian Territory, and probable Senator from the new State of Oklahoma, once sought fame as superintendent of the Yosemite National Park.


Inserting the Music Roll

The
Cable Company
Chicago

INNER-

(The title adopted to describe exclusively the playe

THERE A
INNER-PLA
The Conover
The Carola
The Kingsbury

BEFORE you buy a piano containing a player mechanism, investigate the INNER-PLAYER Pianos.

These instruments contain our famous INNER-PLAYER action which is different than any other device used to make piano playing easy.

Many player pianos are deficient in one vital point—they do not give *human expression* to the music, no matter how skilfully you manipulate them.

That is why the INNER-PLAYER is superior. It is not only easy to operate, but it enables you to play with the interpretation of the composer or to put your own individuality into the music to any desired degree.

The tones you get from an INNER-PLAYER Piano are like those you hear when a skilled musician plays by hand—and yet you do not have to touch the keys; you require no skill in fingering, no knowledge of technique.

After inserting a music roll, you simply pump the pedals and move three little levers in front of the keyboard. The INNER-PLAYER causes the piano hammers to strike the strings and produce the desired tones. But *you control the effects*, because the INNER-PLAYER is so sensitive and responsive that every impulse is correctly transmitted. Thus, by means of this device, any interpretation of the composition may be obtained.

Of course, if you wish to play on an INNER-PLAYER Piano by hand you

REMEMBER THESE POINTS

The name INNER-PLAYER belongs exclusively to the player device manufactured by us.

Our pianos containing this device, we call INNER-PLAYER Pianos

We do not sell the INNER-PLAYER for use in any other maker's pianos, nor do we grant to any other manufacturer in the United States, the right to use any of its patented features

But sometimes ordinary player pianos are, through error, called "Inner-Player" Pianos.

Therefore, remember that a player piano is not an INNER-PLAYER Piano unless you find the word INNER-PLAYER and the name of **The Cable Company** on its frontboard.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE INNER-PLAYER PIANOS

Note the patented devices found *only* in *these* instruments. It is these devices which make it easy for you to play with natural expression and which give the INNER-PLAYER Pianos their musical superiority.

The patented **Transposing Device** enables you to instantly shift the music roll to make compensation for expansion or contraction of the paper, due to weather changes. It also enables you to change from one key to another, or to raise or lower the key, thus increasing or diminishing the brilliancy of the composition. Simply turning a little knurled wheel with your finger is the only operation necessary.

The patented **Miniature Keyboard,** which is placed inside of the case, transmits the motion just as it would be transmitted by the impact of the fingers on the keys. It makes possible the elasticity of touch which characterizes the best manual playing

The patented **Solo-Aid** enables you to play the melody louder than the accompaniment. The pressure of your little finger on a small tilting tablet produces the desired result.

The **Key-Lock** is a little device which prevents motion of the keys and, by taking their weight off the action, makes better repetition.

The patented **Wrist-Rest** supports your wrists while you are playing and prevents fatigue. When the instrument is out of use it acts as a protective cover to the levers and conceals the only part of the mechanism that would otherwise be visible.

The **Tempo Indicator** is placed close to the music roll and in direct line of vision to facilitate reading of guide marks.

The patented **Pedal Lever Action** makes it easy to pump the pedals. No other player piano is so easy to pedal as the INNER-PLAYER Pianos.

The powerful **Six Unit Motor** makes the movement of the music roll positive and smooth and it has no "dead centers." Compare this with the three or four unit motors used in many other player pianos.

* * * *

Ball Bearings for the roll mechanism reduce friction and insure even movement of the music roll

The direct **Motor Drive** dispenses with the use of chains for the player mechanism. The only chain used is for rewinding the music roll.

The patented **Sectional Bellows** and the patented **Tilting Superstructure** give the piano tuner easy and immediate access to strings and pins

The **Pedals** are released for use or folded back into the case by a touch of the foot. You need not soil your hands nor pinch your fingers

Fibre Bearings and pivot points give immense durability to parts subject to friction, and prevent rattling.

* * * *

Notice the **quality** of construction:

Case work and mechanism made with much greater strength than is necessary for the ordinary piano—because these instruments are used much oftener and harder

Back frames of massive build

Joints so skilfully made that you cannot see the seams.

Veneers that will not peel

USED BY MUSICAL COLLEGES

INNER-PLAYER Pianos are used for illustrative lectures on musical form and analysis by the Northwestern University School of Music, Evanston, Ill., the Chicago Conservatory, the Centralizing School of Music, Chicago, and the Columbia School of Music, Chicago.

EVERY PART IS MADE IN OUR OWN FACTORY

The INNER-PLAYER Pianos are not made up of parts obtained from different makers. We control all the conditions under which our instruments are produced. The INNER-PLAYER Pianos are designed and built "from the ground up" by our own workmen under the direction of critical, experienced superintendents. That is why they are uniform in quality and why we can guarantee them for five years.

This matter of construction is important. Bear it in mind when you are comparing these instruments with others.

TO PIANO DEALERS: The de
Pianos puts his player business on
You cannot afford to give your patro
and consequent uncertainty as to
Every INNER-PLAYER Piano you sell m
Our guarantee is back of you and yo

The Cable Co

Manufacturers of INNE
Famous Conover, C

PLAYER

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Ready to Play

ARE THREE
YER PIANOS
INNER-PLAYER Piano
65 Note)
INNER-PLAYER Piano
INNER-PLAYER Piano

can use it just as you do any other piano. The player device does not require any change or omission of any of the parts of the regular instrument. The *INNER-PLAYER* is placed within the case and is an integral part of the piano, but it is independent of the keyboard. And one of these instruments which you can use either for manual playing or with the player device costs but little more than a piano of the same grade.

The *INNER-PLAYER* action was all worked out to its full efficiency before the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos were offered to the public. Every part was designed, shaped, adjusted, tested rigidly by experts until we *knew* that the *INNER-PLAYER* was a device with which any person, inexperienced in music, could play any selection with *human expression.* And every expectation has been justified by the many instruments we have sold during the past five years in all parts of the United States. The test of practical usage in the home has proved that even a novice in musical knowledge can produce the most pleasing effects.

If an ordinary piano is useless to you, why not get an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano which will give you command of practically the entire field of music? If you are a skilled musician, use it for preliminary practice, with music rolls, to acquire familiarity with the new compositions. It gives you all that any other piano gives, with the additional feature of the remarkable *INNER-PLAYER* device. At least write to us, or send coupon for information about these instruments.

WHAT ARTISTS SAY

Constantino "The *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos are the most perfect instruments of the kind I have ever seen."

"Your *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos are wonderful instruments, remarkable for their beauty of tone quality and the musical effects which can be obtained on them, as well as for the ease with which they can be operated." **Alice Nielsen**

Sophie Brandt "They give by far the most artistic effects I have ever heard from instruments of this type."

"The *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos appeal to me greatly The device which enables anyone to play the best music in the best way is wonderful in its simplicity and utility There is now no reason why any home should be without music of the highest character." **Joseph Sheehan**

GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS

Every *INNER-PLAYER* Piano is guaranteed for five years and the guarantee applies to *both the piano and the player device.*

Some player mechanisms are not guaranteed at all, while others have only one year's warranty.

Our guarantee provides that if within *five* years, any part of the *INNER-PLAYER* Piano you may buy shows a defect in quality of material or workmanship, we will make it good without cost to you.

We could not afford to give such a guarantee as this unless we made these instruments to give perfect service and to stand hard usage. Making repairs free of charge would simply mean a loss to us.

But because we make every part of the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos in our own factory and because we rigidly test every instrument, we know that we are safe in this offer. We know exactly what kind of material and workmanship goes into them. It is to *our* interest to make every part so durable that you will have no claim to make upon us.

Note that you get this guarantee from the *makers.* We do not ask your dealer to assume any responsibility that should rest upon us, and we are always ready to carry out the terms of this warranty.

To you, our guarantee means that when you buy an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano you get an instrument as nearly perfect in constructive merit as it can be made. Is there any reason why you should buy another kind?

ler who secures the agency for the *INNER-PLAYER*
a safe and permanent basis.
s instruments of doubtful merit in construction
heir term of useful service.
ans permanent satisfaction to the purchaser
ir customer.

AT LEAST INFORM YOURSELF

We are telling you here as simply and clearly as possible about the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos and their points of superiority

But we want you to satisfy yourself that our claims are founded not on our enthusiasm, but on facts

We want you to see the instruments. Compare and test them side by side with others of the same general type

Examine every feature we specify here. See how it works. Notice how *easily* you can get musical expression with the *INNER-PLAYER*.

Then examine the construction. Look at it outside and *inside* and note the class of workmanship on every detail. Then you will understand why we can give a guarantee for five years—a period of time much longer than necessary for you to prove the qualities of the instrument.

You will find no makeshifts nor experiments about an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano. You will not find an ordinary piano with a player mechanism inserted in the case. You will see an instrument made *in its entirety* to fulfil its particular purpose.

It will cost you nothing to make this investigation and comparison. It will give you profitable information.

LEADING DEALERS HAVE THEM

Prominent piano houses in most cities sell the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos. If you do not find them, however, write to us and we will send you the name of the nearest dealer who carries them. We will see that you have the opportunity to satisfy yourself of the merits of these instruments.

SEND FOR CATALOG

Sign the coupon and mail it to us and we will send you a richly illustrated catalog fully describing the special features of the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos. Write now while the matter is before you.

The Cable Company, Chicago:

Gentlemen: Please send catalog describing your INNER-PLAYER Pianos:

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ble and Kingsbury Pianos

THRIFT

Incubating the Nest Egg

A NEW YORK editor has a family of three—himself, his invalid wife and a daughter of twenty. Until a year ago the family had a cook—or rather, it had a succession of cooks. Now it would be a green Irish girl, then a German, then a Hungarian, who insisted on cooking succotash in the can. The last was a Finn who understood not a word of English. To get eggs for breakfast it was necessary to make a noise like a hen. When the disturbances in Finland grew acute this treasure was greatly moved. She brooded and brooded. The wrongs of her native land sank into her soul. Finally she arose and, personally, threw off the yoke.

Then the editor made a proposition to his daughter. The latter had done little except study, up to that time. Having finished High School her father offered to engage her as cook on the following terms:

First, she was to be paid the cook's wages, five dollars a week.

Second, all grocery, butcher and other trade bills were gone over for a period of several months, and an average sum agreed upon as the fair cost of maintaining the table at its present standard. Whatever saving the amateur cook might effect on this item was to be hers.

Third, the same was done with coal, gas and water bills—the latter being measured by meter.

It was hard work for a girl just out of school, accustomed to having things done for her, and with leisure for pleasure. Her father had in mind chiefly the development of his daughter, rather than money saving. The girl stuck to the arrangement three months, however, and the plan paid very good dividends.

Right at the outset there was a saving of about two dollars a week, representing the cook's board. Then, as servants had been extravagant in food and fuel, it was possible to reduce the table bills further. One ton of coal was saved during the experiment, and both gas and water bills shaved down.

Figures of gross saving, with wages, for three months were as follows:

Bridget's wages (thirteen weeks)	$ 65.00
Her board	26.00
Saved on table	29.60
Coal, gas and water	10.89
	$131.49

From this, though, there were some expenditures. The cook had done the family washing, and that the daughter sent out, at a cost of $2.25 per week. During the last six weeks she tired of washing dishes, and so a little girl came in daily to do this for her, at $1.25 a week.

Family washing	$29.25
Cinderella	7.50
	$36.75

That left a net income for the whole period of $94.74, or an average of $7.28 per week. It was a good return. But the daughter has quit, like all the other cooks, and is now spending some of her money on a course of domestic science, with a view to saving by better management of a hired cook.

Thrift ought to be a habit, like winding the clock, and persons who want to acquire it as a habit will do well to pay some attention to its three important stages.

First, the *beginning*, which almost everybody makes at one time or another, and which many persons mistake for the whole thing.

Second, *keeping it up* and setting aside the same amount regularly. Haphazard church collections, for instance, have put furrows in the brow of many a clergyman. Church finance was never solved until somebody hit upon the little envelope for a regular weekly offering—no matter how small, so long as it was regular. Now, if several hundred persons, dropping change in the plate as the spirit moves them, cannot create an average that will finance a church, it is not likely that one lone individual will be successful in financing himself that way.

Third, comes something even harder than making thrift regular, and that is *going on*—continuing to be thrifty with an accumulation of spare money. For the man who has saved a year or two will have money in the bank, and will find it natural to

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$1 PER BOX

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MEN'S WUNDERHOSE in Black, Tan, Navy, Gray—and Black with White Feet—$1.00 per box of four pairs.

CHILDREN'S WUNDERHOSE — Black or Tan, $1.00 per box of four pairs.

WOMEN'S Black or Tan WUNDERHOSE—$1.00 per box of three pairs.

If your dealer hasn't **WUNDERHOSE**, send us $1.00 direct, state size and color—and we will see that you are supplied.

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Always for sale where good shoes are sold.

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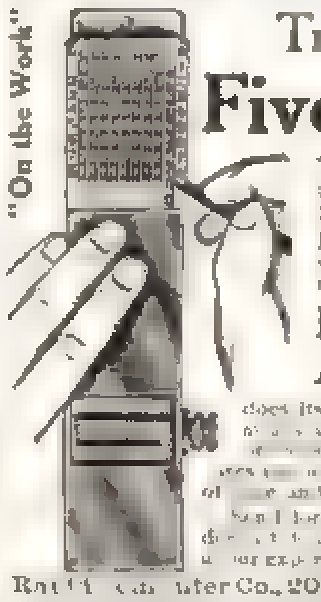

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does its work perfectly [illegible] Send for one on 5 days free trial. [illegible] Catalog Free upon request.

Rapid Computer Co., 2020 Tribune Bldg., Chicago

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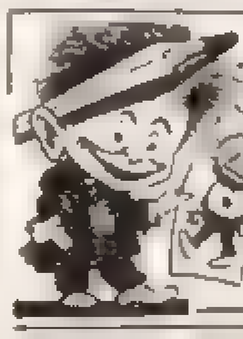

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COMES now the largest factory in the world devoted to the manufacture of children's vehicles with a boys' and girls' highest grade coaster brake bicycle, which is the best and biggest value ever offered American fathers and mothers. From the standpoint of health and hygiene the gift of all gifts for Christmas. Every wheel guaranteed. Your money back if you don't declare it the best boys' and girls' bicycle you've ever seen. Any size from 20 to 26 inch, for $18.00. These wheels have scientific spring-seat post—an invaluable feature endorsed by physicians and parents. 28 inch wheels $2.00 extra. [illegible]

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Seventy-one days, costing only $400.00 and up, including shore excursions. SPECIAL FEATURES: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, 19 Days in Egypt and the Holy Land, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc.
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If you have $100 and want it to earn $5 a year for you—write for booklet "The Sulky Dollar."
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THE SAFETY Automatic Stropper
With 20 inch Genuine Horsehide Strop
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The [illegible] and most simple stropper on the market—only one permitting diagonal stroke, [illegible] securing a perfect shaving edge [illegible] Price $1.00 postpaid. If not perfectly satisfactory money refunded. [illegible]
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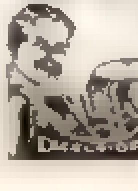

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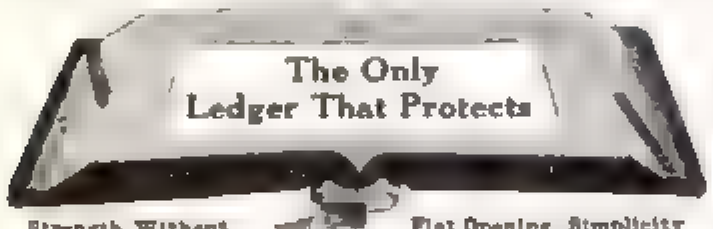

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LITTLE FOLKS
FOR YOUNGEST READERS

measure things by this surplus. If he has a thousand dollars ahead, and a two-hundred-dollar luxury tempts him, he is surely going to look at it as something that he might buy, and still have eight hundred in the bank. If he had to earn two hundred dollars it might look too hard, and he wouldn't consider it long.

There was a young man in Philadelphia who had got safely through the first and second stages of economy, and had twelve hundred dollars tucked away in a bank, and was down with the third stage. Every day, it seemed, he saw something that could be bought for twelve hundred dollars or less. To put his nest egg in a safe place, therefore, and make it earn a good, big margin of interest, and at the same time help him save more, he adopted a plan that has been followed by thrifty Philadelphia Germans for many years.

Small houses at low rent are scarce, even in the Quaker City, and are getting scarcer every year. Nobody can build, very profitably, dwellings to rent at six or eight dollars a month. People who live in tenements at that price have to put up with old ones. Old tenements are continually being torn down to make room for factories, and that keeps up the demand to such a degree that properties of this character are seldom empty.

This young man invested one thousand dollars in a tenement that housed four families. The price paid was twenty-eight hundred dollars, eighteen hundred being carried on mortgage at five per cent. The four dwellings brought in a combined rent of thirty dollars a month, two of the tenants paying eight-fifty and the others six-fifty. Very little money is spent on repairs with property of this sort, so that in a year the transaction worked out about like this:

Total rent received		$360.00
Interest on mortgage	$ 90.00	
Repairs, taxes, etc.	80.00	
		170.00
Balance		$190.00

That paid nineteen per cent. interest on his own investment of one thousand dollars. No allowance was made for depreciation. Tenements of this sort are patched up with minor repairs from year to year, and kept habitable until the rising value of the land eventually takes care of capital and mortgage.

Tenants are usually newly-arrived foreigners who do not ask anything in the way of appearance, so long as there is a tight roof over their heads. They are earning money and saving some—a cheerful lot, with plenty of children, cultivating scraps of land in the rear, and needing no sympathy.

Such a rate of interest, of course, implies some personal attention to the properties, keeping tenants in them and selecting those who are prompt in paying rent—this is a matter, chiefly, it is said, of selecting the right nationalities.

It implies bargain-hunting, too. Instead of purchasing through real-estate agents, the owner watches newspaper advertisements, and buys of somebody who is willing to make a close price for ready money. A trust company would loan the money on mortgage at six per cent., but by looking up private lenders a rate of five per cent. is obtainable.

This young man does not pay off the mortgage, because the high earnings on his own capital are, of course, made possible by the fact that he is doing business on the lender's money. Earnings are added to his savings account. When another thousand dollars is accumulated he buys another cheap tenement. A thrifty German in Philadelphia will sometimes acquire five such properties, and then make them pay off the mortgage on one, doing this until he owns them all.

This plan is said to be applicable only to cheap dwellings, because when extended to property of a higher class the competition for tenants is keener, cost of up-keep greater, and a slenderer margin of profit is yielded.

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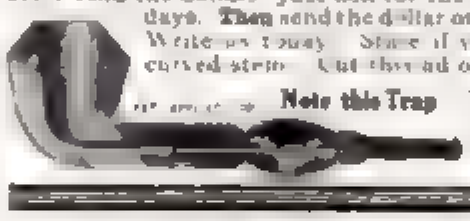

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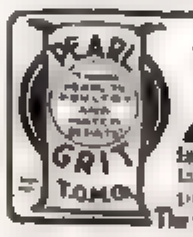

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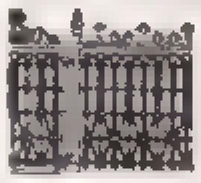

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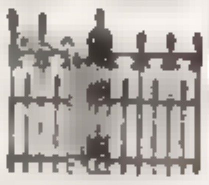

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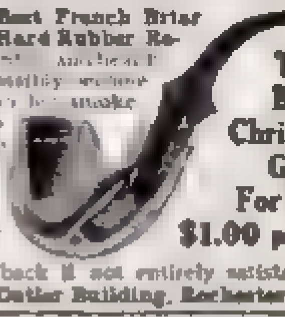

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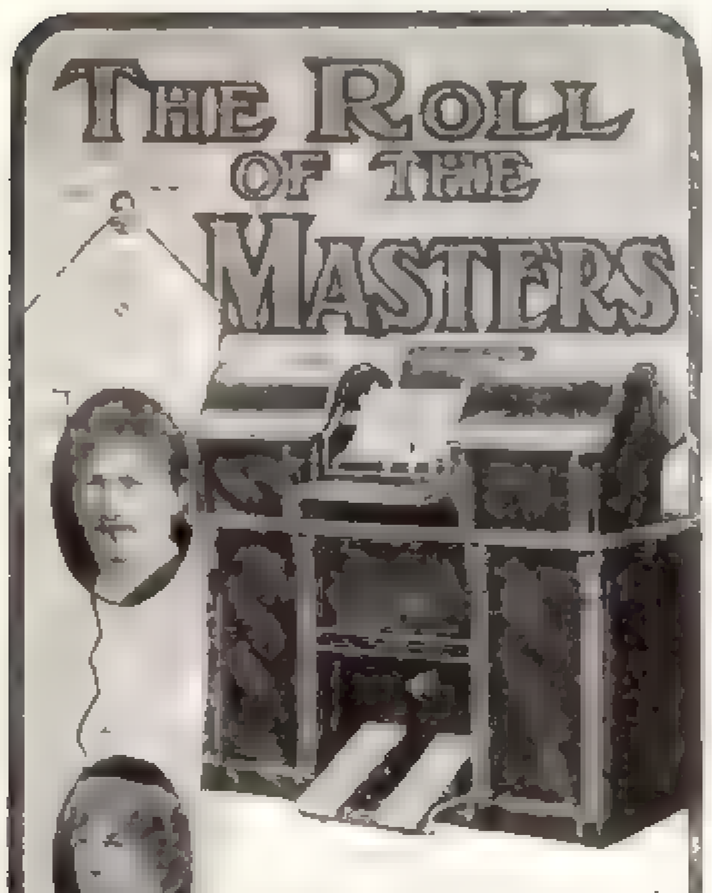
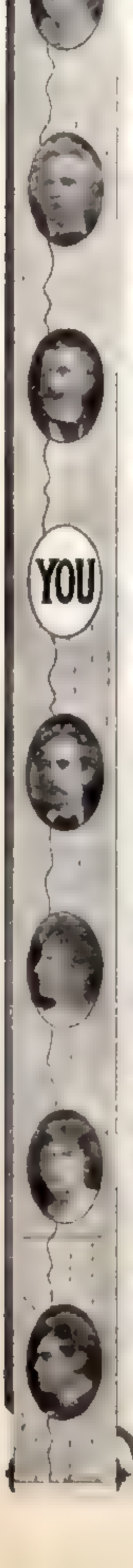

THE ROLL OF THE MASTERS



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"IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

(Continued from Page 13

now that you see what sort of a man I am I'm going to tell you more."

"You need not," she said faintly.

"I must. Listen! I—I don't even remember your full name—all I know is that it is Betty, and that your cat's name is Clarence and your plumber's name is Quinn. But if I didn't know anything at all concerning you it would have been the same. I suppose you will think me insane if I tell you that before the car, on which you rode, came into sight I *knew* you were on it. And I—cared—for—you—before I ever saw you."

"I don't understand ——"

"I know you don't. *I* don't. All I understand is that what you and I have done has been done by us before, sometime, somewhere—part only—down to—down to where you changed cars. Up to that moment, before you took the Lexington Avenue car, I recognized each incident as it occurred. . . . But when all this happened to us before I must have lost courage—for I did not recognize anything after that except that I cared for you. . . . *Do* you understand one single word of what I have been saying?"

The burning color in her face had faded slowly while he was speaking; her lifted eyes grew softer, serious, as he ended impetuously.

She looked at him in retrospective silence. There was no mistaking his astonishing sincerity, his painfully-earnest endeavor to impart to her some rather unusual ideas in which he certainly believed. No man who looked that way at a woman could mean impertinence; her own intelligence satisfied her that he had not meant and could never mean offense to any woman.

"Tell me," she said quietly, "just what you mean. It is not possible for you to—care—for—me. . . . Is it?"

He told her, beginning briefly with his own name, material and social circumstances, a pocket edition of his hitherto uneventful career, the advent that morning of the emissary from The Green Mouse, his discussion with Smith, the strange sensation which crept over him as he emerged from the tunnel at Forty-second Street, his subsequent altercation with Smith, and the events that ensued up to the eruption of Clarence.

He spoke in his most careful attorney's manner, frank, concise, convincing, free from any exaggeration of excitement or emotion. And she listened, alternately fascinated and appalled, as, step by step, his story unfolded the links in an apparently inexorable sequence involving this young man and herself in a predestined series of episodes not yet ended—if she permitted herself to credit this astounding story.

Sensitively intelligent, there was no escaping the significance of the only possible deduction. She drew it and blushed furiously. For a moment, as the truth clamored in her brain, the self-evidence of it stunned her. But she was young, and the shamed recoil came automatically. Incredulous, almost exasperated, she raised her head to confront him; the red lips parted in outraged protest—parted and remained so, wordless, silent—the soundless, virginal cry dying unuttered on a mouth that had imperceptibly begun to tremble.

Her head sank slowly; she laid her hands above the roses heaped in her lap.

For a long while she remained so. And he did not speak.

First the butler went away. Then Mr. Quinn followed. The maid had not yet arrived. The house was very still.

And after the silence had worn his self-control to the breaking point he rose and walked to the dining-room and stood looking down into the yard. The grass out there was long and unkempt; roses bloomed on the fence; wistaria, in its deeper green of midsummer, ran riot over the trellis where Clarence had basely dodged his lovely mistress, and, after making a furry pinwheel of himself, had fled through the air-hole into Stygian depths.

Somewhere above, in the silent house, Clarence was sulkily dissembling.

"I suppose," said Brown quietly coming back to where the girl was sitting in the golden dusk, "that I might as well find Clarence while we are waiting for your maid. May I go up and look about?"

And taking her silence as assent, he started upstairs.

He hunted carefully, thoroughly, opening doors, peeping under furniture, investigating clothes-presses, listening at intervals, at intervals calling with misleading mildness. But, like him who died in malmsey, Clarence remained perjured and false to all sentiments of decency so often protested purringly to his fair young mistress.

Mechanically Brown opened doors of closets, knowing, if he had stopped to think, that cats don't usually turn knobs and let themselves into tightly-closed places.

In one big closet on the fifth floor, however, as soon as he opened the door there came a rustle, and he sprang forward to intercept the perfidious one; but it was only the air stirring the folds of garments hanging on the wall.

As he turned to step forth again the door gently closed with an ominous click, shutting him inside. And after five minutes' frantic fussing he realized that he was imprisoned by a spring lock at the top of a strange house, inhabited only by a cat and a bewildered young girl, who might, at any moment the telephone was in order, call a cab and flee from a man who had tried to explain to her that they were irrevocably predestined for one another.

Calling and knocking were dignified and permissible, but they did no good. To kick violently at the door was not dignified, but he was obliged to do it. Evidently the closet was too remote for the sound to penetrate down four flights of stairs.

He tried to break down the door—they do it in all novels. He only rebounded painfully, ineffectively, which served him right for reading fiction.

It irked him to shout; he hesitated for a long while; then sudden misgiving lest she might flee the house seized him and he bellowed. It was no use. And for once in real life, as it always is in fiction, the situation was "desperate."

The pitchy quality of the blackness in the closet aided him in bruising himself; he ran into a thousand things of all kinds of shapes and textures every time he moved. And at each fresh bruise he grew madder and madder, and, holding the cat responsible, applied language to Clarence of which he had never dreamed himself capable. There he was wrong; heroes in romance don't do it.

Then he sat down. He remained perfectly still for a long while, listening and delicately feeling his hurts. A curious drowsiness began to irritate him; later the irritation subsided and he felt a little sleepy.

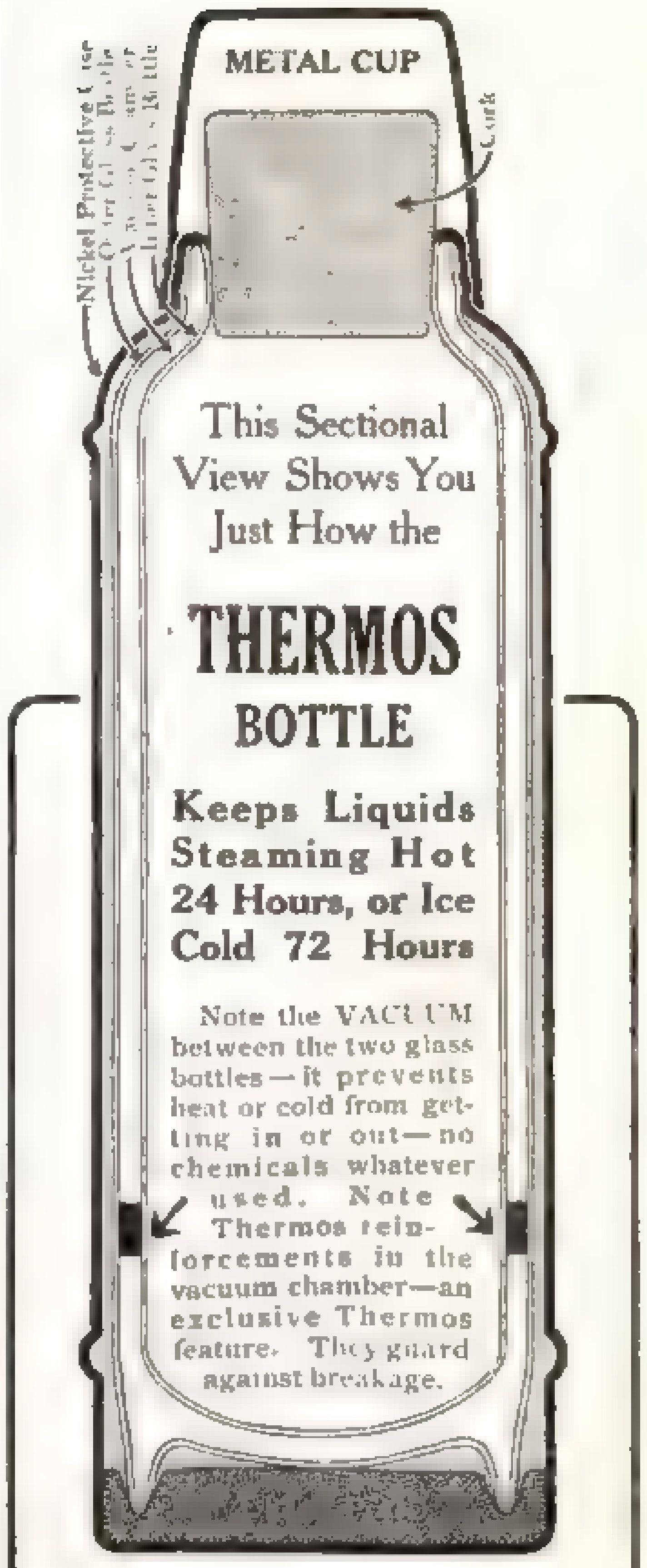
His heart, however, thumped like a cheap clock; the cedar-tainted air in the closet grew heavier; he felt stupid, swaying as he rose. No wonder, for the closet was as near air-tight as it could be made. Fortunately he did not realize it.

And, meanwhile, downstairs, Betty was preparing for flight.

She did not know where she was going—how far away she could get in a rose-silk morning gown. But she had discovered, in a clothes-press, an automobile duster, cap and goggles; on the strength of these she tried the telephone, found it working, summoned a coupé, and was now awaiting its advent. But the maid from Dooley's must first arrive to take charge of the house and Clarence until she, Betty, could summon her family to her assistance and defy The Green Mouse, Beekman Brown and Destiny behind her mother's skirts.

Flight was, therefore, imperative—it was absolutely indispensable that she put a number of miles between herself and this young man who had just informed her that Fate had designed them for one another.

She was no longer considering whether she owed this amazing young man any gratitude, or what sort of a man he might be, agreeable, well-bred, attractive; all she understood was that this man had suddenly stepped into her life, politely expressing his conviction that they could not, ultimately, hope to escape from each other. And, beginning to realize the awful import of his words, the only thing that restrained her from instant flight on foot was the hidden Clarence. She could not abandon her cat. She must wait for that maid. She waited. Meanwhile she hunted up Dooley's Agency in the telephone book



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and called them up. They told her the maid was on the way—as though Dooley's Agency could thwart Destiny with a whole regiment of its employees!

She had discarded her roses with a shudder; cap, goggles, duster lay in her lap. If the maid came before Brown returned she'd flee. If Brown came back before the maid arrived she'd tell him plainly what she had decided on, thank him, tell him kindly but with decision that, considering the incredible circumstances of their encounter, she must decline to encourage any hope he might entertain of ever again seeing her.

At this stern resolve her heart, being an automatic and independent affair, refused to approve, and began an unpleasantly irregular series of beats which annoyed her.

"It is true," she admitted to herself, "that he is a gentleman, and I can scarcely be rude enough, after what he has done for me, to leave him without any explanation at all. . . . His clothes are ruined. I must remember that."

Her heart seemed to approve such sentiments, and it beat more regularly as she seated herself at a desk, found in it a sheet of notepaper and a pencil, and wrote rapidly:

> *Dear Mr. Brown:*
>
> If my maid comes before you do I am going. I can't help it. The maid will stay to look after Clarence until I can return with some of the family. I don't mean to be rude, but I simply cannot stand what you told me about our—about what you told me. . . . I'm sorry you tore your clothes.
>
> It is unendurable for a girl to think that there is no freedom of choice in life left her—to be forced, by what you say are occult currents, into friendship—with a perfectly strange man at the other end. So I don't think we had better ever again attempt to find anybody to present us to each other. This doesn't sound right, but you will surely understand.
>
> Please do not misjudge me. I must appear to you uncivil, ungrateful and childish—but I am, somehow, a little frightened. I know you are perfectly nice—but all that has happened is almost, in a way, terrifying to me. Not that I am cowardly; but you *must* understand. You will—won't you? . . . But what is the use of my asking you, as I shall never see you again.
>
> So I am only going to thank you, and say ("*with all my heart*" crossed out), very cordially, that you have been most kind, most generous and considerate—most—most——

Her pencil faltered; she looked into space, and the image of Beekman Brown, pleasant-eyed, attractive, floated unbidden out of vacancy and looked at her.

She stared back at the vision curiously, more curiously as her mind evoked the agreeable details of his features, resting there, chin on the back of her hand, from which, presently, the pencil fell unheeded.

What could he be doing upstairs all this while? She had not heard him for many minutes now. Why was he so still?

Scarcely knowing what she did she mounted on tiptoe to the second floor, listening. The silence troubled her; she went from room to room, opening doors and clothes-presses. Then she mounted to the third floor, searching more quickly. On the fourth floor she called to him in a voice not quite steady. There was no reply.

Alarmed now, she hurriedly flung open doors everywhere, then, picking up her rose-silk skirts, she ran to the top floor and called tremulously.

A faint sound answered; bewildered, she turned to the first closet at hand, and her cheeks suddenly blanched as she sprang to the door of the cedar press and tore it wide open.

He was lying on his face amid a heap of rolled rugs, clothes-hangers and furs, quite motionless.

She knew enough to run into the servants' rooms, fling open the windows and, with all the strength in her young body, drag the inanimate youth across the floor and into the fresh air.

Then, ashy of lip and cheek, she took hold of Brown and, lashing her memory to help her in the emergency, performed for that inanimate gentleman the rudiments of an exercise which, if done properly, is supposed to induce artificial respiration.

It certainly induced something resembling it in Brown. After a while he made unlovely and inarticulate sounds; after a while the sounds became articulate. He said "Betty" several times, more or less distinctly. He opened one eye, then the other; then his hands closed on the hands that were holding his wrists; he looked up at her from where he lay on the floor. She, crouched beside him, eyes still dilated with the awful fear of death, looked back, breathless, trembling.

"That is a devil of a place, that closet," he said faintly.

She tried to smile, tried wearily to free her hands, watched them, dazed, being drawn toward him, drawn tight against his lips—felt his lips on them.

Then, without warning, an incredible thrill shot through her to the heart, stilling it, silencing pulse and breath—nay, thought itself. She heard him speaking; his words came to her like a dream:

"I cared for you. You give me life—and I adore you. . . . Let me. It will not harm you. The problem of life is solved for me; I have solved it; but unless some day you will prove it for me—Betty—the problem of life is but a sorry sum—a total of ciphers without end. . . . No other two people in all the world could be what we are and what we have been to each other. No other two people could dare to face what we dare face." He paused: "Dare we, Betty?"

Her eyes turned from his. He rose unsteadily, supported on one arm; she sprang to her feet, looked at him, and, as he made an awkward effort to rise, suddenly bent forward and gave him both hands in aid.

"Wait—wait!" she said; "let me try to think, if I can. Don't speak to me again."

But, at intervals, as they descended the flights of stairs, she turned instinctively to watch his progress, for he still moved with difficulty.

In the drawing-room they halted, he leaning heavily on the back of a chair, she, distrait, restless, pacing the polished parquet, treading her roses underfoot, turning from time to time to look at him—a strange, direct, pure-lidded gaze that seemed to freshen his very soul.

Once he stooped and picked up one of the trodden roses bruised by her foot; once, as she passed him, pacing absently the space between the door and him, he spoke her name.

But: "Wait!" she breathed. "You have said everything. It is for me to reply—if I speak at all. C-can't you wait for—me?"

"Have I angered you?"

She halted, head high, superb in her beauty.

"Do I look it?"

"I don't know."

"Nor I. Let me find out."

The room had become dimmer; the light on her hair and face and hands glimmered dully as she passed and repassed him in her restless progress—restless, dismayed, frightened progress toward a goal she already saw ahead—close ahead of her—every time she turned to look at him. She already knew the end.

That man! And she knew that already he must be, for her, something that she could never again forget—something she must reckon with forever and ever while life endured.

She paused and inspected him almost insolently. Suddenly the rush of the last revolt overwhelmed her; her eyes blazed, her hands tightened into two small, clenched fists—and then tumult died in her ringing ears, the brightness of the eyes was quenched, her hands relaxed, her head sank low, lower, never again to look on this man undismayed, heart-free, unafraid—never again to look into this man's eyes with the unthinking, unbelieving tranquillity born of the most harmless skepticism in the world.

She stood there in silence, heard his step beside her, raised her head with an effort.

"Betty!"

Her hands quivered, refusing surrender. He bent and lifted them, pressing them to his eyes, his forehead; then lowered them to the level of his lips, holding them suspended, eyes looking into hers, waiting.

Suddenly her eyes closed, a convulsive little tremor swept her, she pressed both clasped hands against his lips, her own moved, but no words came—only a long, sweet, soundless sigh, soft as the breeze that stirs the crimson maple buds when the snows of spring at last begin to melt.

From a dark corner under the piano Clarence watched them furtively.

(THE END)

"SINCERITY TALKS"
by
Walter D. Nesbit

WHAT YOU PAY AND WHAT YOU GET.

IF the average man doesn't get his money's worth he'll change dealers.

That's *business.* We'll do the same thing ourselves.

Take overcoats as an example. The value of an overcoat (as of a suit) is not what you pay for what you get; it *is* what you *get* for what you *pay.* If you would only get your wife or mother to help you buy your overcoat or suit, or your college boy's, you'd get the biggest overcoat-value and suit-value you ever *knew,* and you'd get the "Sincerity" kind. A woman never looks at the price mark *first* and the garment next. She looks at the *garment,* and *knows* about what the price should be.

You don't want to pay an outlandish price, even if you are buying the best overcoat in the world—and that's the point we are coming to. When you buy a "Sincerity" overcoat for yourself or your college boy you are getting more for your money than you get in any other overcoat—same as you get more in a "Sincerity" suit.

We think we *know* overcoats and overcoat-making; and there's a *whole lot* to know about them. An overcoat gets rougher wear than a suit. It is slammed around and jammed around; it gets the tough and trying treatment of the *worst* weather of the year—and it has to be mighty good to hold its shape and *hold its own.*

That's why we are confident that you will want a "*Sincerity*" overcoat. If you bought one last winter it still looks good and *is* good and ready for another winter with you. None of our overcoats are *skimpy;* all of them are stoutly made and have a *distinctiveness* you will admire. And the *goodness* of fit and fashion is *made* in the garment—put there to *stay put.*

For your college boy our "*Prep*" is the last word in overcoats for the knowing young fellows. Semi-form-fitting, vertical side-pockets, wide flaps, box collar, half-lined with serge, venetian or silk.

For yourself there are plenty of models: The *Grenadier,* the *St. George,* the *Gibson,* Auto coats and—

But our style book pictures them all; you see at a glance just which one is for you. Drop us a postal asking for it and it is on its way.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago.

Our label in every garment is your guaranty.

Two of many Sincerity Styles—"*Gibson*" at the left—"*Prep*" at the right

"THEY FIT ROYALLY"

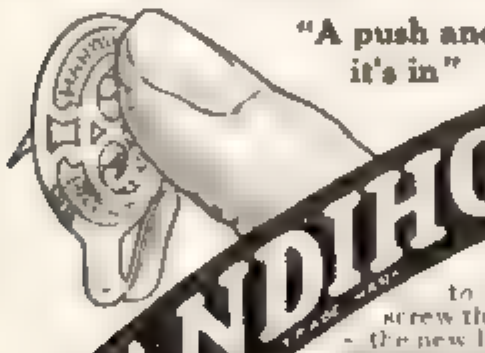
Emperor TRADE MARK
Shirts, $1.00 and up

Princely TRADE MARK
Shirts, 50¢ and 75¢

ATHLETICS have appreciably broadened men's shoulders and expanded chests. So many shirts do not fit, because they are drafted on material-saving, skimped patterns. "EMPEROR" and "PRINCELY" are cut much fuller than any other shirts. That accounts for their admirable drape, true balance and unerring fit.

Your dealer sells them. [illegible] "EMPEROR" [illegible] "PRINCELY" [illegible]

Phillips-Jones Company
502-504 Broadway, New York
Also Makers of "Jack-Rabbit" Work Shirts
Largest Shirt Manufacturers in the United States [illegible]



"A push and it's in"

HANDIHOOK TRADE MARK

You don't need to [illegible] or screw the **Handihook** — the new hanger. [illegible] Just push it in [illegible] hook [illegible]

The **Handihook** is designed to hang things up [illegible] the **Handihook** [illegible]

25c [illegible] 10c [illegible]

A. GOERTZ & CO. 282 Morris Ave. Newark, N. J.

No more holes in your stockings

You can wear stockings of the [illegible] and most delicate fabrics without having the toes poke through — no more irksome darning.

Togards

prevent [illegible] the toes of the stockings. They are [illegible] yarn [illegible] snugly and comfortably over the [illegible]

Light and sanitary. Absorb all natural moisture and are [illegible] not dyed — in sizes for men, women and [illegible]

10c a pair, 3 pairs 25c, 12 pairs $1. Sold only [illegible]

[illegible] prepaid on receipt of [illegible] and size of shoe

H. L. Nelke & Co.
2149 N. Warnock Street
Philadelphia

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 44 Marquette Bldg. Chicago [illegible] Wright Bldg. St. Louis [illegible] Tremont Bldg. Boston [illegible] Columbia Bldg. San Francisco [illegible] Central Bldg. Los Angeles

Oddities and Novelties

Of Every-Day Science

What Kills in the Mines

KNOWLEDGE in regard to the causes of mining disasters is being reduced, nowadays, to a scientific basis. One fact ascertained, for example, is that the much-dreaded "firedamp," long regarded as mysterious, is simply natural gas—the stuff which people in Pittsburg and elsewhere utilize commonly for culinary and other purposes.

A mixture of eight per cent. of this gas with atmospheric air, in an inclosed space, is the most dangerous possible combination. If the percentage be less or greater the peril is diminished. Such a mixture is readily ignited by the so-called "safety-explosives" which are largely employed in coal mines at the present time. That such is the case has been proved only recently by experiments made by Professor J. A. Holmes at the fuel-testing plant of the United States Geological Survey in Pittsburg.

For tests of this kind use is made of a specially-constructed apparatus, consisting most importantly of a metal cylinder, one hundred feet long and six feet in diameter. At one end of the tube is a huge block of concrete, in the middle of which a small cannon is embedded. An observer, stationed sixty feet away, fires the cannon by an electric spark, causing it to discharge a small load of dynamite through the cylinder. In order that the latter may not burst it is provided along its length, on the top, with a series of iron lids, which are thrown up and back by the explosion, permitting the expanding gases to escape.

By experiments with this apparatus it has been satisfactorily proved that coal dust really does explode—a fact which hitherto has been in dispute. In the light of knowledge thus gained it seems beyond a doubt that the disaster at Monongah, West Virginia, last December, which was the greatest mining catastrophe in the history of this country, costing 356 lives, was caused by a coal-dust explosion. Apparently, an original ignition of firedamp turns coal dust into coal gas, which takes fire, the explosion following it.

Such an accident, however, may easily result from a "blown-out shot"—that is to say, from a charge of explosive which, as occasionally happens, instead of rending apart the coal, is thrown out into the mine. This kind of accident is purposely imitated by the discharge of the dynamite from the cannon. So far as the experiments have gone, however, it would appear that bituminous, rather than anthracite, coal dust responds explosively in this manner.

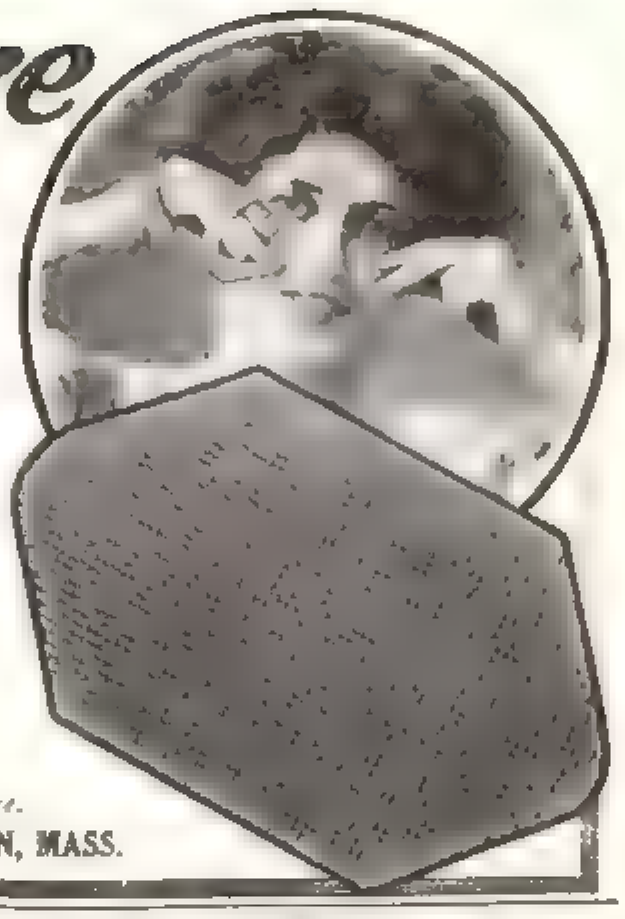
Fur-Bearing Sheep

AS A POSSIBLE source of fur supply the Bureau of Animal Industry is disposed to think favorably of a plan for introducing into this country the Bokhara sheep, which furnishes all of the so-called astrakhan, or Persian lamb.

The name "astrakhan" is taken from that of the Russian town, a port of the Caspian Sea, which holds a sort of monopoly in the trade in such furs. But the region in which the sheep are raised is the neighborhood of the Bokharan village of Karakul, which has been famous for the industry for many centuries.

These sheep are known as Karakul, or Bokhara sheep. They are a variety of the fat-tailed race, which is supposed to have originated in Syria. Of medium size, their fleece is very thick and coarse, and grayish-brown in color. But the new-born lambs have silky and glossy wool, arranged in little ringlets, closely set and tightly curled. It is they that supply the much valued furs.

Between the dull and coarse fleece of the mothers and the delicate, jet-black wool of the lambkins the contrast is remarkable. The beauty of the latter does not last long, however. Four or five days after the birth of the lamb its fleece loses its gloss and pretty curliness, wherefore it is necessary to kill the unlucky animal as quickly as possible after it comes into the world in order to get the fur in its most valuable condition.



Like Nature

If you will work with nature and help throw off the dead skin, oily wastes and dust caps, a clean complexion will come as a natural result. Bailey's

Rubber Complexion Brush

stimulates the pores and facial muscles to action and lets beauty in. The peculiar circular, biting edges of the

Flat-Ended Teeth

give a result that ordinary massage cannot accomplish [illegible] by its use in the bath the whole body is kept clean because it works with nature.

BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES are all made this way. Mailed for price. *Beware of imitations.* [illegible]

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	$ .50
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller	.50
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.00
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)	.50

100 page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.

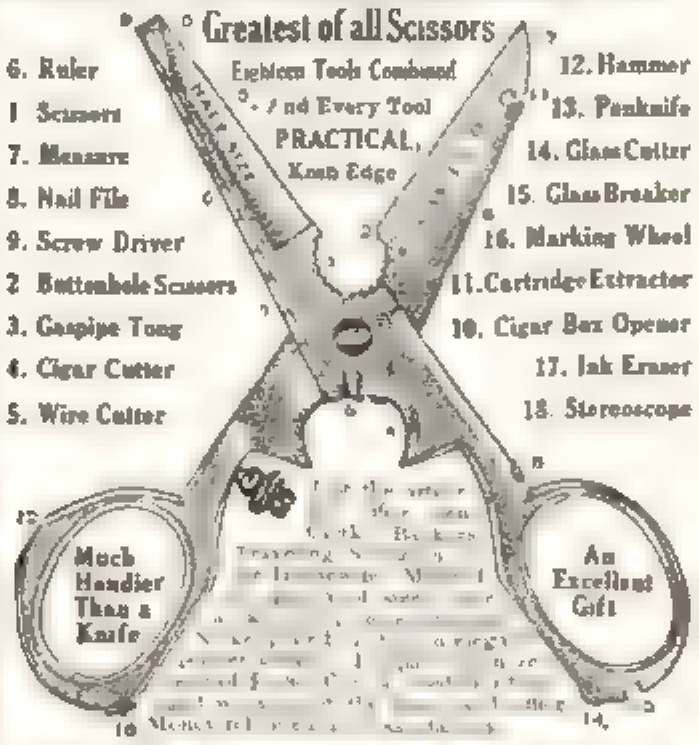
SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.

A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York



WM. C. HOCKING & CO., 466 Marine Bldg., Chicago

"Shows Only the Reflection"

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Withstands the hardest usage. Use "61" on the floors throughout your house and the children can't [illegible] the finish no matter where they play. "61" is heat proof and water proof.

Send for Free Sample Panel finished with "61" floor varnish— stamp on it with your heel or hit it with a hammer. You may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish. Ask your dealer for "61"—if he hasn't it, write us. Ask for free booklet.

PRATT & LAMBERT-Inc.
83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
NEW YORK [illegible] BUFFALO [illegible] CHICAGO [illegible]

MENTOR

Comfort Unions

give a new idea of what underwear comfort really is.

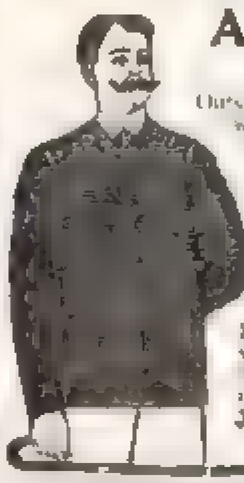
No drawers to slip down, no shirt to crawl up, no double thickness about the waist. Elastic, porous, absorbent *and* comfortable.

Free Samples

of the many fabrics in which they are made and a very unusual book about union suits for the asking. *Write to-day*

MENTOR KNITTING MILLS
86 Bank Street, Cleveland, Ohio

PATENTS Books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services. I PROCURE PATENTS THAT PROTECT. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.



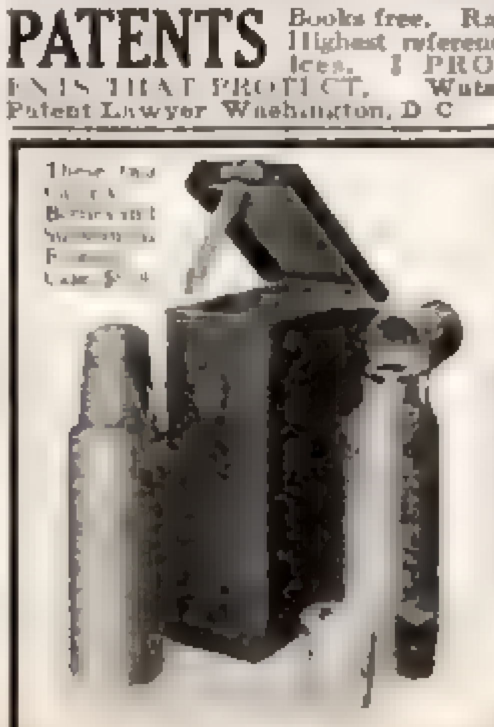
Automobile Jackets,
BLIZZARD PROOF

[illegible]

PARKER'S Arctic Jacket

[illegible]

JOHN H. PARKER CO., Dept. 87
25 James St., Malden, Mass.



CALORIS BOTTLE

Two bottles—Pint Size, Wicker Covered With Fibroid Case, (Exactly like Cut). **$6.00**

Whether the drink is to be kept ice cold for eighty-four hours or steaming hot for thirty, [illegible] CALORIS Bottle. [illegible] use in the kitchen, sickroom [illegible]. The very thing to take along on a day's outing. **"The Best Part of the Luncheon is in the CALORIS Bottle."** The CALORIS is a *guaranteed* thermal bottle. It is also the lowest in price. The $6.00 set shown in cut makes a most acceptable holiday gift—one that will please with its novelty, and that will delight with its everyday usefulness. Filled and emptied like an ordinary glass bottle. Be sure you get a CALORIS and not a high-priced substitute.

Individual Bottles: Metal Covered—Pints, $1.50, Quarts [illegible]
Wicker Covered—Pints, $3.00, Quarts [illegible]
Sent anywhere in United States prepaid on receipt of price. Guaranteed satisfactory [illegible]

CALORIS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 2118 Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Nothing "Pinched"—Nothing "Skimped" in This $1500 Car

Without going into the technical details of motor car construction, please answer this question:

Some cars have *four brakes*—two sets—both sets acting directly on the rear wheels without throwing *any* strain on the machinery.

Other cars have *three brakes*—one set of two acting on the rear wheels—and the other *single* brake (the one most used) acting on the power transmission.

The cars with three brakes throw most of the braking strain on the very shaft and gears where the constant driving strain is greatest.

And the only excuse for the three-brake car is that three brakes are cheaper to install than four.

But the economy stops when the car is built. For that single transmission brake, doing the work of two brakes, and throwing its strain on the driving mechanism will cost you many times, in the end, what an extra set of brakes on the wheels would have cost at the outset.

The question is: Do you want a car whose makers "skimp" and "pinch" on quality in order to make an attractive first-cost price?

Or do you want a car built to give long, satisfactory service—a car that embodies the best, the surest, the safest construction that eight years of successful experience have taught?

The $1500 five-passenger, four cylinder Mitchell is such a car.

There is nothing "pinched"—nothing "skimped."

Instead, more than $300 worth of extra automobile value has been added. A $150 Splitdorf Magneto—extra large tires—and other features that add to the comfort, economy, certainty and safety of motoring.

The Mitchell car has four rear-wheel brakes—and no transmission brake.

But the brakes are merely an illustration.

There are countless other ways in which some manufacturers cheapen their cars. And countless other cases where the Mitchell has adopted the costliest construction because it is the best.

Please examine all the other cars at near the Mitchell price; see how ingeniously some makers have cheapened their cars—at your expense.

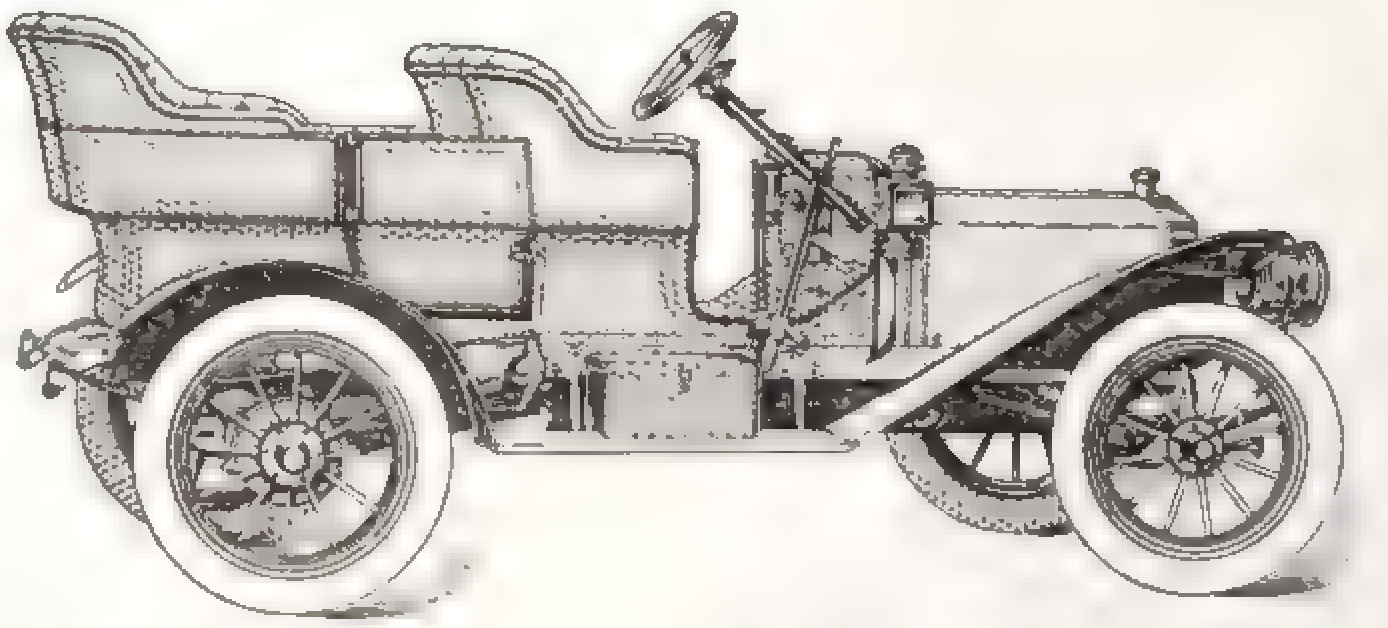
Cylinders cast in one piece, instead of separately—important bearings omitted—insufficient tires furnished—a hundred other "economies" that must eventually come out of the car owner's pocket.

Then see the splendid $1500 Mitchell and judge for yourself which car you want.

Mitchell

New Model K (1909 model) including $150 Splitdorf Magneto—32x4 in. tires—and $300 worth of actual extra Automobile value which you can get in no other car of its price, Touring Car or Roadster,—price

$1500



Avoid "Automobile Troubles" by Buying the Right Car

The way to avoid automobile troubles is to avoid buying the wrong car.

Tire trouble, for example, is frequently due not to the tires themselves but to the fact that manufacturers, in order to economize, equip their cars with tires that are too small for the strains which they must stand.

You can avoid this needless tire trouble by buying the $1500 Mitchell car described here. This car is equipped with 32 x 4 inch tires when, theoretically, 30 x 3½ inch tires would be big enough.

Another common automobile trouble is ignition trouble.

Many manufacturers skimp their cars by equipping them with a battery of dry cells costing 70 cents and by providing a place for you to attach the right kind of sparking device when, by painful road experience, you find that the dry cell battery will not do.

The new $1500 Mitchell car comes to you equipped, not only with the dry cell battery, but with a $150 *Splitdorf Magneto* direct connected with the engine.

Such equipment is a guarantee against ignition troubles.

Still another common automobile trouble is the trouble of overheated engines—caused by insufficient lubrication—inefficient water cooling.

We build the $1500 Mitchell to stay cool on the desert sands of Nevada. We use the best method of lubrication that can be found in any car regardless of price. We pump just twice as much water through the water jackets, per minute, as any other car. That is why the Mitchell engine stays cool—that is why it will run cheerfully and smoothly through the most trying ordeal you will ever give it.

There are axle troubles, there are carburettor troubles, transmission troubles, crank shaft troubles—troubles uncounted—that beset the man who buys the *wrong* car.

But in the Mitchell, just as we have eliminated possible brake trouble, possible tire trouble, possible ignition trouble, possible overheated engine trouble—just so have we eliminated all of the other troubles which eight years of motor car experience have developed.

In these eight years we have built more than 8,000 Mitchell cars. $11,000,000.00 worth of Mitchell cars now in active, satisfactory service on the road.

And the result is a car at a low price, containing perfections, refinements, superiorities of the kind that come only with experience.

And more

It is not enough for us to know that our design is right, that our material is perfect, that our workmanship is of the best.

It is not enough for us to know that the 8,000 cars that we have made are right.

We must know that *the particular car you buy* is right.

So we test it as though we were making a car a year, instead of fifteen cars a day.

We test it on the roughest roads of eastern Wisconsin—we give it actual road punishment of from 100 to 250 miles—over hills—through sand—on straight stretches—the kind of a test you would give it if you were testing it yourself.

Compare this four-cylinder, five-passenger $1500 Mitchell with any of the other cars at near the Mitchell price. Or compare it with the best American cars, no matter what their cost or pretensions.

You will not find in any of them more vanadium or nickel steel. You will not find more perfect engines. You will not find a proven superiority which this $1500 Mitchell lacks.

This $1500 Mitchell is an imposing looking car.

It has a wheel base of 105 inches. The body is wholly of metal. The upholstering is luxurious. The wheels are big—32 inches—fitted with detachable rims and *four-inch tires.*

The engine is housed under a big, handsome hood. The four cylinders are cast separately, as the best engines always are. 28-30 horsepower.

Aluminum castings are employed wherever possible—only we go to the trouble and expense of strengthening them with bronze where there is wear and strain.

There are two complete ignition systems—the $150 Splitdorf magneto, geared direct to the engine, and a regular battery system.

The lubricating system is the best that we have found in eight years of experience—certain in operation, economical in oil.

The transmission is of the selective sliding gear type—as in $5000 to $7000 cars.

The battery and tool boxes, made of baked enamel steel, are furnished without extra expense to you.

The tonneau is detachable—and you have your choice of either tonneau, surrey body rumble seat roadster, or runabout deck at the $1500 price.

Complete specifications and photographs of the working parts will be gladly sent.

Don't buy *any* car until you know all about this wonderful $1500 Mitchell K. Please use the coupon.

Mitchell Motor Car Co., Racine, Wis.
Standard Manufacturers, A. M. C. M. A.

You may send me a detailed description of your new $1500 Model K.

Name ____________

Address ____________

B A

EASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 6)

"Then, if you don't mind, you may leave me a call for five o'clock;" and Mr. Daw nonchalantly yawned.

There came a knock at the door.

"I'm sorry you have to leave us so soon, Mr. Daw," said Wix, admitting the clerk with the wine, and speaking with much regret in his tone.

"I'll clink glasses with you, anyhow, old sport," offered Daw, accepting the inevitable gracefully, after the clerk had gone. "I don't know what your game is, but here's to it! Always remember, though, that I located this three thousand for you. I hate to leave it here. It was such easy money."

Easy money! Again that phrase rang in the ears of young Wix, as he walked home, as he stood at his gate looking over at the second-story window of the Gilman house, and as he lay upon his pillow. To dwell in perpetual ease, to be surrounded with endless luxury, to spend money prodigally in all the glitter and pomp of the places that had been built at the demand of extravagance: these things had become an obsession with him—yet, for them, he was not willing to work and wait.

VI

GILMAN felt that he had lost vast estates, when, upon calling at the hotel in the morning, he found that Mr. Daw had left upon an early train. He was worried, too, that he had not been able to see Wix before he started downtown. Most opportunely, however, Wix sauntered out of Sam Glidden's cigar store, opposite the hotel, as Gilman emerged upon the street.

"When's the funeral?" asked Wix. "You look like a sick-headache feels."

"Daw has gone, and without leaving me any word," quavered Gilman. "I suppose he'll—he'll probably write to me, though."

"I'm betting that he has writer's cramp every time he tries it," asserted Wix.

"But I signed an agreement with him last night. He must write."

"Does this look anything like that agreement," asked Wix, and from his pocket drew the document, torn once across each way. Gilman gazed at the pieces blankly. "I got it away from him, and tore it up myself, last night," continued Wix. "Also I ran the gentleman out of town on the five-thirty-seven this morning, headed due East and still going."

"What do you mean?" gasped Gilman. "Why, man, you've taken away the only chance I had to get even. I *have* to make money, I tell you!"

"Be calm, little Cliffy," admonished Wix soothingly. "I'm going to get it it's money. Look here, Gilman, this man was a fake and I made him say so, but his coming here gave me an idea. I'm going to open a bucket-shop, and you're going to back it."

"Not a bucket-shop!" objected Gilman, aghast at the very name.

"Yes, a bucket-shop. Do you know how they operate? Of course not, merely having played against them. Well, suppose you gamble a thousand bushels of wheat on a two-cent margin, holding for a two-cent advance. What happens to your twenty dollars? The bucket expert first takes out his buying commission of one-fourth cent a bushel. A straight broker takes off one-eighth cent, but your man milks you for a nifty little total of two dollars and a half, because you're a piker. If wheat goes down one and three-fourths cents you lose the other seventeen-fifty, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted Gilman.

"If it goes up two cents the man closes the deal and takes out another one-fourth cent a bushel for closing. That's another two-fifty. You get back thirty-five dollars. Your bucket-shop man is practically betting fifteen dollars of his money against twenty of yours on worse than an even break. Pretty good game for the bucket-shop man, isn't it? But there's more. He don't take as much risk as matching pennies on a three-to-four shot. Suppose he has one man betting that wheat will go up and another that it will go down. Each man puts up twenty, and one must lose. The man with the bucket runs no chances, and every time he takes in forty dollars he pays out only thirty-five of it. Twelve and one-half per cent. of all the money that passes through his hands stays there. Moreover, the winner puts his right back into the game, and the loser rakes up more, to win back what he lost. Pretty syrupy, eh? The only trouble with you is that you have been playing this game from the wrong end. Now, you're going to play it from the inside. I'm going to rent an office to-day. You're to back me to the extent of three thousand dollars, and we'll split the profits."

Gilman's eyes glistened. He was one who did his thinking by proxy, and reflected enthusiasm with vast ease.

"Do you suppose it would take the three thousand all at once?" he asked with some anxiety.

"No, we won't need it in a lump," Wix decided, after some sharp thought over Gilman's nervousness; "but it must be where we can get all or any part of it at a minute's notice."

Gilman drew such an obvious breath of relief that Wix became once more thoughtful; but it was a thoughtfulness that brought with it only hardening of the jaw and steeling of the eyes.

VII

WITHIN three days, Wix, who was a curious blend of laziness and energy, had fitted up an office in a sample-room leading off the lobby of the Grand Hotel. Over the name on the door he puzzled somewhat, and it was only his hatred for every component syllable of "Jonathan Reuben Wix" that caused the sign to finally appear as "La Salle Grain and Stock Brokerage Company." The walls were freshly papered in deep red, a thick, red carpet was put upon the floor, a resplendent cashier's wicket and desk were installed, fine leather-padded chairs faced a neatly-ruled blackboard; and the speculative element of Filmore walked right into its first home bucket-shop and made itself at home. It was a positive pleasure to lose money there, and it was a joy to have young Wix take it. He did it so jovially.

Punctually every evening Wix handed to Gilman his half of the profits on the trades closed that day, and each week the profits became larger. Gilman was thrown into a constant state of delight; Wix bought him a horse and buggy. Gilman saw fortune just ahead of him; Wix saw something else. It pained him to note that Filmore was optimistic. There were many more bulls than bears, which was not the ideal condition. There should have been a bear to offset every bull, in which case the La Salle Grain and Stock Brokerage Company would have run no risk whatever.

Of course, the inevitable happened. All the wheat and stock gamblers of Filmore got in on a strong bull market and stayed in. When the market finally turned back and the "longs" were frightened out, the crash came, and every dollar was lost of the original three thousand. Wix, having anticipated the possibility of such an event, was disappointed but "game." Gilman, having more at stake and being at best a cheerful winner only, was frantic.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" he moaned, over and over.

"Dig up more money," Wix cheerfully advised him.

"I can't!" cried Gilman. "I've gone now even deeper than I dared." He was silent for a long time. Great beads of perspiration came on his brow. His hair was wet. "Wix," he finally burst out, "I've got to tell you something; something that no living creature knows but me."

"No, you don't!" Wix sharply stopped him. "If you have any secrets keep them to yourself. I am stone deaf."

Gilman's eyes widened with a look of positive terror. For the first time in his life he had met that glare in the eyes of a supposed friend which denied friendship, sentiment or emotion of any sort; that told only of cold self-interest. Two or three times he essayed to speak, but he could not. He only stood with his sides heaving, like a spent dog.

"There is no use whining about this thing," Wix went on sharply. "We've got to raise money, and that's all there is to it. How about your profits that I've been handing you? I've spent mine."

There was no answer.

"You said something about owing four hundred dollars before we began," Wix went on. "I suppose you repaid that—that loan."

Gilman dumbly nodded.

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We now give our legal guarantee that six pairs will wear six months, and if any fail to do so we will replace them with new socks free of charge.

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16 inches long 8 wide, 10 deep, price $1.50
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On receipt of price, we will ship either of these bags to any address in the United States, and we, ourselves, will prepay the express. If the bag is not perfectly satisfactory we will refund your money. References, Dun and Bradstreet.
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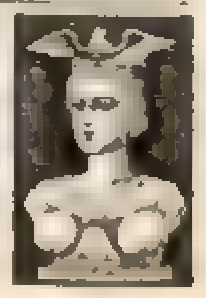

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Florsheim "natural shaped" lasts mean utmost comfort while Florsheim style is the kind that leads and never follows. Most styles $5 and $6.

Write for style book

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Chicago, U. S. A.

"I've paid you over a thousand dollars rake-off. I suppose you saved the rest of it?"

Again Gilman nodded his head

"Well, bring me that six hundred or whatever it is"

Gilman mechanically produced it, all in one-hundred-dollar bills folded very flat

That morning Wix faced the business anew with six hundred dollars, and felt keenly his limited capital. His severe losses had been a good advertisement, and every man who had won a dollar was prepared to put it back. Wix, with a steady hand at the helm, stood through this crisis most admirably, refusing trades from buyers until he had sellers enough to offset them, and refusing excess trades from sellers until he had buyers to balance Within two weeks he had a comfortable little sum, but now the daily division of spoils brought no balm to Gilman. He was suddenly old, and upon his face were appearing lines that would last him throughout his life. Upon the florid countenance of Wix there was not even the shadow of a crease.

"Good money, boy," said he to Gilman, upon the day he handed over the completion of five hundred dollars. "This business is like a poker game. If the players stick at it long enough the kitty will have all the money."

"I don't want it all," replied Gilman wearily. "Wix, if I ever get back the twenty-five hundred dollars that it will take to make me square, I swear before my Maker," and he held up his trembling, white hand "never to touch another investment outside the bank as long as I live."

"Your liver must be the color of a sick salmon," retorted Wix, but nevertheless he was himself disillusioned. The bucket-shop business was not what he had imagined it to be. It was not "easy money!" It had fluctuations, must be constantly watched, was susceptible to bankruptcy and meant work! The ideal enterprise was one which, starting from nothing, involved no possible loss; which yielded a large block of cold cash within a short time, and which was then ended. Daw's idea was the most ideal that had come under his observation That was really an admirable scheme of Daw's, except for one very serious drawback. It was dangerous Now, if as clever a plan, and one without any menace from the law, could only be hinged upon some more legitimate business say a bucket-shop concern . . .

There is no analyzing a creation, an invention. It is not deliberately worked out, step by step It is a flash of genius At this moment young Wix created. The principle he evolved was, in fact, to stand him in good stead in a score of "safe" operations, but, just now, it was a gaudy new thing, and its beauty almost blinded him. The same idea had been used by many men before him, but Wix did not know this, and he created it anew.

VIII

"SAM," said Wix to the cigar-store man next morning, "I want you to invest in The La Salle Grain and Stock Brokerage Company"

"Not any," declared Sam "You have two hundred of my money now"

"Not the entire roll," denied Wix "I only got twelve and one-half per cent"

"If you'd take twelve and a half per cent eight times you'd have it all," retorted Sam. "That's why I quit. I stood to lose two hundred dollars on a seven-point drop, or win a hundred and seventy-five on an eight-point raise. When I finally figured out that I had the tweezers into my hair going and coming, I didn't wish any more"

"But suppose I'd offer you a chance to stand on the other side of the counter and take part of the change?"

"I'd let you stand right here and talk a while What's the matter?"

"Haven't capital enough," explained Wix. "I think I refused to take a trade of yours one time, just because I had to play safe. I had to be in position to pay off all my losses or quit business"

"How much are you increasing?" asked Glidden, interested

"A twenty-five-thousand-dollar stock company: two hundred and fifty shares at a hundred dollars each."

"I might take a share or two," said Sam.

"You'll take twenty," declared Wix quite sure of himself "I want four

Push the Button-and Rest

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Send for FREE Booklet, "A Revelation in Comfort," containing 85 designs from $6.00 to $50.00 that tells why there is no chair like the

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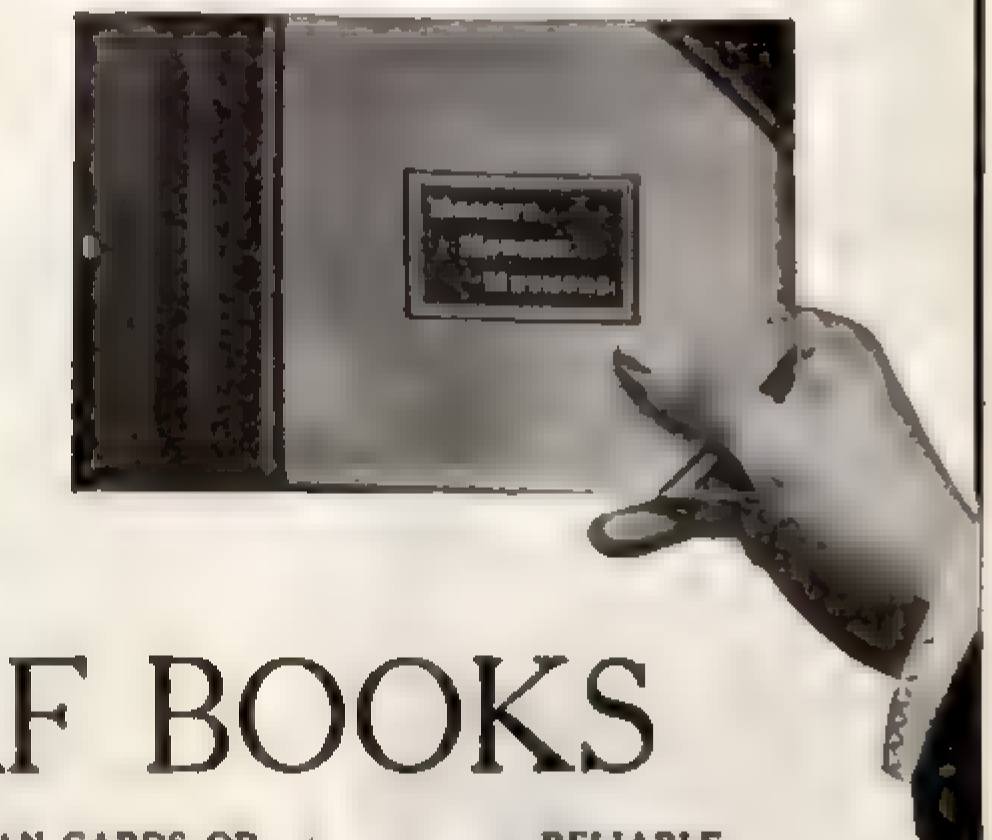
Free Instruction in Loose Leaf Record Keeping

The only condition to this offer is that you write for the book on business stationery.



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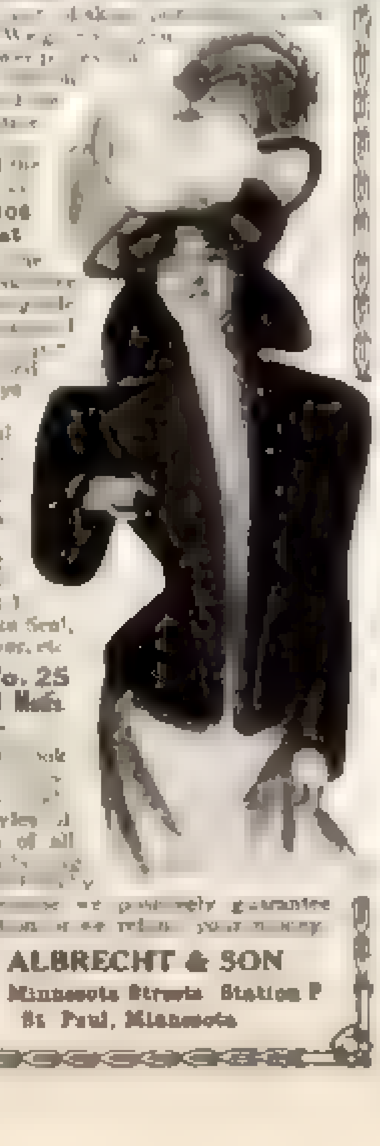

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incorporators besides myself, and I want you to be one of them."

"Is that getting me the stock any cheaper?"

"Fifty per cent.; two thousand dollars' worth for a thousand. After we five incorporators are in we'll raise the price to par and not sell a share for a cent less."

"How much do you get out of this?" he asked, with a leer of understanding.

"Ten per cent. for selling the stock, and have the new company buy over the present one for ten thousand dollars' worth of shares."

"I thought so," said Glidden with a grin. "Fixtures, established business and good will, I suppose."

Wix chuckled.

"You put it in the loveliest words," he admitted.

"You're a bright young man," said Glidden admiringly. "You'd better pay for those fixtures and put in the whole business at five hundred."

"What do you suppose I'm enlarging the thing for except to increase my income?" Wix demanded. "With ten thousand dollars' worth of stock I'd only get two-fifths of the profit, when I've been getting it all heretofore. As a matter of fact, I'm doing pretty well not to try to capture the majority."

They both laughed upon this, and Glidden capitulated. Within forty-eight hours Wix had his four directors, all ex-traders, who would rather make money than gamble, and each willing to put in a thousand dollars. As soon as they were incorporated they paid Wix his hundred shares for the old business, and that developing financier started out to sell the balance of the stock, on commission.

It was an easy task, for his fellow-directors did all the advertising for him. Practically, all he had to do was to deliver the certificates and collect. It was while he was engaged in this pleasant occupation that he went to Gilman with a blank certificate for twenty-five shares.

"I think you said, Gilman, that if you could get your remaining twenty-five hundred dollars out of the La Salle you'd be satisfied, didn't you?"

"Satisfied!" gasped Gilman. "Just show me how it can be done!"

"Here's twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of stock in the new company I've incorporated from the old one, and it's selling—at par—like beer at a German picnic."

"That would ruin me," he said. "You must sell it for me or I'm gone. Why, Wix, this new State bank inspection law has just gone into effect, and there may be an inspector at the bank any day."

"I see," said Wix slowly, looking him straight in the eye, "and they may object to Smalley's having loaned you that money on insufficient security. Well, I'll see what I can do."

Nevertheless, he let Gilman's stock lie while he sold the treasury shares, and, the market being still so eager that it seemed a shame not to supply it, *he sold his own!*

There was now time for Gilman, and Wix, with an artistic eye for dramatic propinquities, presented his proposition to no less a person than Smalley, grinning, however, as he went in.

"I couldn't think of such a thing, sir," squeaked that gentleman. "I'll have nothing to do with gambling in any way, shape or form."

"No," agreed Wix, and carefully closed the door of Smalley's private office. "Well, this isn't gambling, Mr. Smalley. It's only the people outside who gamble. The La Salle doesn't propose to take any chances; it only takes commissions," and he showed to Mr. Smalley, very frankly, a record of his transactions, including the one disastrous period for the purpose of pointing out the flaw that had brought it about.

Smalley inspected those figures long and earnestly, while Wix sat back smiling. He had penetrated through that leathery exterior, had discovered what no one else would have suspected: that in Smalley himself there ran a long-leashed gambling instinct.

"But I couldn't possibly have my name connected with a matter of this sort," was Smalley's last citadel of objection.

"Why should you?" agreed Wix, and then a diabolical thought came to him, in the guise of an exquisite joke. He had great difficulty in repressing a chuckle as he suggested it. "Why not put the stock in Gilman's name?"

"It might be a very bad influence for the young man," protested Smalley virtuously, but clutching at the suggestion. "He is thoroughly trustworthy, however, and I suppose I can explain it to him as being a really conservative investment that should have no publicity. I think you said, Mr. Wix, that there are only twenty-five shares remaining to be sold."

"That's all," Wix assured him. "You couldn't secure another share if you wanted it."

"Very well, then, I think I shall take it."

"I have the certificate in my pocket," said Wix, and he produced the identical certificate that he had offered Gilman some days before. It had already been signed by the complacent Sam Glidden as secretary. "Make this out to Gilman, shall I?" asked Wix, seating himself at Smalley's desk, and poising his pen above the certificate.

"I believe so," assented Smalley, pursing up his lips.

With a smile all of careless pleasure with the world, Wix wrote the name of Clifford M. Gilman, and signed the certificate as president.

"Now, your check, Mr. Smalley, for twenty-five hundred, and the new La Salle Company is completely filled up, ready to start in business on a brand-new basis."

With his lips still pursed, Smalley made out that check, and Wix shook hands with him most cordially as he left the room. Outside the door he chuckled. He was still smiling when he walked up to the cashier's wicket, where young Gilman sat tense and white-faced. Wix indorsed the check, and handed it through the wicket.

"Here's your twenty-five hundred, Cliff," said he. "You can turn it over on the books of the bank as soon as you like."

Gilman strove to voice his great relief, but his lips quivered and his eyes filled, and he could only turn away speechless. Wix had gone out, and Gilman was still holding in his nerveless fingers the check that had saved him, when Smalley appeared at his side.

"Ah," said Smalley; "I see you have the check I gave Mr. Wix. Did he deposit?"

"No, sir," replied Gilman, in a low voice; "he took currency."

Mr. Smalley visibly winced.

"A bill of exchange might have done him just as well," he protested. "No non-employing person has need of actual currency in that amount. I'm afraid young Wix is very extravagant—very. By the way, Mr. Gilman, I have been forced, for protection and very much against my will, to take some stock in an enterprise with which I cannot have my name associated for very obvious business reasons; so I have taken the liberty of having the stock made out in your name," and, before young Gilman's eyes, he spread his twenty-five-share certificate of The La Salle Grain and Stock Brokerage Company.

Gilman, pale before, went suddenly ghastly. The blow of mockery had come too soon upon the heels of his relief.

"I can't have it," he managed to stammer through parched lips. "I must refuse, sir. I—I cannot be connected in any way with that business, Mr. Smalley. I—I abhor it. Never, as long as I live ——"

Suddenly the fish-white face and staring eyes of Gilman were not in the line of Mr. Smalley's astonished vision, for Gilman had slid to the floor, between his high stool and his desk. Sam Glidden, coming into the bank a moment after, found Smalley working feverishly over the prostrate form of his feebly-reviving clerk.

IX

JUST as Jonathan Reuben Wix reached his home a delivery man was taking in at the front door a fine dresser trunk. On the porch stood a new alligator traveling-bag, and a big, new suitcase of thick sole leather, trimmed profusely with the most expensive knobs and clamps, and containing as elaborate a toilet set as is made for the use of men. In the hall he found five big pasteboard boxes from his tailor. He had the trunk and the suitcase and the traveling-bag delivered up to his room; the clothing he carried up himself.

That morning he had dressed himself in new linen throughout. Now he took off the suit he wore and put on one of the new business suits. He opened half a dozen huge bundles of haberdashery that he had purchased within the past week, and began packing them in his trunk. Underwear,

(Continued on Page 32)

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For Men and Women

are unusually comfortable as well as exceptionally strong and durable. They are *right* from top to toe, being made of the best selected yarns and dyed with the best non-fading colors. A special treatment gives the yarn triple strength, which means that no darning is required—and *that* is why DARNOMORE Hose are

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Representatives wanted.

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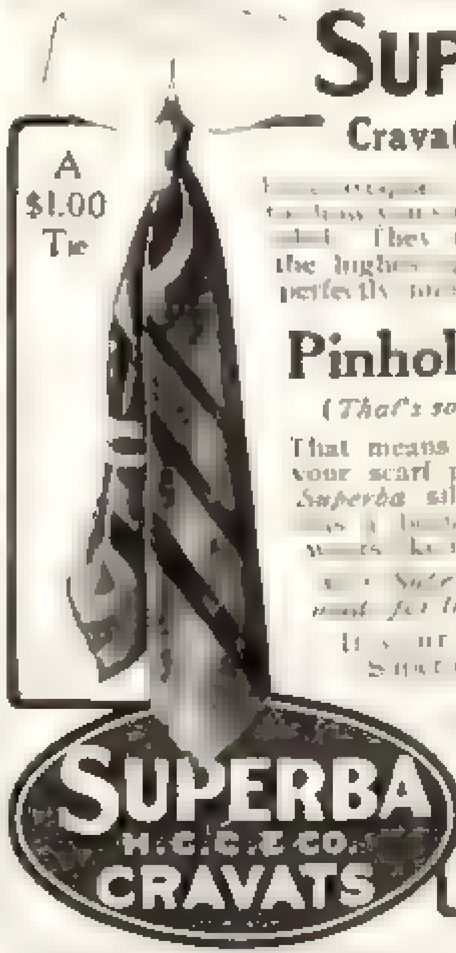

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There's a store in your town which sells Libbey Cut Glass—The World's very best—But be sure it is Libbey before you buy. The name Libbey is 'graven in the glass.

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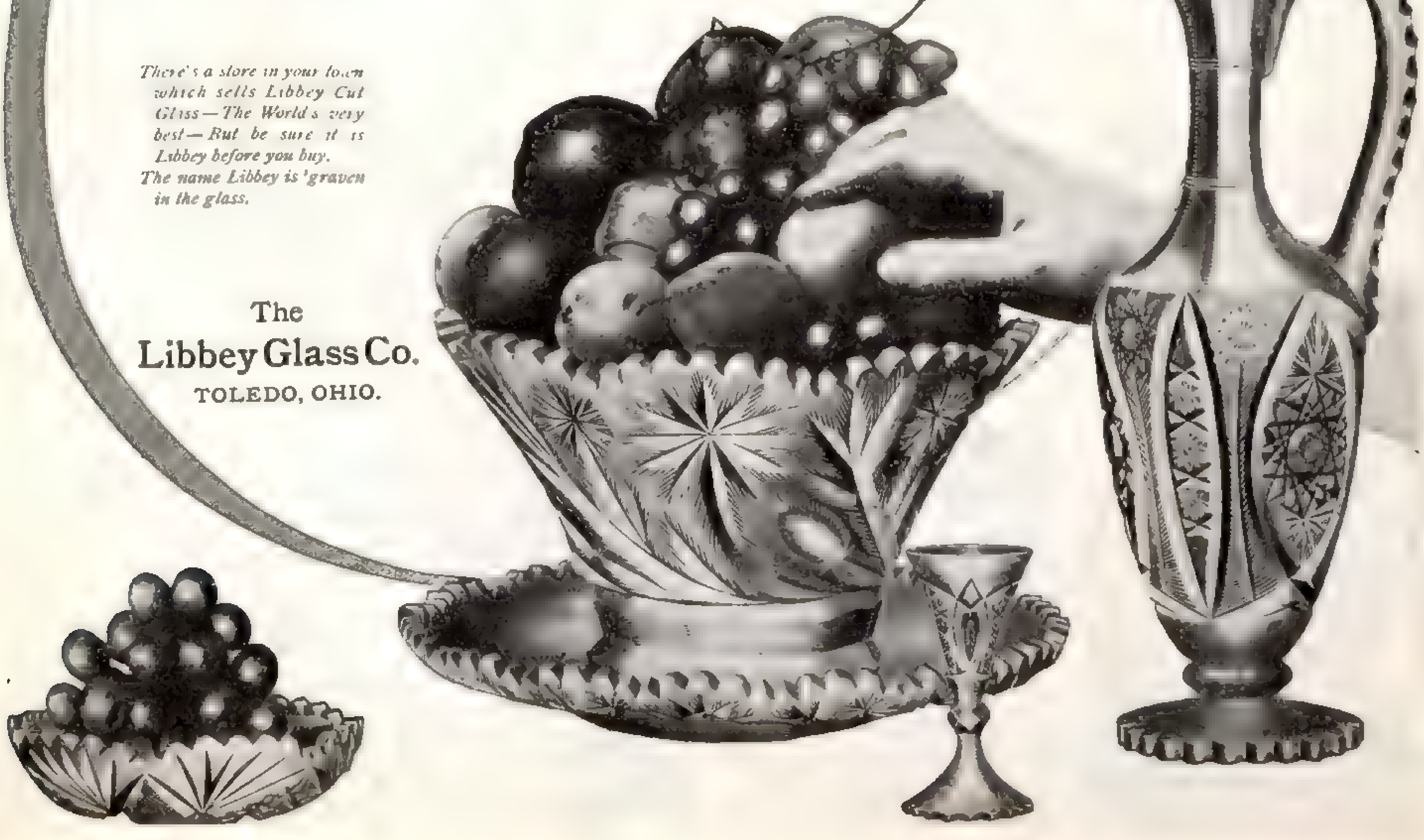

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shirts, socks, collars, cravats, everything brand new and of the choicest quality. He packed away the other new business suit, the "Prince Albert," the tuxedo, the dress suit — the largest individual order his tailor had ever received — putting into his trunk and suitcase and traveling-bag not one thing that he had ever worn before; nor did he put into any of his luggage a single book or keepsake, for these things had no meaning to him. When he was completely dressed and packed he went to his mother's room and knocked on the door. It was her afternoon for the Women Journalists' Club, and she was very busy indeed over a paper she was to read on "The Press: Its Power for Evil." Naturally, interruptions annoyed her very much.

"Well, what is it, son?" she asked in her level, even tone as he came into the room. Her impatience was very nicely suppressed, indeed.

"I'm going to New York on the 6:30," he told her.

"Really, I don't see how I can spare any money until the fifteenth," she objected.

"I have plenty of money," he assured her.

"Oh," she replied with evident relief, and glanced longingly back at her neatly-written paper.

"I can even let you have some if you want it," he suggested.

"No, thank you. I have sufficient, I am sure, portioned out to meet all demands, including the usual small surplus, up to the fifteenth. It's very nice of you to offer it, however."

"You see," he went on, after a moment's hesitation, "I'm not coming back."

She turned now, and faced him squarely for the first time.

"You'd better stay here," she told him. "I'm afraid you'll cost me more away from home than you do in Filmore."

"I shall never cost you a cent," he declared. "I have found out how to make money."

She smiled in a superior way.

"I am a bit incredulous; but, after all, I don't see why you shouldn't. Your father, at least, had that quality, and you should have inherited something from him besides" — and she paused a trifle — "his name." She sighed, and then continued: "Very well, son, I suppose you must carve out your own destiny. You are quite old enough to make the attempt, and I have been anticipating it for some time. After all, you really ought to have very little trouble in impressing the world favorably. You dress neatly," she surveyed him critically, "and you make friends readily. Shall I see you again before you go?"

"I scarcely think so. I have a little downtown business to look after, and shall take dinner on the train; so I'll just say good-by to you now."

He shook hands with her and stooped down, and they kissed each other dutifully upon the cheek. Mrs. Wix, being advanced, did not believe in kissing upon the mouth. After he had gone, a fleeting impression of loneliness weighing upon her, as much as any purely sentimental consideration could weigh, his mother looked thoughtfully at the closed door, and a stirring of the slight maternal instinct within her made her vaguely wistful. She turned, still with that faint tugging within her breast which she could not understand, and it was purely mechanical that her eyes, dropping to the surface of the paper, caught the sentence: "Mental suggestion, unfit for growing minds, is upon every page." The word "Mental" seemed redundant, and she drew her pen through it, neatly changing the "s" in "suggestion" to a capital.

A cab drove past Wix as he started down the street and he saw Smalley in it. He turned curiously. What was Smalley doing there? He stopped until he saw the cab draw up in front of Gilman's house. He saw Smalley assist young Gilman out of the cab, and Gilman's mother run out to meet them. He was thoughtful for a moment over that, then he shrugged his shoulders and strode on.

X

ON THE train that night as he swaggered into the dining-car, owning it, in effect, and all it contained, he saw, seated alone at a far table, no less a person than Horace G. Daw, as black and as natty as ever, and with a mustache grown long enough to curl a little bit at the ends.

"Hello, old pal," greeted Daw. "Where now?"

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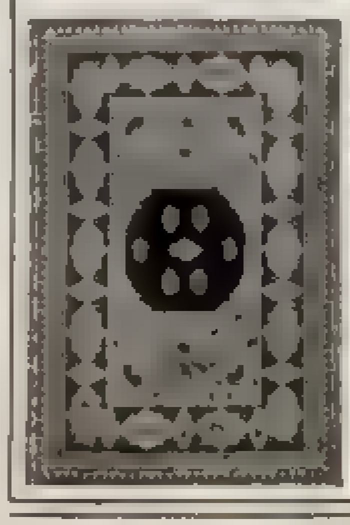

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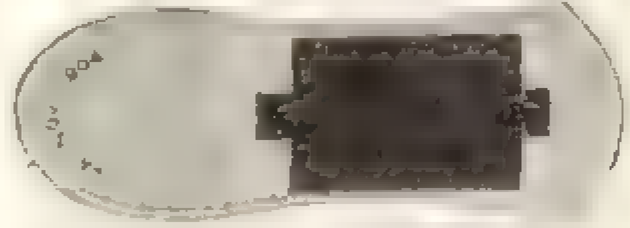

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"I'm going out alone into the cold, cold world, to make fortunes and spend them."

"Half of that stunt is a good game," commented Mr. Daw.

Wix chuckled.

"Both ends of it look good to me," he stated. "I've found the recipe for doing it, and it was you that tipped off the plan."

"I certainly am the grand little tipper-off," agreed Daw, going back in memory over their last meeting. "You got to that three thousand, did you?"

"Oh, no," said Wix. "I only used it to get a little more. Our friend Gilman has his all back again. Of course, I didn't use your plan as it laid. It was too raw, but it gave me the suggestion from which I doped out one of my own. I've got to improve my system a little, though. My rake-off's too small. In the wind-up I handled twenty-one thousand dollars, and only got away with eight thousand-odd of it for myself."

"You haven't it all with you?" asked Daw, a shade too eagerly.

Wix chuckled, his broad shoulders heaving and his pink face rippling.

"No use, kind friend," said he. "Just dismiss it from your active but greedy mind. If anybody gets away unduly with a cent of this wad, all they need to do is to prove it to me, and I'll make them a present of the balance. No, my dark-complected brother, the bulk of it is in a safe place in little old New York, where I can go get it as I need it; but I have enough along to buy, I think. It seems to me you bought last," and they both grinned at the reminiscence.

"I wasn't thinking of trying to annex any of that coin," lied Mr. Daw glibly, and changing entirely his attitude toward Mr. Wix as his admiration grew; "but I was thinking that we might cook up something together. I'll put up dollar for dollar with you. I've just been harvesting, myself."

Again Wix chuckled.

"Declined with thanks," he returned. "I don't mind trailing around a bit with you when we get to New York, and also meeting the carefully-assorted selection of dead-sure-thing geniuses who must belong to your set, but I'll go no further. For one thing, I don't like the idea of a partner. It cramps me to split up. For another thing, I wouldn't like to hook up in business with you. You're not safe enough; you trifle too much with the law, which is not only foolish but unnecessary."

"Yes?" retorted Daw. "How about this eight thousand or so that you committed mayhem on Filmore to get."

"Good, honest money," asserted Wix. "I hate to boast about your present companion, but I don't owe Filmore a cent. I merely worked up a business and sold my share in it. Of course, they didn't know I was selling it, but they'll find out when they go over the records, which are perfectly straight. If, after buying the chance to go into business, they don't know what to do with it, it isn't my fault."

A traveling man who had once been in the office of The La Salle Grain and Stock Brokerage Company for an afternoon's flyer, and who remembered the cordial ease with which Wix had taken his money, came over to the table.

"Hello, Wix, how's tricks?" he hailed.

Wix looked up at him blankly but courteously.

"Beg pardon," he returned.

The face of the traveling man fell.

"Aren't you Mr. Wix, of Filmore?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Wix, smiling with great cordiality, nevertheless. "Very sorry to disappoint you, old man."

"Really, I beg your pardon," said the traveling man, perplexed. "It is the most remarkable resemblance I ever saw. I would have sworn you were Wix. He used to run a brokerage shop in the Grand Hotel in Filmore."

"Never was in the town," lied Wix.

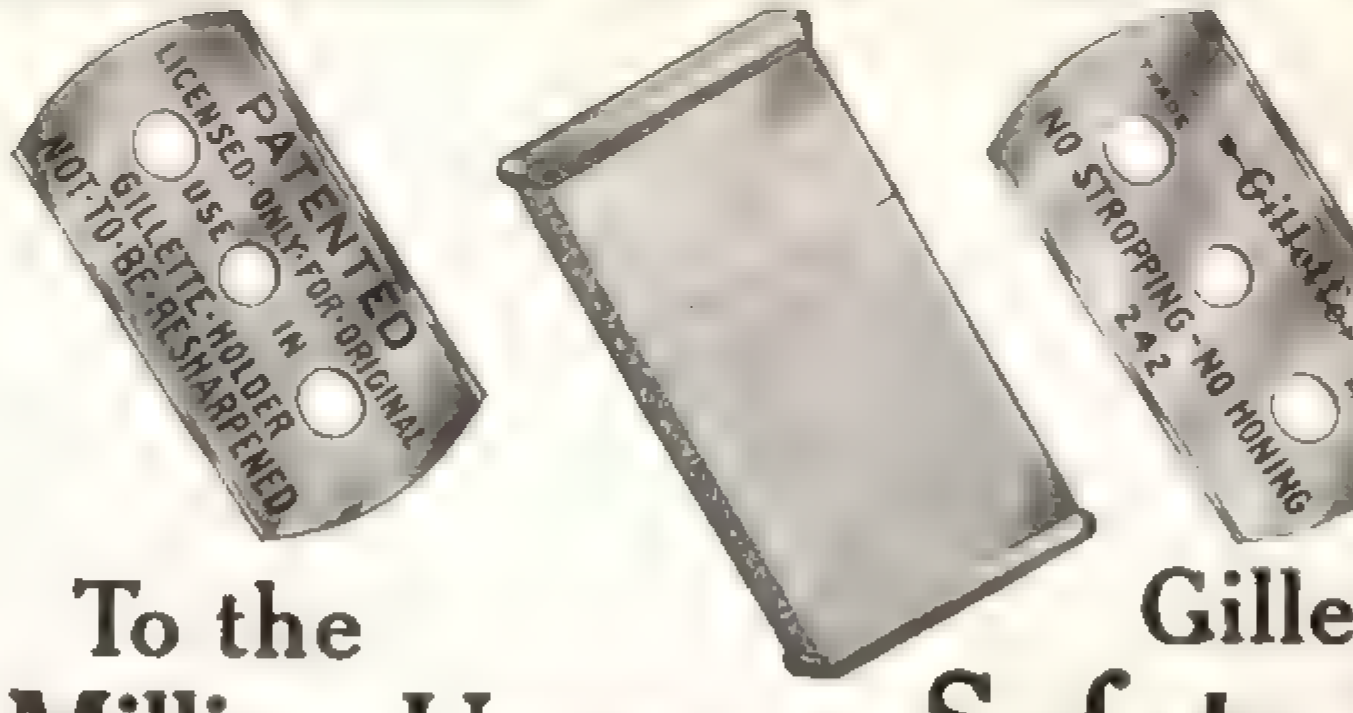
The man turned away. Daw looked after him with an amused smile.

"By the way, Wix, what is your name now?"

"By George, I haven't decided! I'll tell you in a minute," and on the spur of the moment he invented a quite euphonious name, one which was to last him for a great many years.

"Wallingford," he announced. "How does that hit you? J. Rufus Wallingford!"

Editor's Note—This is the first of six stories dealing with the early adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. The next story of the series will appear in an early number.



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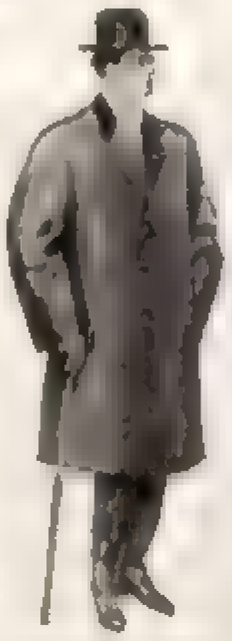

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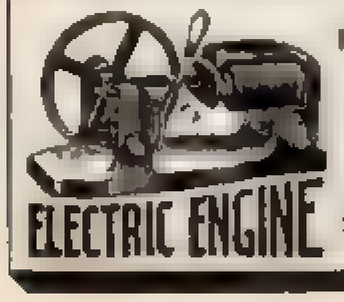

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HOW THEY DO BUSINESS IN JAPAN

(Concluded from Page 10)

fish might have been all right when they left the shores of America, but—well, the odor in the "godown" wasn't exactly comparable to attar of roses. The importer, more puzzled than ever, not wishing, as it were, to question the intelligence of the American representative's nostrils, and still being as sure of his fish as of his name, dispatched a long letter to his Japanese business agent instructing him, regardless of time and cost, to probe the affair down to the bottom. Judging by the weeks he devoted to this duty, the said agent must have used a fine-tooth comb instead of a probe, but in the end, after running down clews enough to entitle him to a place beside Sherlock Holmes, he was enabled to state that the Japanese had purchased a ton or two of rotten fish and mixed them in with the perfect piscatorial cargo forwarded by his employer from Seattle.

Caught between hammer and anvil, the Yokohama firm was obliged to settle the bill in full; but, not being content to believe that the game was worthless, simply because it had failed to work once, they adapted it to slightly different circumstances, and tried it a second time, on another correspondent. It failed, as before, ignominiously, and then, concluding that one wide-awake American man of business was just as bad as another, they went back to their Seattle house, and have dealt honestly with them ever since.

When the Japanese manufacturer purchases machinery he wants the most expensive automatic apparatus that money will buy, not because he really needs it or because his operators are competent to run it, but because he wants to make little of his competitor. Let one man build over his factory a chimney sixty feet in height, and his rival, not relishing the thought of being left behind in the opinion of the community, will tear down his old chimney and erect one that will tower seventy-five feet in the air, not caring the price of a single brick whether or not it creates a draft copious enough to pull the stoker through the boiler. And their national policy is quite the same as their individual procedure. In Tokyo, for instance, they are spending millions of yens to elevate their railroad tracks and build a union station. And why? Not because the necessity of the case warrants the expenditure, for the old Shimbashi station, which is to be relegated to the baser uses of freight, answers every practical purpose under the sun, but because the other great capitals of the world have union stations, and Japan says to herself: "They've got one, and we will look small in the eyes of the nations if we don't follow suit."

"What Japan seems to forget," the Far Eastern representative of one of the foremost commercial concerns of modern times said to me in Dalny, "is, that the nations whom she is imitating have gone through the pioneer stage before they attained their present mercantile power and prowess. Look around you here and see the magnificent docks, office buildings, bridges and stations she has erected for the South Manchurian Railroad, long before she has found out whether or not the traffic will bear the expenditure. In America we would have started by building pine sheds and, if the thing panned out, unpretentious, brick stations would supersede the humbler structures, and imposing stone edifices like these would finally come to stay. But pine stultifies the pride and conceit of Japan, and nothing will do her but to start where the rest of the world has left off. The same careless, extravagant management employs, I should say, something like forty-five hundred hands to run the railroad, whereas our American captains of industry would get the same results with four or five hundred."

Not content to wisely husband its own slender resources and to rest satisfied with a slow but sure growth, the Japanese Government, carrying paternalism to a maternalistic excess, applies the incubating process to all of its enterprises, and tries to force, artificially, the results that other nations have obtained by toiling patiently for centuries in harmony with the laws of natural development. The Imperial mills at Moji, a concern in which the Government has sunk fifty-six millions, have an actual capacity of thirty thousand tons and manage only to turn out seven, although twelve are claimed for it, and of these seven, forty per cent. has to be rejected as not up to mark. An American could run those same mills, and get out of them what they were constructed to yield, with six thousand men; the Japanese employ seven thousand and are rewarded with a fraction of the possible profit. It is told you that when Jacob Schiff visited Japan he looked over the mills at Moji with the view of making a loan on them, and the Japanese, with the view of enticing much-needed shekels from the pockets of this astute financier, dined, wined and toasted him. But in vain; the festivities failed to suffuse that "look" with the glamour and the roseate hues they were employed to radiate. The shekels, up to date of writing, are still Schiff's; likewise, the wines and the dinners. He was not in the market for steel pagodas.

The Japanese Government subsidizes its cotton mills, subsidizes those magnificent steamers that cross the Pacific with mere handfuls of passengers and scarcely enough freight to pay for the coal they consume, and it subsidizes nearly everything else. Recently a scheme was on foot to form the larger hotels of the island, which cater to European patronage, into a combination and so secure a promised government subsidy; but the scheme fell through owing to the unwillingness of one of the wealthiest proprietors to lend allegiance to it. And whence come the subsidies that the Government keeps pouring and pouring into these adventures? From the taxes levied on an already overburdened and sorely-pressed people.

Japan proper can be lifted up and set down inside the State of California; its arable plots of land, if carefully collected and pieced together, could be transplanted in snug little Maryland and still leave the ragged edges sticking out. And yet on this territory over forty millions are struggling like mad, from sunrise until sunset, for enough rice to keep body and soul together. In other words, on a third or fourth class income Nippon is trying to keep up a front and maintain itself as a first-class power. She is living extravagantly to support her outward signs of glory. What will the end be?

Japan herself doesn't seem to stop long enough in her headlong career to ask. The philosophy of the Japanese man of business is the same as that of Omar Khayyám of vinous memory; in his vocabulary there is no such word as to-morrow. He runs his machinery and his operators day and night, failing to see that his impatience for profits is cutting down the natural life and earning capacity of both. The shareholders in their stock companies clamor for immediate profits and insist on the future taking care of itself and the company too, perhaps wisely so; for in 1896, when the speculating craze was at its height, out of the seven hundred and eighty-six thousand yen, for which new corporations were capitalized, only sixty-eight hundred yen was paid in, and most of that in the shape of promissory notes. A rather lurid example may illustrate how things go. For a period, distressing to anxious investors, one of the more important brewing companies paid no dividends, its funds being devoted to the importation of new bottles into which to pour its beer. And not only did the beer keep pouring into the bottles but the dividends of the stockholders as well: for the canny directors, on seeing where the money was drifting, put their heads together, formed a separate syndicate for purchasing the bottles and sold them at an inordinate profit to the brewery. "The brewery business," said one of them, "is vulgar; you take it. But the bottle business; ah, that's a gentleman's business; I'll take it. Last year it netted a clear profit. of six hundred per cent."

Probably the abiding, overweening faith the Japanese put in the power of to-morrow to lift them over the difficulties and problems of to-day may have its source in the million and one superstitions that beset the Orient and play such an unhallowed part in the transaction of business in the Far East.

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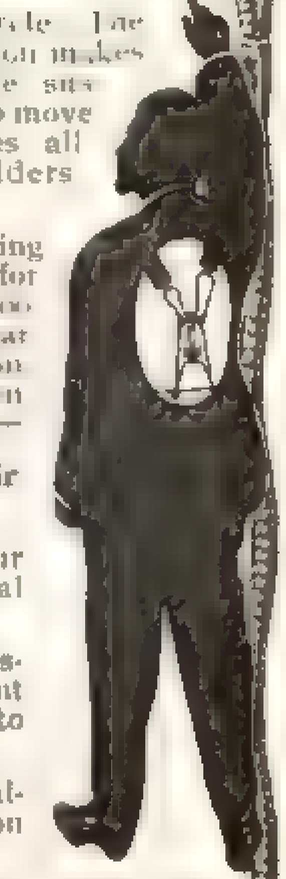

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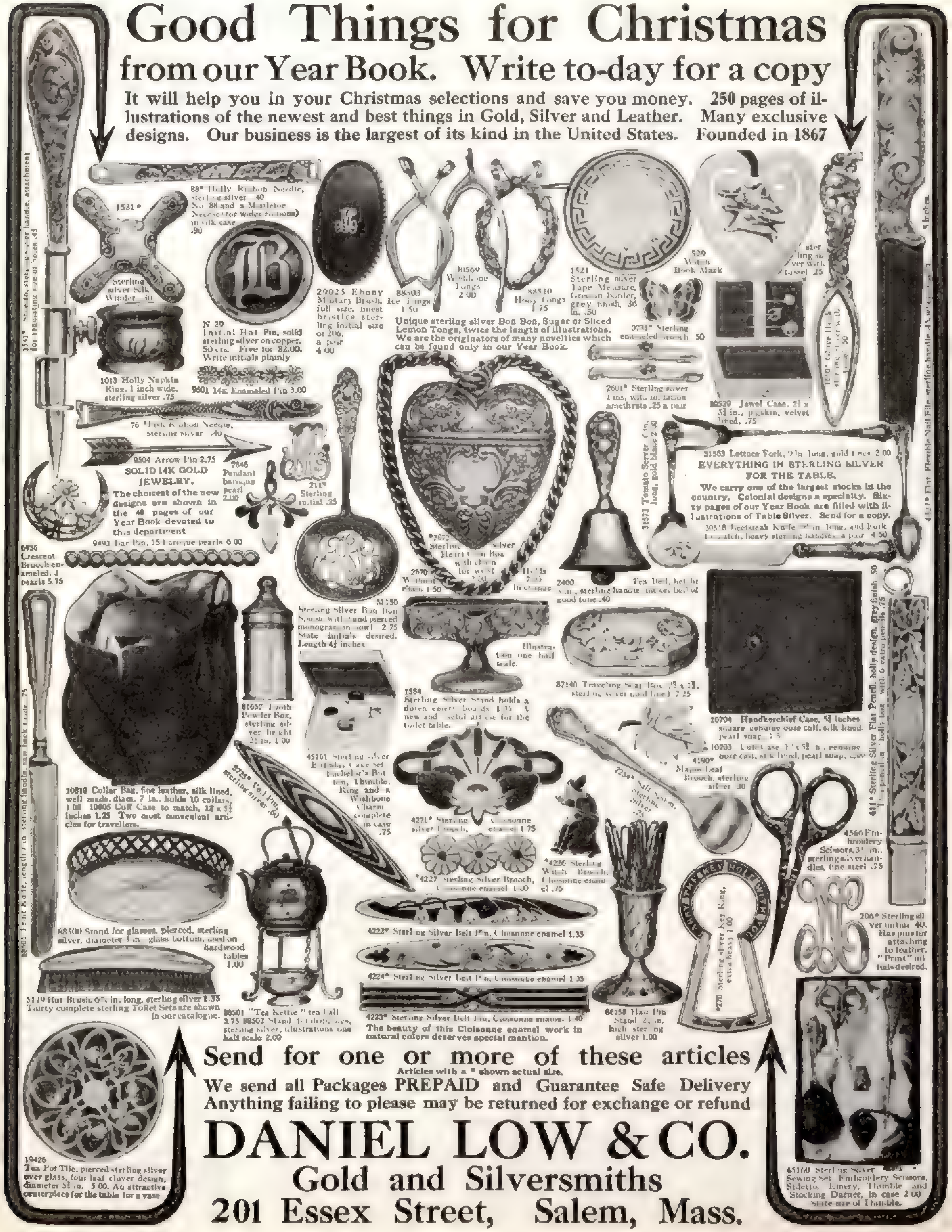

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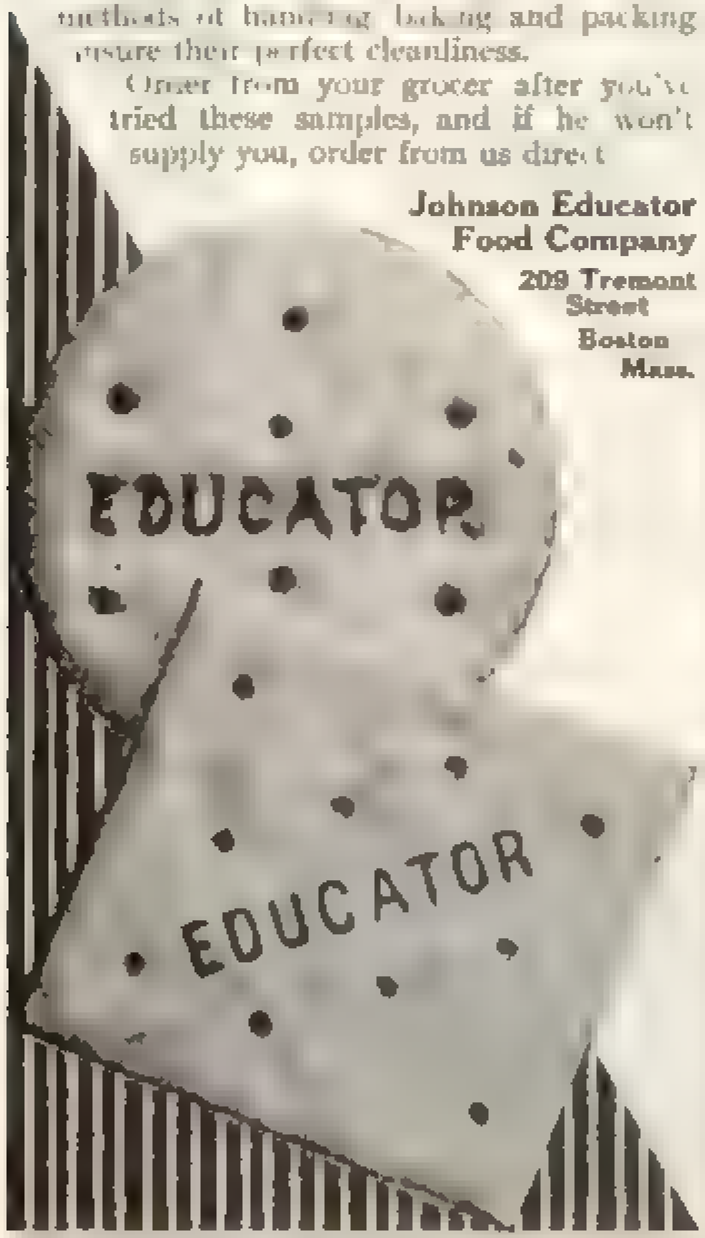

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THE FASHIONABLE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA CRAIG

(Continued from Page 17)

Her vigilance was rewarded; as Branch said that, malignance hissed, ever so softly, in his suave voice. Old Madam Bowker had not lived at Washington's great green tables for the gamblers of ambition all those years without learning the significance of eyes and tone. For one politician to speak thus venomously of another was sure sign that that other was of consequence; for John Branch, a very Machiavelli at self-concealment and usually too egotistic to be jealous, thus to speak, and that without being able to conceal his venom—"Can it be possible," thought the old lady, "that this Craig is about to be a somebody?" Aloud she said: "I knew it. He is a preposterous creature. The vilest manners I've seen in three generations of Washington life. And what vanity, what assumptions! The first time I met him he lectured me as if I were a schoolgirl—lectured me about the idle, worthless life he said I lead. I decided not to recognize him next time I saw him. Up he came, and without noticing that I did not speak he poured out such insults that I was answering him before I realized it."

"He certainly is a most exasperating person."

"So Western! The very worst the West ever sent us. I don't understand how he happened to get about among decent people. Oh, I remember, it was Grant Arkwright who did it. Grant picked him up on one of his shooting trips."

"He is insufferable," said Branch.

"You must see that the President gets rid of him. I want it done at once. I assure you, John, my alarm is not imaginary. Margaret is very young, has a streak of sentimentality in her. Besides, you know how weak the strongest women are before a determined assault. If the other sex wasn't brought up to have a purely imaginary fear of them I don't know what would become of the world."

Branch smiled appreciatively but absently. "The same is true of men," said he. "The few who amount to anything—at least in active life—base their calculations on the timidity and folly of their fellows rather than upon their own abilities. About Craig—I'd like to oblige you, but—well, you see, there is—there are certain political exigencies ——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the old lady. "I know the relative importance of officials. A mere understrapper like Craig is of no importance."

"The fact is," said Branch with great reluctance, "the President has taken a fancy to Craig."

Branch said it as if he hardly expected to be believed, and he wasn't. "To be perfectly frank," he went on, "you know the President, how easily alarmed he is. He's afraid Craig may, by some crazy turn of this crazy game of politics, develop into a Presidential possibility. Of course, it's quite absurd, but ——"

"The more reason for getting rid of him."

"The contrary. The President probably reasons that if Craig has any element of danger in him the nearer he keeps him to himself the better. Craig, back in the West, would be free to grow."

"What a cowardly, shadow-fighting, shadow-dodging set you men are!" commented Madam Bowker. Though she did not show it, as a man certainly would, her brain was busy with a wholly different phase of the matter they were discussing.

"Isn't Stillwater going to retire?" she asked presently.

Branch was startled. "Where did you hear that?" he demanded.

The old lady smiled. "There are no secrets in Washington," said she. "Who will be his successor?"

Branch's cold face showed annoyance. "You mustn't speak of it," replied he, "but the President is actually thinking of appointing Craig—in case the vacancy should occur. Of course, I am trying to make him see the folly of such a proceeding, but ——" Branch checked himself abruptly. It was not the first time he had caught himself yielding to Washington's insidious custom of rank gossip about everything and everybody; but it was about his worst offense in that direction. "I'm getting to be as leaky as Josh Craig is—as he *seems* to be," he muttered.

"So it is to be Attorney-General Craig," said the old lady, apparently abstracted but in reality catlike in watchfulness, and noting with secret pleasure Branch's anger at this explicit statement of the triumph of his hated rival. But she had lost interest in the conversation. She rid herself of Branch as speedily as the circumstances permitted. She wished to be alone, to revolve the situation slowly from the new viewpoint which Branch, half-unconsciously and wholly reluctantly, had opened up. She had lived a long time, had occupied a front bench overlooking one of the world's great arenas of action; and, as she had an acute if narrow mind, she had learned to judge intelligently and to note those little signs that are, to the intelligent, the essentials, full of significance. She had concealed her amazement from Branch, but amazed she was, less at his news of Craig as a personage full of potentiality than at her own failure, through the inexcusable, manlike stupidity of personal pique, to discern the real man behind his mannerisms. "No wonder he has pushed so far, so fast," reflected she; for she appreciated that in a man of action manners should always be a cloak behind which his real campaign forms. It must be a fitting cloak, it should be a becoming one; but always a cloak. "He fools everybody, apparently," thought she. "The results of his secret work alarm them; then, along he comes, with his braggart, offensive manners, his childish posings, his peacock vanity, and they are lulled into false security. They think what he did was an accident, that will not happen again. Why, he fooled even *me!*"

That is always, with every human being, the supreme test, necessarily. Usually it means nothing. In this case of Cornelia Bowker it meant a great deal; for Cornelia Bowker was not easily fooled. The few who appear in the arena of ambition with no game to play, with only sentiment and principle to further, the few who could easily have fooled her cynical, worldly wisdom, could safely be disregarded. She felt it was the part of good sense to look the young man over again, to make sure that the new light upon him was not false light. "He may be a mere accident in spite of his remarkable successes," thought she. "The same number sometimes comes a dozen times in succession at roulette." She sent her handy man, secretary, social manager and organizer, *maître d'hôtel*, companion, scout, gossip, purveyor of comfort, J. Worthington Whitesides, to seek out Craig and to bring him before her forthwith

As Mr. Whitesides was a tremendous swell, in dress, in manner and in accent, Craig was much impressed when he came into his office in the Department of Justice. Whitesides' manner, the result of Madam Bowker's personal teaching, was one of her chief assets in maintaining and extending her social power It gave the greatest solemnity and dignity to a summons from her, filled the recipient with pleasure and with awe, prepared him or her to be duly impressed and in a frame of mind suitable to Madam Bowker's purposes.

"I come from Madam Bowker," he explained to Craig, humbly conscious of his own disarray and toiler's unkemptness. "She would be greatly obliged if you will give her a few minutes of your time. She begs you to excuse the informality. She has sent me in her carriage, and it will be a great satisfaction to her if you will accompany me."

Craig's first impulse of snobbish satisfaction was immediately followed by misgivings. Perhaps this was not the formal acceptance of the situation by the terrible old woman as he had, on the spur, fancied. Perhaps she had sent for him to read him the riot act. Then he remembered that he was himself in doubt as to whether he wished to marry the young woman. All his doubts came flooding back, and his terrors—for, in some of its aspects, the idea of being married to this delicate flower of conventionality and gentle breeding was literally a terror to him. If he went he would be still further committing himself; all Washington would soon know of the journey in the carriage of Madam Bowker, the most imposing car of state that appeared in the streets of the Capital, a vast, lofty affair, drawn by magnificent horses,

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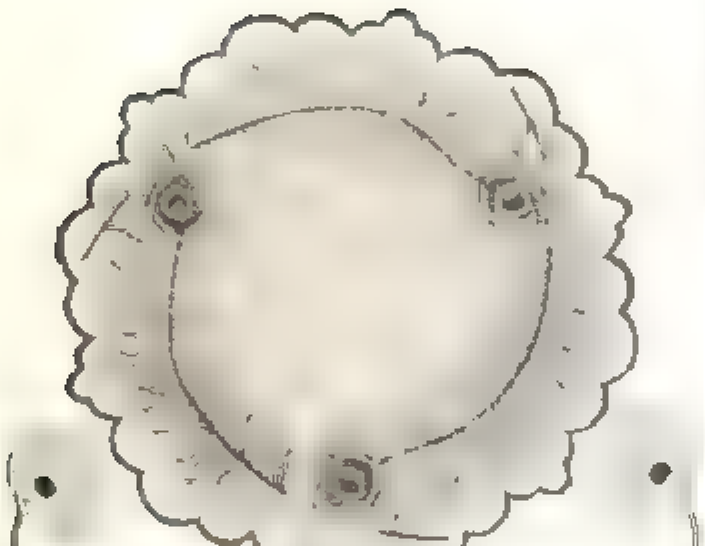

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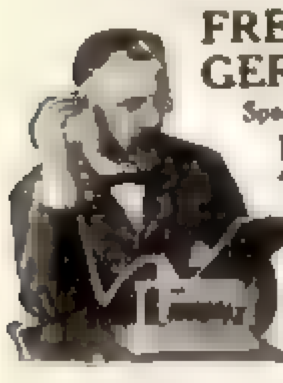

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"No, thanks," said Josh, in his most bustlingly-bounderish manner. "Tell the old lady I'm up to my neck in work."

Mr. Whitesides was taken aback, but he was far too polished a gentleman to show it. "Perhaps later?" he suggested.

"I've promised Margaret to go out there later. If I get through here in time I'll look in on Mrs. Bowker on the way. But tell her not to wait at home for me."

Mr. Whitesides bowed, and was glad when the outer air was blowing off him the odor of this vulgar incident. "For," said he to himself, "there are some manners so bad that they have a distinct bad smell. He is 'the limit!' The little Severence must be infernally hard-pressed to think of taking him on. Poor child! She's devilish interesting. A really handsome bit, and smart, too—excellent ideas about dress. Yet somehow she's been marooned, overlooked, while far worse have been married well. Strange, that sort of thing. Somewhat my own case. I ought to have been able to get some girl with a bunch, yet I somehow always just failed to connect—until I got beyond the marrying age. Devilish lucky for me, too. I'm no end better off." And Mr. Whitesides, sitting correctly upon Madam Bowker's gray silk cushions, reflected complacently upon his ample salary, his carefully built-up and most lucrative commissions, his prospects for a "smashing-good legacy when her majesty deigns to pass away."

. . . .

At four Madam Bowker, angry yet compelled to a certain respect, heard with satisfaction that Craig had come. "Leave me, Whitesides," said she. "I wish to be quite alone with him throughout."

Thus Craig, entering the great, dim drawing-room, with its panel paintings and its lofty, beautifully-frescoed ceiling, found himself alone with her. She was throned upon a large, antique gold chair, ebon sceptre in one hand, the other hand white and young-looking and in fine relief against the black silk of her skirt; she bent upon him a keen, gracious look. Her hazel eyes were bright as a bird's; they had the advantage over a bird's that they saw—saw everything in addition to seeming to see.

Looking at him she saw a figure whose surfaces were, indeed, not extraordinarily impressive. Craig's frame was good; that was apparent despite his clothes. He had powerful shoulders, not narrow, yet neither were they of the broad kind that suggest power to the inexpert and weakness and a tendency to lung trouble to the expert. His body was a trifle long for his arms and legs, which were thick and strong, like a lion's or a tiger's. He had a fine head, haughtily set; his eyes emphasized the impression of arrogance and force. He had the leader's beaklike nose, a handsome form of it, like Alexander's, not like Attila's. The mouth was the orator's—wide, full and flexible of lips, fluent. It was distinctly not an aristocratic mouth. It suggested common speech and common tastes—ruddy tastes—tastes for quantity rather than for quality. His skin, his flesh, were also plainly not aristocratic; they lacked that fineness of grain, that finish of surface, which are got only by eating the costly, rare, best and best-prepared food. His hair, a partially disordered mop overhanging his brow at the middle, gave him fierceness of aspect. The old lady had more than a suspicion that the ferocity of that lock of hair and somewhat exaggerated forward thrust of the jaw were pose—in part, at least, an effort to look the valiant and relentless master of men—perhaps concealing a certain amount of irresolution. Certainly those eyes met hers boldly rather than fearlessly.

She extended her hand. He took it, and with an effort gave it the politician's squeeze—the squeeze that makes Hiram Hanks and Bill Butts grin delightedly and say to each other: "B'gosh, he ain't lost his axe-handle grip yet, by a durn sight, has he?—dog-gone him!"

Madam Bowker did not wince, though she felt like it. Instead she smiled—a faint, derisive smile that made Craig color uncomfortably.

"You, young man," said she in her cool, high-bred tones—"you wish to marry my granddaughter."

Craig was never more afraid nor so impressed in his life. But there was no upflaming of physical passion here to betray him into yielding before her as he had before her granddaughter. "I do not,"

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replied he arrogantly. "Your granddaughter wants to marry me."

Madam Bowker winced in spite of herself. A very sturdy-appearing specimen of manhood was this before her; she could understand how her granddaughter might be physically attracted. But that rude accent, that common mouth, those uncouth clothes, hand-me-downs or near it, that cheap look about the collar, about the wrists, about the ankles ——

"We are absolutely unsuited to each other—in every way," continued Craig. "I tell her so. But she won't listen to me. The only reason I've come here is to ask you to take a hand at trying to bring her to her senses."

The old lady, recovered from her first shock, gazed at him admiringly. He had completely turned her flank, and by a movement as swift as it was unexpected. If she opposed the engagement he could hail her as an ally, could compel her to contribute to her own granddaughter's public humiliation. On the other hand, if she accepted the engagement he would have her and Margaret and all the proud Severence family in the position of humbly seeking alliance with him. Admirable! No wonder Branch was jealous. "Your game," said she pleasantly, "is extremely unkempt, but effective. I congratulate you. I owe you an apology for having misjudged you."

He gave her a shrewd look. "I know little Latin and less Greek," said he, "but, '*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*' And I've got no game. I'm telling you the straight truth, and I want you to help save me from Margaret and from myself. I love the girl. I honestly don't want to make her wretched. I need a sock-darner, a wash-counter, a pram-pusher, for a wife, as Grant would say, not a dainty piece of lace embroidery. It would soon be covered with spots and full of holes from the rough wear I'd give it."

Madam Bowker laughed heartily. "You are—delicious," said she. "You state the exact situation. Only I don't think Rita is quite so fragile as you fancy. Like all persons of common origin, Mr. Craig, you exaggerate human differences."

Craig winced and reddened at "common origin," as Madam Bowker expected and hoped. She had not felt that she was taking a risk in thus hardily ignoring her own origin; Lard had become to her, as to all Washington, an unreality like a shadowy reminiscence of a possible former sojourn on earth. "I see," pursued she, "that I hurt your vanity by my frankness ——"

"Not at all! Not at all!" blustered Joshua, still angrier.

"Don't misunderstand me," pursued she tranquilly. "I was simply stating a fact without aspersion. It is the more to your credit that you have been able to raise yourself up among us—and so very young! You are not more than forty, are you?"

"Thirty-four," said Craig surlily. He began to feel like a cur that is getting a beating from a hand beyond the reach of its fangs. "I've had a hard life ——"

"So I should judge," thrust the old lady with gentle sympathy. It is not necessary to jab violently with a red-hot iron in order to make a deep burn.

"But I am the better for it," continued Craig, eyes flashing and orator lips in action. "And you and your kind—your granddaughter Margaret—would be the better for having faced—for having to face—the realities of life instead of being pampered in luxury and uselessness."

"Then why be resentful?" inquired she. "Why not merely pity us? Why this heat and seeming jealousy?"

"Because I love your granddaughter," replied Craig, the adroit at debate. "It pains, it angers me to see a girl who might have been a useful wife, a good mother, trained and set to such base uses."

The old lady admired his skillful parry. "Let us not discuss that," said she. "We look at life from different points of view. No human being can see beyond his own point of view. Only God sees life as a whole, sees how its seeming inconsistencies and injustices blend into a harmony. Your mistake—pardon an old woman's criticism—your mistake is that you arrogate to yourself divine wisdom and set up a personal opinion as eternal truth."

"That is very well said, admirably said," cried Craig. Madam Bowker would have been better pleased with the compliment had the tone been less condescending.

"To return to the main subject," continued she. "Your hesitation about my granddaughter does credit to your manliness and to your sense. I have known marriages between people of different station and rank to turn out well again ——"

"That's the second or third time you've made that insinuation," burst out Craig. "I must protest against it, in the name of my father and mother, in the name of my country, Mrs. Bowker. It is too ridiculous! Who are you that you talk about rank and station? What is Margaret but the daughter of a plain human being of a father, a little richer than mine and so a little nearer opportunities for education? The claims to superiority of some of the titled people on the other side are silly enough when one examines them—the records of knavery and thievery and illegitimacy and insanity. But similar claims over here are laughable at a glance. The reason I hesitate to marry your granddaughter is not to her credit, or to her parents' credit—or to yours."

Madam Bowker was beside herself with rage at these candid insults, flung at her with all Craig's young energy and in his most effective manner; for his crudeness disappeared when he spoke thus, as the blackness and roughness of the coal vanishes in the furnace heat, transforming it into the beauty and grace of flames.

"Do I make myself clear?" demanded Craig, his eyes flashing superbly upon her.

"You certainly do," snapped the old lady, her dignity tottering and a very vulgar kind of human wrath showing uglily in her blazing eyes and twitching fingers.

"Then let us have no more of this caste nonsense," said the young man. "Forbid your granddaughter to marry or to see me. Send or take her away. She will thank you a year from now. My thanks will begin from the moment of release."

"Yes, you have made yourself extremely clear," said Madam Bowker in a suffocating voice. To be thus defied, insulted, outraged, in her own magnificent salon, in her own magnificent presence! "You may be sure you will have no further opportunity to exploit your upstart insolence in my family. Any chance you may have had for the alliance you have so cunningly sought is at an end." And she waved her ebony sceptre in dismissal, ringing the bell at the same time.

Craig drew himself up, bowed coldly and haughtily, made his exit in excellent style; no prince of the blood, bred to throne-rooms, no teacher of etiquette in a fashionable boarding-school, could have done better.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

VANISHED ARMIES

Somewhere, afar off, there's a region
Whence comes, faintly borne to my ear,
The tramp of the Wooden Sword Legion,
But, oh, such a distance from here!
And out of the years and their dreaming,
With music so stirringly played,
With helmets and banners all gleaming,
The tread of the old Lath Brigade!

Somewhere sounds a trumpet's shrill warning,
Somewhere sounds a clatter and din,
A babel of cries through the morning,
With officers shouting "Fall in!"
And bare-legged soldiers go thrilling
To drums that are strummingly played,
The Wooden Sword Legion is filling,
Hurrah for the old Lath Brigade!

Then down through the stubble went stepping
The finest Grand Army of all,
With corporals "Hep," "Hep" and "Hep-ping,"
With drum-beat and shrill bugle call;
With lads marching, sturdy as yeoman,
With banners so proudly unfurled,
An army that had not a foeman
In all of the merry-day world!

I know, if the dust is not scattered
By passing of years and of feet,
The paths that their bare feet have pattered
Are there in the old village street.
And in some weed clump in that region
I might find an unrusted blade
Once borne by the Wooden Sword Legion,
Once swung by the old Lath Brigade!

What banners we marched proudly under!
What laurels we won us and how!
And sometimes I sit here and wonder
What battles those soldiers fight now.
The drums that we marched to are battered,
Our weapons with rubbish are laid,
The Wooden Sword Legion is scattered,
And where is the old Lath Brigade?

—J. W. Foley.

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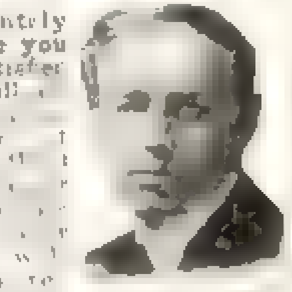

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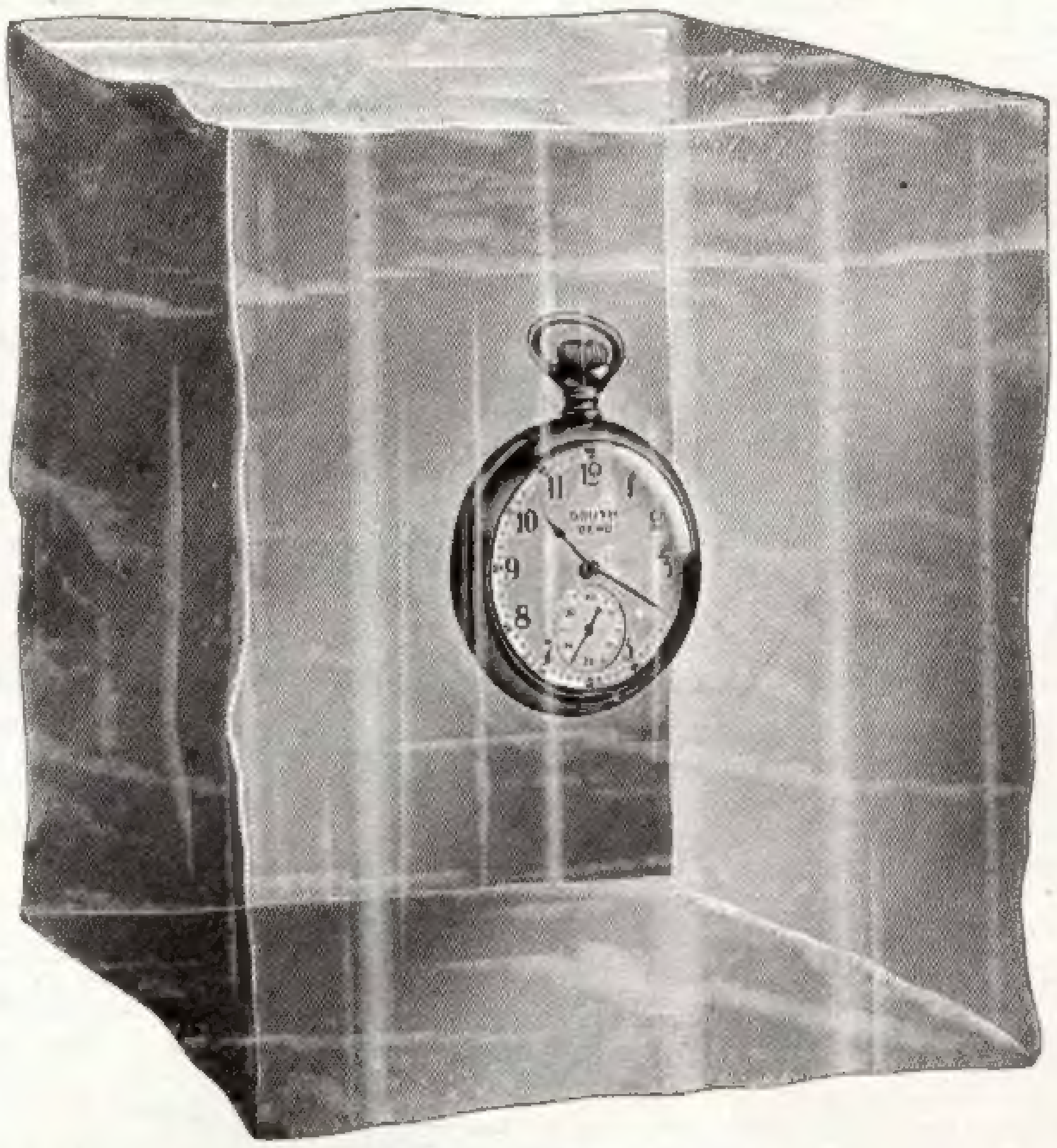

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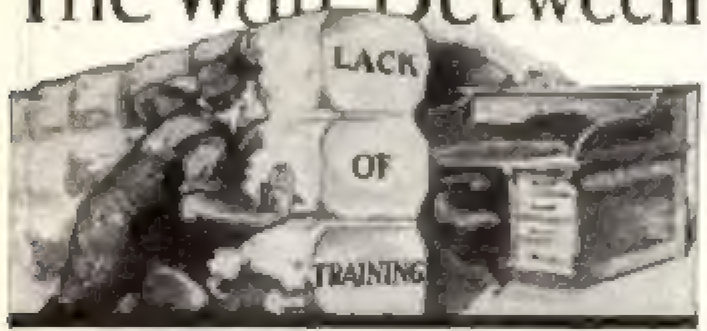

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THE COMPLETE MUCKRAKER

(Concluded from Page 15)

"Moreover," continued Amhid, "I have here an imperial irade fining you another million piasters for attempting to corrupt the Department of Internal Affairs; and here is a memorandum showing you owe us a small sum for brokerage."

"For brokerage?" inquired the now thoroughly-disheartened John J. Pasha. "Brokerage on what?"

"Brokerage for the sale of your franchise to the other company." And they took John J. Pasha off to a dungeon, where he probably is yet, unless he has paid.

I thought when I told of the Central Traction deal in St. Louis, and the Quay-Ashbridge franchises in Philadelphia, I had uncovered two deals that made the people of the cities in which they were perpetrated look like sheep, but they pale into insignificance beside this one.

And did the people of Constantinople protest? They did not. Not a mass-meeting was held. Not a petition was sent in. Dumbly they sat and allowed the authorities to rob them of what was really theirs, to take toll of enterprise, to sell their streets forever.

It is monstrous. I consider it all of that. And I could go on and on, showing how the people of this great city are robbed, coerced, how they are made a laughing-stock, how they sit silent and watch their own rights hawked about by a gang of unscrupulous politicians and worse.

They deserve no pity, and they shall get none from me. They have sat, supine, and watched this system grow. For several hundred years they have been robbed right and left and, it is probable, until I arrived, never heard a clear voice calling them to arouse.

However, I am calling now. Awake, Constantinople, and cast off the shackles that bind you! Form Good Government clubs. Have a voice in your own affairs. You must solve the problem of municipal government. You *must!*

I say you must. That settles it.

THE CUTTING OF HAM

(Concluded from Page 7)

"I done got mo'n my sheer. You ain' see whut I seen," was the reply, as the weak tears trickled over the black face.

Miss Sally tried to explain as best she might, and then they talked about old times until almost sunset, when, at last, a nurse came, smiling, and said the patient was ready to see them.

Sawney was still excitedly inhaling and expelling the air from the released lungs as he caught sight of them. "Well, I'm hyar yit, ain't I?" he panted. "Feel me, ooman, feel me," holding out an arm to Judy. "Dey say dey done cut me open an' sewed me up agin, fer sho! But I'm hyar yit; feel me!"

Everybody burst out laughing but Judy. "Gret Day! nigger, you ain' gittin' proud a'ready, is you?" she asked, with comical solemnity; "'cause, lemme tell you, hit look ter me you is jes' dat lucky, ef you wuz ter fall in de water you wouldn't git wet."

"That's true," said Doctor Paxton, coming in. "You have got to keep quiet here a few days until that place heals up, and if ever you go drinking any more of those 'five-cent shorts,' I may have to cut that *other appendix* out."

"Lawd, Lawd!" exclaimed Sawney, with solemn emphasis, "ef I once gits 'way f'm hyar you ain' nuvver gwine ter git de chance at it." He turned to Miss Sally, a long gaze of utter confidence and admiration on his wrinkled face. "You wuz right dar wid me, wa'n't you, when I went down in de 'Valley o' de Shadder'?" he asked proudly.

She nodded. "Now, you must do as these good people say ——"

"Yas'm," he interrupted simply, staring at her wide-eyed, like a child.

"You are not afraid to stay, now?"

"No'm — I reck'n not."

"Judy will come to see you every day; and remember what Doctor Paxton said."

"Yas'm, 'bout dem 'shorts.'" He closed his eyes. "Now, git me de Good Book, somebody; I'm gwine ter take de plaige."

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The pay is good, the work congenial, and promotion rapid in the U. S. Civil Service. If you are an American man or woman over 18 you are eligible for any government position if you pass the Civil Service Examination. To learn how you can qualify in *your spare time,* write for our free I. C. S. booklet.

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171-C, Scranton, Pa.

Amply Safe 6% Bonds

We sell strictly safe OKLAHOMA School, County, Municipal and Street Improvement Bonds. We pay **4%** on deposits.

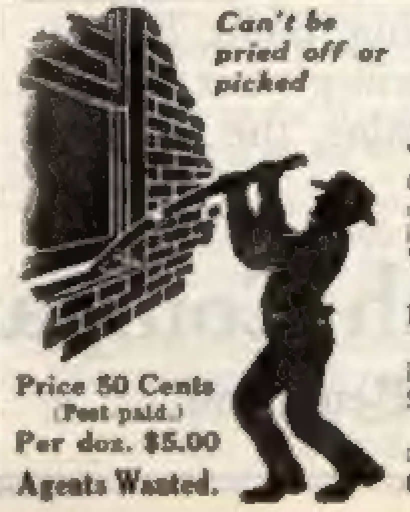
Your Savings Guaranteed by STATE LAWS of OKLAHOMA
Write for Bond Circular A10.

Oklahoma Trust Co., Capital $200,000, Muskogee, Oklahoma

BURGLARS CANNOT ENTER

Through ground floor or porch windows, left open for ventilation, if protected with

THE CLIMAX
Automatic Ventilating Sash Lock



Can't be pried off or picked

Price 50 Cents (Post paid.)
Per doz. $5.00
Agents Wanted.

Can't be forced or opened in any way from the outside. Careless servants cannot forget to lock it. It locks itself. You can sleep by the open window, inhale pure air, and enjoy good health, peace of mind and absolute security. Windows are automatically locked, when open a safe distance, or when shut.

PREVENTS RATTLING OF WINDOWS
By drawing both sashes tightly together, excluding dust, draft, or cold air.

YOU CAN PUT THE LOCK ON YOURSELF
in a few minutes with a screwdriver. No cutting or marring of sash required. So simple in construction, a child can operate it.

On sale at all Hardware Stores. Write for illustrated booklet, it tells more about this wonderful burglar-proof lock. Do it to-day. It is free.

Climax Lock & Ventilator Co., Dept. A, Ellicott Square, BUFFALO, N.Y.

A Gift

for you if you do something for us

A 50c Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream to Users, or

A 10c Special Sample Jar to those unacquainted with its merits and benefits.

If you *are* one of the several million users of Pompeian Massage Cream we will be pleased to send you a 2-oz. jar of our cream for the small favor asked below. As you know, this size is sold by druggists for 50 cents. (See "INSTRUCTIONS" below.)

If you *are not* one of the several million users of Pompeian Massage, and wish to learn its peculiar merits and benefits we will be pleased to send you a quarter oz. jar for the small favor asked below. This special quarter oz. sample jar is ordinarily sent by us for 10 cts. to cover cost of postage and packing. It is not sold in the stores. (See "INSTRUCTIONS" below.)

This Coupon is Worth 50c

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I, the undersigned, have conscientiously distributed the six certificates, as directed, to six people. I enclose their names and addresses; also a label from a Pompeian Jar. Please send without cost to me your 50c jar. As proof of my sincerity I sign my name hereto. Write on margin if necessary.

Name..............................

Address..............................

....

....

To Miss Mary Mill
3226 Michig
Chicago

Exact Size. Either **Free** If you do something for us

Even if you are not a regular Pompeian user, it is very easy to get a 50c jar free. Just buy a jar of Pompeian instead of the face cream you are now using; then follow directions below; 50 cents is worth saving, especially when you have a chance to discover why Pompeian is the most popular face cream made.

Pompeian Massage Cream

"It Makes and Keeps People Good-Looking"

For Her Wrinkles and crow's feet are driven away, sallowness vanishes, angles are rounded out and double chins reduced by its use. Thus the clear, fresh complexion, the smooth skin, and the curves of cheek and chin that go with youth, may be retained past middle age by the woman who has found what Pompeian Massage Cream will do. Massage for a few minutes each day with Pompeian Massage Cream is all that is necessary. It aids nature in nature's own way and gives wholesome, natural beauty—a thousand times better than the artificial "beauty" given by cosmetics. It substitutes curves for angles, firm flesh for flabbiness and double chins, and fullness for hollows. Moreover, being a non-grease cream, it will not—CANNOT—grow hair on the face.

For Him To cure shaving soreness and for cleanliness, men should use Pompeian Massage Cream. It takes out pore dirt that mere soap and water washing cannot remove. But it also takes away all after-shaving discomfort. It gradually strengthens the skin and enables you to shave frequently without ill effect. It also flexes the muscles, removes wrinkles and banishes the drawn expression caused by the concentrated thinking and working of to-day. It gives the skin the ruddy, healthy, athletic look that all normal men desire. After a day of work, travel or sport nothing refreshes like a Pompeian Massage. Tell the barber "Pompeian" and let him give you no other. Or massage yourself at home—easy with POMPEIAN Massage Cream.

What Women Say:

Note: These endorsements were sent to the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine. This publication, noted for its discriminating class of readers, wished to find out what its subscribers thought of products advertised in its pages. That Pompeian Massage Cream stands high in their estimation is evident from the few of the many letters we have space to reproduce (exactly as written except the underscorings). Obviously, we are not at liberty to give the names of the writers of these unusual endorsements. People who *do* use Pompeian are certainly enthusiastic.

Pompeian Massage Cream has marvelous cleaning qualities. I have seen a woman go to her room *looking haggard, weary and worn*, and issue therefrom a short time after looking *as if she had discovered the bloom of youth*, the skin was so rosy, and the tired lines so much less observable. Mrs. ——, Detroit, Mich.

Because I like to be *clean "cell deep"* I like Pompeian Massage Cream. The first time I used it I was as startled as at my first Turkish bath. Mrs. ——, Everett, Mass.

Pompeian Massage Cream certainly works wonders for one who uses it perseveringly. I have fairly scoured my skin with soap and water, then after using Pompeian Cream was able to rub off what looked like dirt. It *gives one a sense of freshness and cleanliness* unequalled by anything I have ever used. Mrs. ——, Bristol, R. I.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream with gratifying results. I know it will remove all facial blemishes, smooth out all lines and wrinkles, and *is an absolutely necessary article on the toilet table of any refined woman.* Mrs. ——, Columbia, Tenn.

I went out with my sister one morning and saw one whole side of a front window of a drug store decorated with nothing but Pompeian Massage Cream. We purchased a supply. She writes to know if I am still growing young which, of course, I am. *It is one of the luxuries of my life.* It goes so far as to make me feel at peace with all the world. Mrs. ——, Orwell, N.Y.

Pompeian Massage Cream all the boys use at the barbers, and I have enjoyed its use, too. I have been in their Cleveland factory and am acquainted with some of the firm so that I feel that *I can speak with experience* as to its merits as a cream and *its wonderfully sanitary manufacture.* Mrs. ——, Detroit, Mich.

Recently I sent to the Pompeian Mfg. Company in answer to the advertisement in Good Housekeeping, for a sample of Massage Cream. It was received promptly. Will say that I am pleased with it and *consider it all that it is claimed to be.* Mrs. ——, South Willington, Conn.

I have *used Pompeian Massage Cream for three or four years* and could write volumes on its excellent qualities—space, however, forbids. Miss ——, Detroit, Mich.

Pompeian Massage Cream *leaves the skin soft, cool, and velvety. My husband uses it always after shaving.* We began its use through advertisements in Good Housekeeping. Mrs. ——, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream and can truthfully say that I believe *it will do all that is claimed for it*, if one will persist in its use. Miss ——, Salem, Oregon.

Pompeian Massage Cream is *excellent for the skin, giving it a soft, healthy look.* Miss ——, Mansonville, Canada.

We have used and like Pompeian Massage Cream. It is an excellent article and *does not need the use of powder after its use.* Mrs. ——, Omaha, Neb.

What the Men Say:

We have used Pompeian Massage Cream in our family for some time, and all are equally pleased with its beneficial effects. My son, who is just beginning to shave, was greatly troubled with his face until some friend *recommended him to try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving*, and the trouble disappeared entirely after its use and has not returned. My young daughter has been troubled with freckles for some time, but since using the cream they are hardly to be noticed. Mr. ——, Denver, Col.

The skin feels *delightfully refreshed after the use of Pompeian Massage Cream*, and *looks clean and healthy.* A 50c jar lasts a long time. Mr. ——, Denver, Col.

I find your cream to be *very good after a shave.* It makes the face feel better and *does away with the stinging, itchy feeling.* I have procured a couple of bottles. W. A. McNeil, Richmond, Va.

I state with pleasure that I *have been using your massage cream a very long time*, and heartily recommend it to all, as I think it is the best made and the best ever will be made. I think a *gentleman's cabinet is not complete without it.* It is very refreshing and healing, *especially when a man shaves.* It instantly relieves that sore and itchy feeling. I am more than pleased with it.
Chas. J. Hromatka, 928 Perry St., Allegheny, Pa.

Note: Last two endorsements taken from the hundreds of unsolicited ones on file in our office.

Certificates Below—Cut Off and Give to Friends

1 GIFT—Sample Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream This quarter ounce jar permits of a thorough test of Pompeian, the largest-selling face cream made. Discover how it imparts a clear, fresh, smooth skin for women at all times and men with shaving soreness. Sixteen-page massage booklet on care of face sent with each jar. Don't bother to write a letter. Just enclose this coupon, your name and address, and 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of postage and packing. Do it now before you lose coupon. Address: **Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.**

2 GIFT—Sample Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream This quarter ounce jar permits of a thorough test of Pompeian, the largest-selling face cream made. Discover how it imparts a clear, fresh, smooth skin for women at all times and men with shaving soreness. Sixteen-page massage booklet on care of face sent with each jar. Don't bother to write a letter. Just enclose this coupon, your name and address, and 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of postage and packing. Do it now before you lose coupon. Address: **Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.**

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Instructions. How to Get Gift

To get the 50c Jar Free: Cut off the 6 certificates. ☞ Distribute them to six grown people (no two in same family). They will be glad to learn about Pompeian Massage Cream. Give us the names and addresses of these six friends or relatives, and when writing us enclose the 50c coupon (in the upper right-hand corner of this page) along with the label from the Pompeian Jar you have in your house. (Warm water applied to the label will bring it off quickly.) You are, hence, to send us the label, the 50c coupon, and 6 names and addresses, for only with the latter can we check up the plan. The Cream will be forwarded promptly and postpaid. The same person can obtain only one free jar, and 50c Coupon *must* be enclosed when writing us for free 50-cent jar.

To get 10c [Sample] Jar Free: Cut off any three of the six certificates. ☞ Distribute them to 3 grown people (no two in the same family). They will be just as interested to learn about Pompeian as you are. Give us the names and addresses of these 3 friends or relatives, and when writing us enclose the 10c coupon in the lower right-hand corner of this page. Be sure to give us the exact names and addresses of the 3 people to whom you give the coupons, as only with the latter can we check up the plan. The Cream will be sent you promptly and postpaid. The same person can obtain only one free jar and the 10c coupon *must* be enclosed when writing us for free 10c jar.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.,
49 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I, the undersigned, have conscientiously distributed the three certificates, as directed, to three people. I enclose their names and addresses. Please send without cost to me your 10c sample jar and 16-page beauty booklet. As proof of my sincerity I sign my name hereto.

Name..............................

Address..............................

This Coupon is Worth 10c

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The best results in shaving come from the constant use of Williams' Shaving Stick.

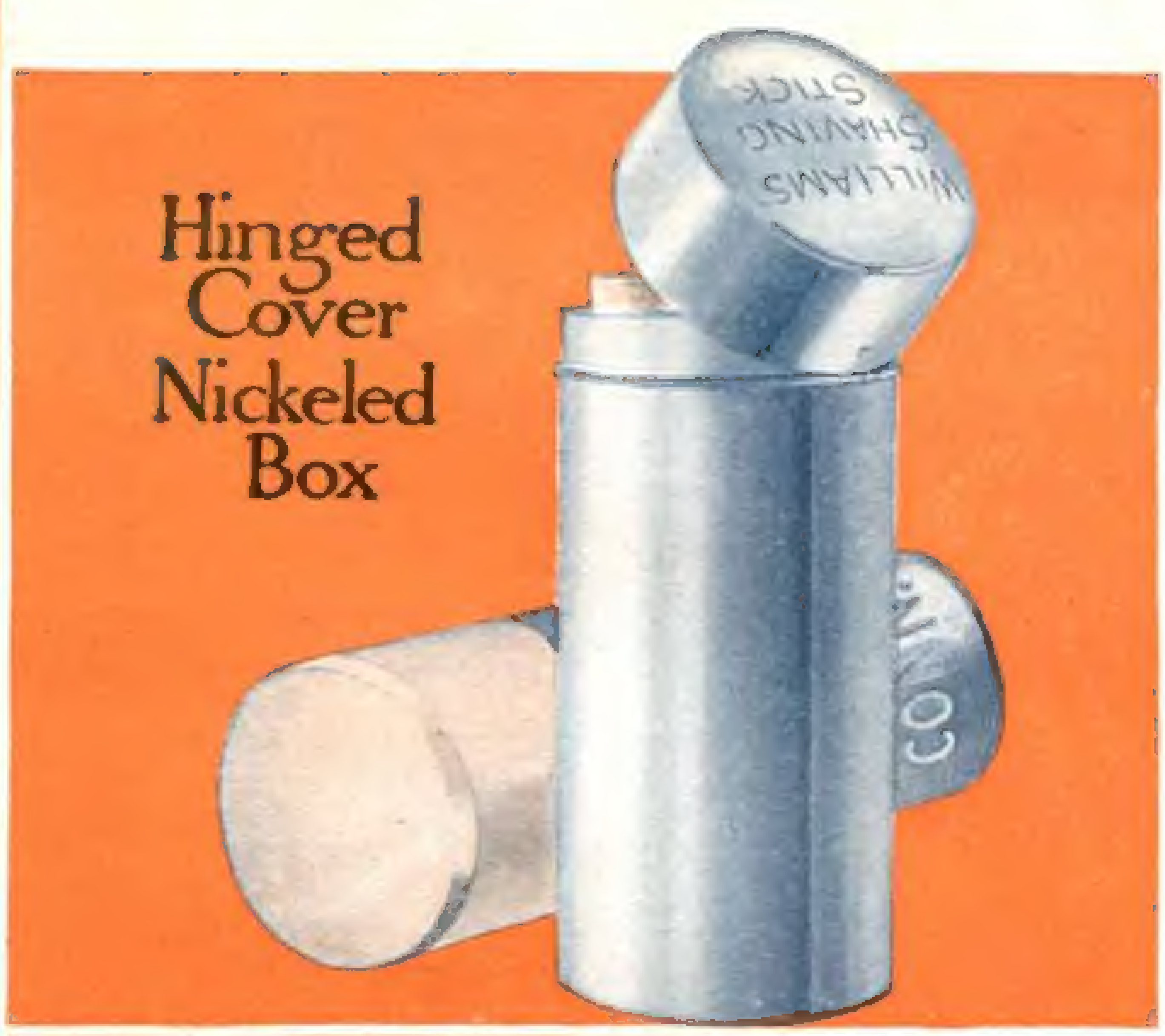
No other yields the same thick creamy lather; no other keeps the face so soft and smooth.

Some one of the many good qualities of Williams' Shaving Stick may be found in other sticks, but no other shaving stick combines all of them.

Williams' Shaving Stick comes in the Nickeled Box, Hinged Cover.

It can also be had in the leatherette-covered metal box as formerly. Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c, if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP

Williams'
Jersey Cream
Toilet Soap

The daily use of Williams' Jersey Cream Soap insures soft, smooth hands and face and a clear, healthful condition of the skin.

Prove this for yourself by using it for a week or two if you are troubled with roughness, irritation and chapping incident to the winter months. (Jersey Cream Soap possesses the peculiarly soft, cream-like, soothing and refreshing qualities which have made Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous.)

A Handsome Soap Box Free

As an inducement to a thorough trial of this soap, for a limited time, any druggist will give a purchaser of four cakes, without extra charge, a handsome, nickeled, hinged-cover soap box. Invaluable in traveling, camping or at home.

If your druggist fails to supply you, send 60 cents in stamps and we will send the four cakes of soap and soap box by return mail.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams'
Violet Talcum
Toilet Powder

Because of its great purity, almost impalpable fineness, velvety smoothness and its dainty and sweet perfume, Williams' Talcum Powder perfectly fulfills the requirements of a Toilet and Face Powder.

Two odors, Violet and Carnation. A full sized can of either sent on receipt of 15 cents in stamps if your dealer does not supply you.

An original and unique feature of Williams' Talcum Powder is the box with the hinged top. It's quick and handy and prevents all leaking and sifting of the powder.

The new cap does away with all the objectionable features of the old revolving top. Our hinge-cap will not spring open in the bag or trunk, but can be raised by a slight touch of the thumb.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

New Hinged Top
Williams
VIOLET TALCUM TOILET POWDER
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO. GLASTONBURY CONN.